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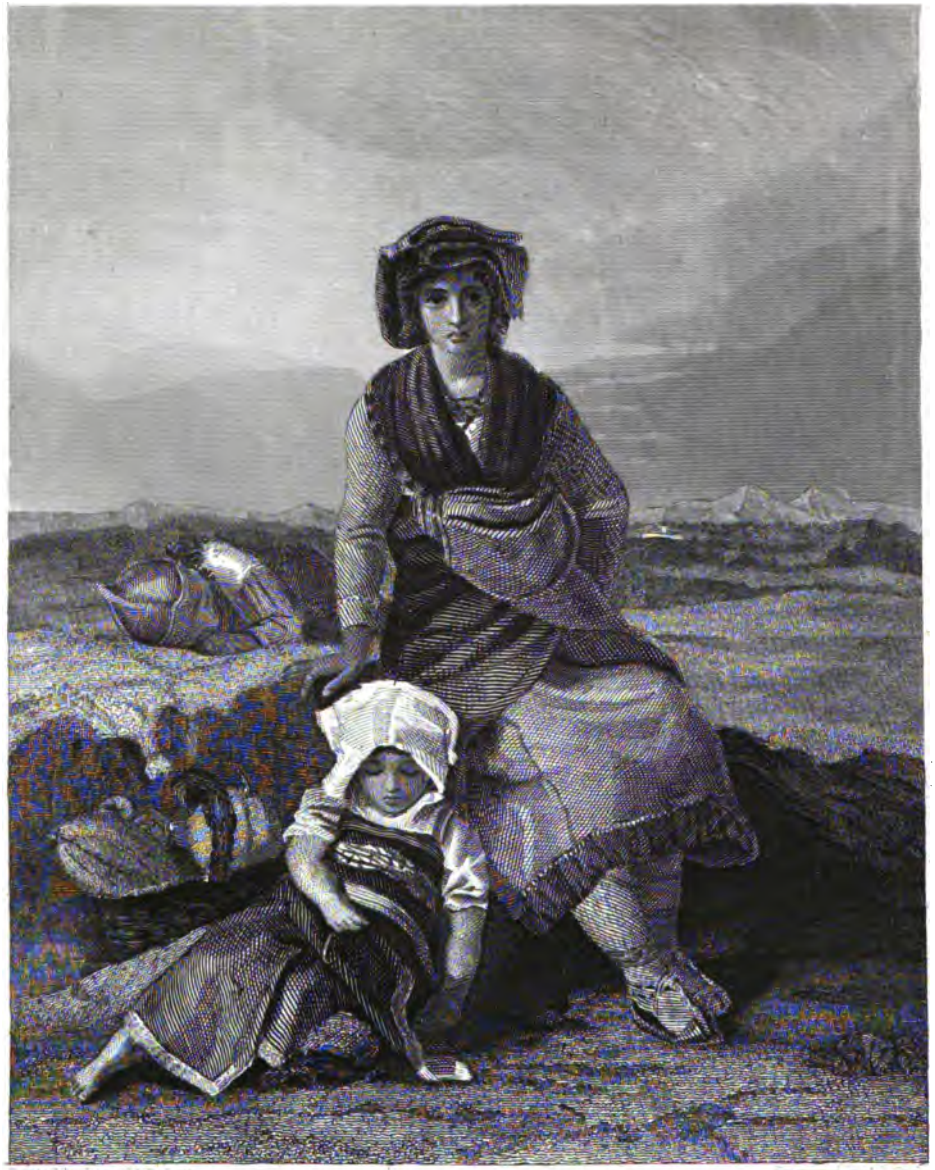

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The Italian Wife.

THE CLASSIC AND THE BEAUTIFUL FROM THE LITERATURE OF THREE THOUSAND YEARS.

BY THE

AUTHORS AND ORATORS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

HENRY COPPÉE, LL.D.,
EDITOR.

COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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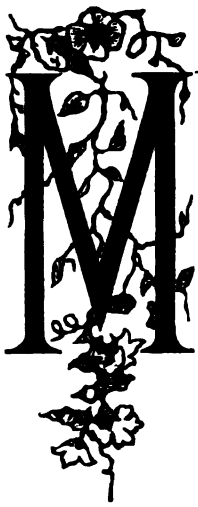
MEXICAN MYTHOLOGY.

Temples and Human Sacrifice.

From "Conquest of Mexico."



YTHOLOGY may be regarded as the poetry of religion, or rather as the poetic development of the religious principle in a primitive age. It is the effort of untutored man to explain the mysteries of existence and the secret agencies by which the operations of nature are conducted. Although the growth of similar conditions of society, its character must vary with that of the rude tribes in which it originates, and the ferocious Goth quaffing mead from the skulls of his slaughtered enemies must have a very different mythology from that of the effeminate native of Hispaniola loitering away his hours in idle pastimes under the shadow of his bananas. At a later and more refined period we sometimes find these primitive legends combined into a regular system under the hand of the poet, and the rude outline moulded into forms of ideal beauty which are the objects of adoration in a credulous age and the delight of all succeeding ones. Such were the beautiful inventions of Hesiod and Homer, "who," says the Father of History, "created the theogony of the Greeks" —an assertion not to be taken too literally, since it is hardly possible that any man should create a religious system for his nation. They only filled up the shadowy outlines of tradition with the bright touches of their own imaginations until they had clothed them in beauty which kindled the imaginations of others. The power of the poet, indeed, may be felt in a similar way in a much riper period of society. To say nothing of the *Divina Commedia*, who is there that rises from the perusal of *Paradise Lost* without feeling his own conceptions of the angelic hierarchy quickened by those of the inspired artist, and a new and sensible form, as it were, given to images which had before floated dim and undefined before him? The last-mentioned period is succeeded by that of philosophy, which, disclaiming alike the legends of the primitive age and the poetical embellishments of the succeeding one, seeks to shelter itself from the charge of impiety by giving an allegorical interpretation to the popular mythology, and thus to reconcile the latter with the genuine deductions of science. The Mexican religion had emerged from the first of the periods we have been considering, and, although little affected by poetical influences, had received a peculiar complexion from the priests, who had digested as thorough and burdensome a ceremonial as ever existed in any nation. They had, moreover, thrown the veil of allegory over early tradition and invested their deities with attributes savoring much more of the grotesque conceptions of the Eastern nations in the Old World than of the lighter fictions of Greek mythology, in which the features of humanity,

however exaggerated, were never wholly abandoned.

In contemplating the religious system of the Aztecs one is struck with its apparent incongruity, as if some portion of it had emanated from a comparatively refined people open to gentle influences, while the rest breathes a spirit of unmitigated ferocity. It naturally suggests the idea of two distinct sources, and authorizes the belief that the Aztecs had inherited from their predecessors a milder faith, on which was afterward engrafted their own mythology. The latter soon became dominant and gave its dark coloring to the creeds of the conquered nations—which the Mexicans, like the ancient Romans, seem willingly to have incorporated into their own—until the funereal superstitions settled over the farthest borders of Anahuac.

The Aztecs recognized the existence of a supreme creator and lord of the universe. They addressed him in their prayers as "the god by whom we live," "omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts and giveth all gifts," "without whom man is as nothing," "invisible, incorporeal, one god, of perfect perfection and purity," "under whose wings we find repose and a sure defence." These sublime attributes infer no inadequate conception of the true God. But the idea of unity—of a being with whom volition is action, who has no need of inferior ministers to execute his purposes—was too simple or too vast for their understandings; and they sought relief, as usual, in a plurality of deities, who presided over the elements, the changes of the seasons and the various occupations of man. Of these there were thirteen principal deities and more than two hundred inferior, to each of whom some special day or appropriate festival was consecrated. At the head of all stood the terrible Huitzilopotchli, the Mexican Mars, although it is doing injustice to the heroic war-god of antiquity to identify him with this sanguinary monster. This was the patron-deity of the nation. His fantastic image was loaded with costly ornaments, his temples were the most stately and august of the public edifices, and his altars reeked with the blood of human hecatombs in every city of the empire. Disastrous indeed must have been the influence of such a superstition on the character of the people.

A far more interesting personage in their mythology was Quetzalcoatl, god of the air, a divinity who during his residence on earth instructed the natives in the use of the metals, in agriculture and in the arts of government. He was one of those benefactors of their species, doubtless, who have been deified by the gratitude of posterity. Under him the earth teemed with fruits and flowers without the pains of culture. An ear of Indian corn was as much as a single man could carry. The cotton as it grew took of its own accord the rich dyes of human art. The air was filled with intoxicating perfumes and the sweet melody of birds. In short, these were the halcyon days which find a place in the mythic systems of so many nations in the old world. It was the Golden Age of Anahuac. From some cause not explained, Quetzalcoatl incurred the wrath of one of the principal gods and was compelled to abandon the country. On his way he stopped at the city of Cholula, where a temple was dedicated to his worship, the massy ruins of which still form one of the most interesting relics of antiquity in Mexico.

When he reached the shores of the Mexican Gulf, he took leave of his followers, promising that he and his descendants would revisit them hereafter, and then, entering his wizard skiff, made of serpents' skins, embarked on the great ocean for the fabled land of Tlapallan. He was said to have been tall in stature, with a white skin, long dark hair and a flowing beard. The Mexicans looked confidently to the return of the benevolent deity, and this remarkable tradition, deeply cherished in their hearts, prepared the way for the future success of the Spaniards.

We have not space for further details respecting the Mexican divinities, the attributes of many of whom were carefully defined as they descended in regular gradation to the *penates*, or household gods, whose little images were to be found in the humblest dwelling.

The Mexican temples—*teocallis*, "houses of God," as they were called—were very numerous. There were several hundreds in each of the principal cities, many of them, doubtless, very humble edifices. They were solid masses of earth cased with brick or stone, and in their form somewhat resembled the pyramidal structures of ancient Egypt. The bases of many of them were more than a hundred feet square and they towered to a still greater height. They were distributed into four or five stories, each of smaller dimensions than that below. The ascent was by a flight of steps at an angle of the pyramid, on the outside. This led to a sort of terrace or gallery at the base of the second story, which passed quite round the building to another flight of stairs, commencing also at the same angle as the preceding and directly over it and leading to a similar terrace; so that one had to make the circuit of the temple several times before reaching the summit. In some instances the stairway led directly up the centre of the western face of the building. The top was a broad area, on which were erected one or two towers forty or fifty feet high, the sanctuaries in which stood the sacred images of the presiding deities. Before these towers stood the dreadful stone of sacrifice and two lofty altars, on which fires were kept as inextinguishable as those in the temple of Vesta. There were said to be six hundred of these altars on smaller buildings within the enclosure of the great temple of Mexico, which, with those on the sacred edifices in other parts of the city, shed a brilliant illumination over its streets through the darkest night. From the construction of their temples, all religious services were public. The long processions of priests, winding round their massive sides, as they rose higher and higher toward the summit, and the dismal rites of sacrifice performed there, were all visible from the remotest corners of the capital, impressing on the spectator's mind a superstitious veneration for the mysteries of his religion and for the dread ministers by whom they were interpreted.

This impression was kept in full force by their numerous festivals. Every month was consecrated to some protecting deity, and every week—nay, almost every day—was set down in their calendar for some appropriate celebration; so that it is difficult to understand how the ordinary business of life could have been compatible with the exactions of religion. Many of their ceremonies were of a light and cheerful complexion, consisting of the national songs and dances, in

which both sexes joined. Processions were made of women and children crowned with garlands and bearing offerings of fruits, the ripened maize or the sweet incense of copal and other odoriferous gums, while the altars of the deity were stained with no blood save that of animals. These were the peaceful rites derived from their Toltec predecessors, on which the fierce Aztecs engrafted a superstition too loathsome to be exhibited in all its nakedness, and one over which I would gladly draw a veil altogether but that it would leave the reader in ignorance of their most striking institution, and one that had the greatest influence in forming the national character.

Human sacrifices were adopted by the Aztecs early in the fourteenth century, about two hundred years before the Conquest. Rare at first, they became more frequent with the wider extent of their empire, till at length almost every festival was closed with this cruel abomination. These religious ceremonials were generally arranged in such a manner as to afford a type of the most prominent circumstances in the character or history of the deity who was the object of them. A single example will suffice.

One of their most important festivals was that in honor of the god Tezcatlipoca, whose rank was inferior only to that of the supreme being. He was called "the Soul of the World" and supposed to have been its creator. He was depicted as a handsome man endowed with perpetual youth. A year before the intended sacrifice a captive distinguished for his personal beauty and without a blemish on his body was selected to represent this deity. Certain tutors took charge of him and instructed him how to perform his new part with becoming grace and dignity. He was arrayed in a splendid dress, regaled with incense and with a profusion of sweet-scented flowers, of which the ancient Mexicans were as fond as their descendants at the present day. When he went abroad, he was attended by a train of the royal pages, and as he halted in the streets to play some favorite melody the crowd prostrated themselves before him and did him homage as the representative of their good deity. In this way he led an easy, luxurious life till within a month of his sacrifice. Four beautiful girls bearing the names of the principal goddesses were then selected to share his honors, and with them he continued to live in idle dalliance, feasted at the banquets of the principal nobles, who paid him all the honors of a divinity. At length the fatal day of sacrifice arrived. The term of his short-lived glories was at an end. He was stripped of his gaudy apparel and bade adieu to the fair partners of his revelries. One of the royal barges transported him across the lake to a temple which rose on its margin, about a league from the city. Hither the inhabitants of the capital flocked to witness the consummation of the ceremony. As the sad procession wound up the sides of the pyramid the unhappy victim threw away his gay chaplets of flowers and broke in pieces the musical instruments with which he had solaced the hours of captivity. On the summit he was received by six priests, whose long and matted locks flowed disorderly over their sable robes, covered with hieroglyphic scrolls of mystic import. They led him to the sacrificial stone, a huge block of jasper with its upper surface

somewhat convex. On this the prisoner was stretched. Five priests secured his head and his limbs, while the sixth, clad in a scarlet mantle emblematic of his bloody office, dextrously opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor of *itztli*—a volcanic substance hard as flint—and, inserting his hand in the wound, tore out the palpitating heart. The minister of death, first holding this up toward the sun—an object of worship throughout Anahuac—cast it at the feet of the deity to whom the temple was devoted, while the multitudes below prostrated themselves in humble adoration. The tragic story of this prisoner was expounded by the priests as the type of human destiny, which, brilliant in its commencement, too often closes in sorrow and disaster.

Such was the form of human sacrifice usually practised by the Aztecs. It was the same that often met the indignant eyes of the Europeans in their progress through the country, and from the dreadful doom of which they themselves were not exempted. There were, indeed, some occasions when preliminary tortures of the most exquisite kind—with which it is unnecessary to shock the reader—were inflicted, but they always terminated with the bloody ceremony above described. It should be remarked, however, that such tortures were not the spontaneous suggestions of cruelty, as with the North American Indians, but were all rigorously prescribed in the Aztec ritual. Women as well as the other sex were sometimes reserved for sacrifice. On some occasions, particularly in seasons of drought, at the festival of the insatiable Tlaloc, the god of rain, children—for the most part infants—were offered up. As they were borne along in open litters, dressed in their festal robes and decked with the fresh blossoms of spring, they moved the hardest heart to pity, though their cries were drowned in the wild chant of the priests, who read in their tears a favorable augury for their petition. These innocent victims were generally bought by the priests of parents who were poor, but who stifled the voice of nature—probably less at the suggestions of poverty than of a wretched superstition.

The most loathsome part of the story—the manner in which the body of the sacrificed captive was disposed of—remains yet to be told. It was delivered to the warrior who had taken him in battle, and by him, after being dressed, was served up in an entertainment to his friends. This was not the coarse repast of famished cannibals, but a banquet teeming with delicious beverages and delicate viands, prepared with art and attended by both sexes, who conducted themselves with all the decorum of civilized life. Surely never were refinement and the extreme of barbarism brought so closely in contact with each other.

Human sacrifices have been practised by many nations, not excepting the most polished nations of antiquity, but never by any on a scale to be compared with those in Anahuac. The amount of victims immolated on its accursed altars would stagger the faith of the least scrupulous believer. Scarcely any author pretends to estimate the yearly sacrifices throughout the empire at less than twenty thousand, and some carry the number as high as fifty. On great occasions, as the coronation of a king or the consecration of a temple, the number becomes still more appalling. At the dedication of

the great temple of Huitzilopotchli, in 1486, the prisoners, who for some years had been reserved for the purpose, were drawn from all quarters to the capital. They were ranged in files, forming a procession nearly two miles long. The ceremony consumed several days, and seventy thousand captives are said to have perished at the shrine of this terrible deity. But who can believe that so numerous a body would have suffered themselves to be led unresistingly like sheep to the slaughter? Or how could their remains, too great for consumption in the ordinary way, be disposed of without breeding a pestilence in the capital? Yet the event was of recent date, and is unequivocally attested by the best-informed historians. One fact may be considered certain: it was customary to preserve the skulls of the sacrificed in buildings appropriated to the purpose. The companions of Cortés counted one hundred and thirty-six thousand in one of these edifices. Without attempting a precise calculation, therefore, it is safe to conclude that thousands were yearly offered up in the different cities of Anahuac on the bloody altars of the Mexican divinities.

Indeed, the great object of war with the Aztecs was quite as much to gather victims for their sacrifices as to extend their empire. Hence it was that an enemy was never slain in battle if there were a chance of taking him alive. To this circumstance the Spaniards repeatedly owed their preservation. When Montezuma was asked "why he had suffered the republic of Tlascala to maintain her independence on his borders," he replied, "that she might furnish him with victims for his gods." As the supply began to fail the priests bellowed aloud for more and urged on their superstitious sovereign by the denunciations of celestial wrath.

The influence of these practices on the Aztec character was as disastrous as might have been expected. Familiarity with the bloody rites of sacrifice steeled the heart against human sympathy and begat a thirst for carnage like that excited in the Romans by the exhibitions of the circus. The perpetual recurrence of ceremonies in which the people took part associated religion with their most intimate concerns and spread the gloom of superstition over the domestic hearth, until the character of the nation wore a grave, and even melancholy, aspect, which belongs to their descendants at the present day. The influence of the priesthood, of course, became unbounded. The sovereign thought himself honored by being permitted to assist in the services of the temple. Far from limiting the authority of the priests to spiritual matters, he often surrendered his opinion to theirs where they were least competent to give it. It was their opposition that prevented the final capitulation which would have saved the capital. The whole nation, from the peasant to the prince, bowed their necks to the worst kind of tyranny—that of a blind fanaticism. In reflecting on these revolting usages one finds it difficult to reconcile their existence with anything like a regular form of government or an advance in civilization, yet the Mexicans had many claims to the character of a civilized community.

Human sacrifice, however cruel, has nothing in it degrading to its victim; it may be rather said to ennoble him by devoting him to the gods. Although so terrible with the Aztecs, it was sometimes voluntarily embraced by them as the most glorious death

and one that opened a sure passage into paradise. The Mexicans were not cannibals in the coarsest acceptation of the term. They did not feed on human flesh merely to gratify a brutish appetite, but in obedience to their religion. Their repasts were made of the victims whose blood had been poured out on the altar of sacrifice. This is a distinction worthy of notice. Still, cannibalism, under any form or whatever sanction, cannot but have a fatal influence on the nation addicted to it. It suggests ideas so loathsome, so degrading to man, to his spiritual and immortal nature, that it is impossible the people who practise it should make any great progress in moral or intellectual culture. The Mexicans furnish no exception to this remark. The civilization which they possessed descended from the Toltecs—a race who never stained their altars, still less their banquets, with the blood of man. All that deserved the name of science in Mexico came from this source, and the crumbling ruins of edifices attributed to them still extant in various parts of New Spain show a decided superiority in their architecture over that of the later races of Anahuac. It is true the Mexicans made great proficiency in many of the social and mechanic arts, in that material culture —if I may so call it—the natural growth of increasing opulence, which ministers to the gratification of the senses. In purely intellectual progress they were behind the Tezcucans, whose wise sovereigns came into the abominable rites of their neighbors with reluctance and practised them on a much more moderate scale. In this state of things, it was beneficently ordered by Providence that the land should be delivered over to another race, who would rescue it from the brutish superstitions that daily extended wider and wider with extent of empire. The debasing institutions of the Aztecs furnish the best apology for their conquest. It is true the conquerors brought along with them the Inquisition; but they also brought Christianity, whose benign radiance would still survive when the fierce flames of fanaticism should be extinguished, dispelling those dark forms of horror which had so long brooded over the fair regions of Anahuac.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

ONWARD FLOWING.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing,
And still—oh, still—their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still,
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill,
And sweet are all things when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them.

AUBREY DE VERE.

MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.

A YOUNG FELLOW, a tobacco-pedler by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side-panel, and an Indian chief holding a pipe and a golden tobacco stalk on the rear. The pedler drove a smart little mare and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees, who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking-tobacco in his stock, knowing well that the country-lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the pedler was inquisitive and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown the tobacco-pedler—whose name was Dominicus Pike—had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods without speaking a word to anybody but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand when, after lighting a cigar with a sunglass, he looked up and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill at the foot of which the pedler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick and travelled with a weary yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night, and meant to do the same all day.

"Good-morning, mister," said Dominicus when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes and answered rather sullenly that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the pedler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Fall. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last, mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud and no other mortal would have heard him.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard at eight o'clock last night by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated the stranger betook himself to his journey again with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars.

The pedler whistled to his mare and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines and a great deal of pigtail, lady's twist and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots, to travel at such a rate.

"Ill news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike, "but this beats railroads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's message."

The difficulty was solved by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader, and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard about nightfall with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting what the pedler had discovered in his own dealings with him—that he was a crusty old fellow as close as a vice. His property would descend to a pretty niece who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road that he chose to put up at a tavern about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar-room and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer who had arrived on horseback a short time before and was now seated in a corner smoking a pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco-smoke the pedler had ever smelt.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard the night before last and found hanging on his great pear tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar. "I don't say that I saw the thing done, so I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbor of mine, he called me into his store as I was riding by and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then it can't be a fact," exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned if it was," said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The pedler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water and went to bed, where all night long he dreamed of hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree.

To avoid the old farmer—whom he so detested that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's—Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart and trotted swiftly away toward Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story had there been anybody awake to hear it. But he met neither ox-team, light wagon, chaise, horseman nor foot-traveller till, just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick.

"Good-morning, mister," said the pedler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, maybe you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe at first that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:

"No, no! There was no colored man. It was an Irishman that hanged him, last night at eight o'clock. I came away at seven. His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken when he interrupted himself, and, though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the pedler's mare on a smart trot.

Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it in all its circumstances on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the

mulatto, at above thirty miles' distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all? These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him as an accomplice in the murder, since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the pedler: "I don't want his black blood on my head; and hanging the nigger wouldn't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman? It's a sin, I know, but I should hate to have him come to life a second time and give me the lie."

With these meditations Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as everybody knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton-factories and a slitting-mill can make it. The machinery was not in motion and but a few of the shop doors unbarred when he alighted in the stable-yard of the tavern and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the hostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority or that of any one person, but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls as any citizen of the place, being part-owner of the slitting-mill and a considerable stockholder in the cotton-factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement that the *Parker's Falls Gazette* anticipated its regular day of publication and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of Double Pica emphasized with capitals and headed "Horrid Murder of Mr. Higginbotham." Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting-fit to another ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and, in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding-houses, factory-girls, millmen and schoolboys, rushed into the street and kept up such a terrible loquacity as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton-machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus,

in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and, mounting on the town-pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field-preacher, when the mail-stage drove into the village street. It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens to hear the news. The pedler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting-fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!"

The coachman said not a word except to swear awfully at the hostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him, even when asleep; the first thing he did after learning the cause of the excitement was to produce a large red pocketbook. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet pretty mouth that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love-tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer to the shopkeepers, the millmen and the factory-girls, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or more probably a wilful falsehood maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony in the negative. Here is a note relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or, as some deemed the more probable case of two doubtful ones, that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the pedler's explanation, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to be heard.

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd on beholding her so rosy and bright—that same unhappy niece whom they had supposed, on the authority of the *Parker's Falls Gazette*, to be lying at death's door in a fainting-fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted all along whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded as to myself, and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside and gave me two dollars and fifty cents to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket-book under his pillow, shook hands with me and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible and well worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that everybody thought her fit to be preceptress of the best academy in the State.

But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder, so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants on learning their mistake. The millmen resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail or refresh him with an ablution at the town-pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The selectmen, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town under a discharge of artillery from the schoolboys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay-pits and mud-holes. As he turned his head to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece a ball of the consistence of hasty pudding hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles that he had almost a mind to ride back and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town-pump; for, though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud—an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium—was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the

selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the State; the paragraph in the *Parker's Falls Gazette* would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers; and many a miser would tremble for his money-bags and life on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The pedler meditated with much fervor on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham while defending him from the wrathful populace of Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact, and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When to this singular combination of incidents it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life, and that he had an orchard and a St. Michael's pear tree, near which he always passed at nightfall, the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the pedler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike, aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unhanged till I see him with my own eyes and hear it from his own mouth. And, as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister or some other responsible man for an endorser."

It was growing dusk when he reached the toll-house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback, who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll-gatherer and kept on toward the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the tollman, and while making change the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the pedler, throwing back his whiplash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen anything of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll-gatherer; "he passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me, but to-night he nodded, as if to say, 'Charge my toll,' and jogged on; for, wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus.

"I never saw a man look so yellow and

thin as the squire does," continued the toll-gatherer. "Says I to myself to-night, 'He's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood.'"

The pedler strained his eyes through the twilight and could just discern the horseman, now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham, but through the evening shadows and amid the dust from the horse's feet the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial, as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light.

Dominicus shivered.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world by the way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old shadow till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point the pedler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple. On his left were a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood-lot, beyond which lay an orchard, farther still a mowing field, and last of all a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the background by the Kimballton turnpike. Dominicus knew the place, and the little mare stopped short by instinct, for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate," said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree.

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate-post, and ran along the green path of the wood-lot as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then the village clock tolled eight, and as each deep stroke fell Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk across the path and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch.

The pedler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed forward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt-end of his whip, and found—not, indeed, hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree, but trembling beneath it with a halter round his neck—the old identical Mr. Higginbotham.

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this "coming event" was made to "cast its shadow before." Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them successively lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of Fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say that Mr. Higginbotham took the pedler into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty schoolmistress and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors by dying a Christian death in bed, since which melancholy event Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton and established a large tobacco-manufactory in my native village.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—EXODUS xv. 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave;
How vain was their boast! for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free!

THOMAS MOORE.

WHERE ARE THE WICKED BURIED?

"TELL me, gray-headed sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?
I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through
And studied the epitaphs, old and new,
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone
I read no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, his hand on a spade;
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
That his soul was instructing his lips to reply;

"Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?

"In our journey through life the farther we speed,
The better we learn that humanity's need

Miriam's Song.

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ASTOR, LENOX

Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.

"Therefore good deeds we record on these stones;
The evil men do let it die with their bones:
I have labored as sexton this many a year,
But I never have buried a bad man here."

THOMAS A. JAMES.

STORM AT TWILIGHT.

THE roar of a chafed lion in his lair
Begirt by levelled spears. A sudden flash,
Intense yet wavering, like a beast's fierce eye
Searching the darkness. The wild bay of winds
Sweeps the burnt plains of heaven, and from afar
Linked clouds are riding up like eager horsemen
Javelin in hand. From the north wings of twilight
There falls unwonted shadow, and strange gloom
Cloisters the unwilling stars. The sky is roofed
With tempest, and the moon's scant rays fall through
Like light let dimly through the fissured rock
Vaulting a cavern. To the horizon
The green sea of the forest hath rolled back
Its levelled billows, and where mastlike trees
Sway to its bosom here and there a vine,
Braced to some pine's bare shaft, clings, rocked aloft
Like a bold mariner. There is no bough
But lifteth its appealing arm to heaven.
The scudding grass is shivering as it flies,
And herbs and flowers crouch to their mother Earth
Like frightened children. 'Tis more terrible
When the hoarse thunder speaks, and the fleet wind
Stops like a steed that knows his rider's voice,
For oh, the rush that follows is the calm
Of a despairing heart; and, as a maniac
Loses his grief in raving, the mad storm,
Weeping hot tears, awakens with a sob
From its blank desolation and shrieks on.

ANNA DRINKER
(Edith May).

A DROPPED TRINKET.

AT Reigate, underneath the trees,
The autumn ferns were crisped with brown,
And, fluttering on a fitful breeze,
The autumn leaves came softly down.
As underneath a tree we stopped
An ornament of gold I dropped—
Searched for in vain by wistful eyes,
For there until this hour it lies
Beneath some curving fern.
Winter will bury it with leaves;
And if some future spring upheaves
A golden blossom on the sprout
A fallen acorn then puts out,
My little gem, obscured so long,
May wake a wandering poet's song,
Who, heedless of his steps, may pass,
And there, amidst the tangled grass,
Its shining may discern.

Just so some little word may fall
From some one lip, forgot by all,
Buried beneath a thousand days,
While every season overlays
  Its freshness more and more.
At length some thought profound and slow
Within the public heart shall grow,
Such life and force from many a pen,
And shape its inner life for men
  Who add it to their store;
And when its breathing depths are stirred,
Lo! in its bosom lies the word.

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

ADAM'S ANGER AND EVE'S SUPPLICATION FOR PARDON.

THUS Adam to himself lamented loud
  Through the still night, not now, as ere man fell,
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretched he lay—on the cold ground—and oft
Cursed his creation, death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence. "Why comes not death,"
Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just?
But death comes not at all, justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bowers,
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song."
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed;
But her with stern regard he thus repelled:

"Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best
Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful; nothing wants but that thy shape
Like his, and color serpentine, may show
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form pretended
To hellish falsehood snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdained
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,
Though by the devil himself, him everweening
To overreach, but, with the serpent meeting,
Fooled and beguiled, by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood that all was but a show
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out as supernumerary
To my just number found. Oh, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last

This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex; for either
He never shall find out fit mate but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained
By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld
By parents, or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turned; but Eve,
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disordered, at his feet
Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:

"Forsake me not thus, Adam. Witness Heaven
What love sincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived: thy suppliant,
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay. Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour, perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As joined in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assigned us,
That cruel serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen,
On me already lost—me than thyself
More miserable; both have sinned, but thou
Against God only, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence from my head removed may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe—
Me, me only, just object of his ire."

She ended weeping, and her lowly plight,
Immovable till peace obtained from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Toward her, his life so late and sole delight
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeased, his aid
As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon:

"Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou knowest not, who desirest
The punishment all on thyself, alas!
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain

His full wrath whose thou feelst as yet least part,
And my displeasure bearst so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed and by me exposed.
But rise; let us no more contend nor blame
Each other—blamed enough elsewhere—but strive
In offices of love how we may lighten
Each other's burden in our share of woe,
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived."

So spoke our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse; they, forthwith, to the place
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confessed
Humbly their faults, and pardon begged with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek.

JOHN MILTON.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

IT was the calm and silent night:
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night;
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway:
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought,
The air how calm and cold and thin!
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night;
A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now.
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

ALFRED DOMMETT.

ODE TO CHESAPEAKE BAY.

THOU ocean bay,
Though now, with sails unfurled,
Collecting from the mighty deep,
Over thy curling waters sweep
The fleets of half the world,
There was a day—
Nor distant far the time—
When in thy solitude sublime,
Save light canoe by artless savage plied,
No sail was ever seen to skim thy billowy tide.

Bright Chesapeake,
Though now thy shores are crowned
With grassy lawns and fields of grain,
That smile and cheer the laboring swain,
And songs go blithely round
That well bespeak
How pleasant joys may flow,
Yet two short centuries ago
No human voice was here save savage yell,
And dark upon thy waves the forest shadows fell.

Mother of waters,
Thy noble streams did glide
Beneath a woody canopy
Through countless years, and bright and free
And lovely by thy side,
As beauteous daughters,
They lift their voice on high,
And clap their hands as they go by
Proud Baltimore's rich monuments and domes,
Columbia's palace-halls and Richmond's patriot homes.

SEBA SMITH.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

IN eddying course when leaves began to fly
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Through glens untrod and woods that frowned on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy,
And, lo! she's gone! In robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away:
Not so her sister—hark!—for onward still,
With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock and hill to hill.
Ah! mark the merry maid in mockful play
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

TORQUATO TASSO.

FEW poets have presented so distinct an individuality and so romantic a career to the sympathetic reader as the famous author of the *Jerusalem Delivered.* His father, Bernardo, was one of the greatest preceding poets, but the glory of the author of *Amadis de Gaul* pales before the rising of his greater son.

Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento on the 11th of March, 1544, and began his education at the Jesuit school in Naples. He was from the first an enthusiastic student of Latin, Greek, rhetoric and poetry. He pursued these studies at Rome from 1554 till 1556, but they were then interrupted by the troubled condition of the times. Attracting the attention of the duke of Urbino, he became the companion and fellow-student of the young prince his son. This was the beginning of that social ambition which brought him into trouble at a later period. We find him in 1559, at Venice, studying Dante and Petrarch and emulous of Ariosto, who, dying in 1533, had left a claim to immortality in his splendid epic *Orlando Furioso.*

In accordance with the wishes of his father, Tasso studied law at Padua in 1560; but, instead of a thesis, he astonished his friends by producing an epic entitled *Rinaldo.* This was published at Venice in 1562, and was received with great favor, not only as the work of a youth of seventeen, but for its own real merits. It seemed a reappearance of Ariosto himself. At Bologna, soon after, he was charged with writing satirical verses on several students; but, although he was acquitted, his disgust caused him to leave that place and go to Padua. There he began his great work the *Gerusalemme Liberata,* and by way of prolegomena he wrote three discourses on epic poetry—a sort of standard by which to write and to be judged. He repaired to the brilliant court of Ferrara in 1565, on the occasion of the marriage of Alfonso d'Este to a daughter of the emperor, and there he became acquainted with the duke's two sisters, Lucretia and Eleonora. This acquaintance colored all the rest of his life. Fascinated by both, he made enemies by his ardent attentions and partial success. The former married the duke of Urbino in 1570, and then the poet expended all his ardors of soul and pen upon Eleonora. His sentiment possessed him. The episode of Olindo and Sofronia in the *Jerusalem Delivered* is the story of this ill-starred passion. In 1573 he issued at Ferrara his pastoral drama *Aminta* and the tragedy of *Torrismondo,* and about the same time finished the *Jerusalem.* Its issue seemed to be the usher of the calamities which were to fall thick and fast upon him. Subjected to the meannesses of little critics and brought under the censorship of

the Church, it was required to be mutilated and modified; some of its finest parts were left out, and pirated editions were published. These wrought his naturally sensitive mind to a frenzy which caused him to say and to do unwarrantable things. It began to be rumored that he was insane. His private chest was surreptitiously opened, and the letters and poems there found disclosed his secret and aspiring love. He had a personal conflict with one of his enemies and drove off a band of ruffians sent to attack him. He drew a dagger upon a servant in the ante-chamber of the duchess, and then, in 1577, he fled from Ferrara and took refuge for a year with a widowed sister at Sorrento. But his heart was in Ferrara. His petitions to be permitted to return were unheeded; and when he did go back, the bitter expressions which escaped him on account of his treatment caused him to be arrested and placed in a madhouse, the hospital of St. Anna. His appeals for release were very touching; he wrote many of them in beautiful verse. He was becoming crazy, if he had not been before; and while he was thus in mental tortures in his prison the fame of his great poem was extending not only in Italy, but throughout Europe. While in prison he had a famous controversy concerning his poem with the renowned *Accademia della Crusca*, in which he was declared victorious. On the 10th of February, 1581, Eleonora died, and the poet, broken down in body and soul, was released from his imprisonment. In 1593 he published at Rome a pendant to his great epic, entitled *Gerusalemme Conquistada*, which he preferred to the other. Not only does the world reverse this decision, but the *Jerusalem Delivered* is known and read by many who have never even heard of the latter poem. All Italy was ringing with his praises; even a fierce bandit chief offered free and honored passage through his outlawed dominion for himself and his friends while the poet was going slowly and in sore pain to the monastery of St. Onofrio, where he died on the 25th of April, 1595.

Tasso's great epic describes the last campaign of that famous first crusade, under Godfrey de Bouillon and his gallant knights. It is remarkable for unity of action, grace of versification and harmony of diction. It has been translated into English by Hoole and Fairfax.

What were the exact causes of Tasso's imprisonment has not been disclosed; doubtless his love-passages with Eleonora were chief among them. His intemperance of spirit, manner and expression gave color to the theory of his insanity, and in the eyes of his enemies warranted his imprisonment. An interesting account of him is found in Richard H. Wilde's *Love and Madness of Tasso.*

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE great poet has asked, "What's in a name?" We answer, "Sometimes much." The subject of this sketch loses something of his claim to remembrance because he bears the same name as William Collins, the distinguished poet, and also that of his own son, William Wilkie Collins, the celebrated novelist. But when we succeed in disengaging him from his namesakes, we find real merit claiming a lasting reputation.

William Collins, the artist—of whose

attractive painting "The Fisherman's Return" we present an engraved illustration—was the son of a picture-dealer and desultory writer, and was born in London on the 18th of September, 1787. He studied under Etty in 1807. His first exhibited pictures were "Boys at Breakfast" and "Boys with Bird-Nests;" they attracted admiring attention, and in 1815 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. He preferred simple rustic scenes at first—children at play, swinging on gates, and such like—but soon turned his attention to similar views by the sea: fishermen, boats, prawn-fishing, bits of homely life by the shore. In 1820 he was made a Royal Academician, and by the advice of his friend Wilkie he went to Italy in 1837, and remained there for two years, making studies of Italian life. He also made essays in sacred historical art. His two pictures "Christ with the Doctors in the Temple" and "The Two Disciples at Emmaus" were not very successful. He was elected in 1840 librarian of the Academy, and returned to his study of coast-fishing scenes, exhibiting every year pieces which were extremely popular. He was an earnest and conscientious worker and an ardent lover of nature. He died in 1847, and the next year his son Wilkie wrote a charming biography of him.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE "Seasons," and still more the "Castle of Indolence," entitle Thomson to be ranked among the good English poets; nor should it be forgotten that the song of "Rule, Britannia," is his—a song which will be the political hymn of England as long as she maintains her political power.

So egregiously lazy was Thomson that he has been seen standing at a peach tree with both hands in his pockets eating the fruit as it grew. And once, being discovered in bed at a very late hour in the day, when he was asked why he did not rise, his answer was, "Troth, mon, I hae nae motive." It is recorded to the honor of Quin, the actor, that when Thomson was in great distress he visited him and told him he was in his debt. Thomson, who did not suppose that any man could owe him a single farthing, answered with the jealousy of misfortune somewhat peevishly, as if he thought the assertion was meant to deride him. Quin answered, "Sir, I am one of many who are in your debt for the pleasure which your poem of the 'Seasons' has afforded us, and you will give me leave to discharge my portion of it now that there is a fit opportunity," and so saying presented him with a note for a hundred pounds. He was born in Ednam, Roxburghshire, September 11, 1700; died in 1748.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

JOAB'S DESCRIPTION OF DAVID.

BEAUTEOUS and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun, attired in glistening robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And, bridegroom-like, hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams, such doth King David show,
Crowned with the honor of his enemies' town,
Shining in riches like the firmament,
The starry vault that overhangs the earth;
So looketh David, king of Israel.

GEORGE PEELE.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: WHAT HE OUGHT TO BE.

A CHIEF magistrate of the Union should look to noble objects and consider himself called to a high destiny. I would have him rouse his spirit and expand his mind to the elevation and grandeur of his important trust; I would have him to realize that he is the governor of a great, free and prosperous people various in their habits, opinions and occupations, but all pursuing the general end of human action—the happiness of themselves and their posterity—and all equally entitled to the protection and favor of their government. I would have him to purify himself from all temptation to proscription or intolerance and all vindictive or personal suggestions, and to maintain himself at a sightless distance above the low intrigues and bitterness of faction. I would have him thoroughly to understand the spirit and import of the Constitution of our country; to consider all its functionaries entitled to equal respect with himself; to preserve sacred the just balance and apportionment of power among the various departments; and in all cases of diversity of opinion—whether between the heads of departments or among the people at large—to maintain a wise moderation and forbearance, and to endeavor to lead the jarring parties to entertain respect for each other and to co-operate for the common good. "I would have him to think of fame as well as of applause, and prefer that which to be enjoyed must be given to that which may be bought; to consider his administration as a single day in the great year of government, but as a day that is affected by those which went before and that must affect those which are to follow." I would have him to consider the Constitution and the laws as the sole rule of his conduct, neither stretching nor warping them either to enlarge his own power or to abridge that of the co-ordinate departments or of the people; to usurp no authority inconsistent with their spirit, nor to abuse that which they confer. I would have him diligently to inform himself of all the great and diversified interests of this vast and growing country, and so to succor the various branches of enterprise as to crown the whole with prosperity. I would have him to reflect that amidst the diversity of interests and multifarious concerns, both foreign and domestic, of the nation, questions will constantly arise necessarily eliciting various opinions among his countrymen. These I would have him to treat with respect and indulgence even when they differ from his own, but by no means to make them objects of anger and punishment. I would have him not only to tolerate, but to encourage, all decent and respectful examination into his public policy and official conduct. I would have him to keep the offices of the government above the

reach of the flatterer and the demagogue, and never to bestow them as rewards for mere party service; to bring to his aid in the other trusts of the government the soundest patriotism, the most elevated and various intellect, the most enlarged capacity, that his country affords; and, lest in seeking for such qualities his range of observation might be too circumscribed, I would have him to maintain such relations with all classes and portions of his countrymen that the scope of his selection might have no other limit than the welfare of the commonwealth.

Such is my idea of a virtuous, enlightened and patriotic chief magistrate fit to administer the government of a free and united people. Such a one it may be difficult—perhaps impossible—to find, though it is presumed no one will deny that it is desirable, and even a duty, to approach as near as possible to a perfect government and social happiness under it. The only question is how near it may be practicable for us to come, and all must admit that we shall approach the nearer as the efforts of the people and the government shall concur for that object.

Happily for our country, we have one illustrious example, who, it would seem had been given to us by Providence as an ever-living oracle from whom we might in all future times refresh our minds with lessons of real wisdom and patriotism. Washington was the head of the nation, and not of a party; and amid all the trials of his situation, critical and complex as it certainly was, and amid the labors of organizing and conducting a new government, arduous as they were—beset, also with the most dangerous of all jealousies—he made and preserved a united people, and finally retired from that service with greater character and more durable renown than he carried into it.

This country has produced no second Washington, and it may be feared it will be long before it will. Nevertheless, it ought to be the fervent prayer of every true patriot that that event may yet happen and that its advent may be hastened, and that until it shall please Providence to raise up such another we may constantly meditate upon his pure example, and that some one may yet be found who has so studied the model of that matchless patriot as to be able to preside over a united people.

LOUIS M'LANE.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky: the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course?

The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hairs flow on the eastern

clouds or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

But thou art perhaps like me—for a season: thy years will have an end; thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds. The mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

PLINY'S LETTER TO THE EMPEROR TRAJAN CONCERNING THE CHRISTIANS.

IT is, sir, a rule which I prescribe to myself to consult you upon all difficult occasions. For who can better direct my doubts or instruct my ignorance? I have never been present at the resolutions taken concerning the Christians; therefore I know not for what causes or how far they may be objects of punishment, or to what degree our complaints may be carried on against them. Nor have I hesitated a little in considering whether the difference of ages should not make some variation in our procedures, or whether the weaker and the more robust should be equally punished. Are those who repent to be pardoned? or is it to no purpose to renounce Christianity, after having once professed it? Must they be punished for the name, although otherwise innocent? or is the name itself so flagitious as to be punishable?

In the mean time, I have pursued this method with those Christians who, as such, have been brought before me. I have asked them if they were Christians, and to those who have avowed the profession I have put the same question a second and a third time, and have enforced it by threats of punishment. When they have persevered, I have put my threats into execution. For I did not in the least doubt that, whatever their confession might be, their audacious behavior and immovable obstinacy required absolute punishment. Some who were infected with the same kind of madness, but were Roman citizens, have been reserved by me to be sent to Rome.

Soon afterward the crime, as it often happens, by being pursued became more diffusive, and a variety of matters of fact were specified to me. An information without a name was put into my hands containing a list of many persons who deny that they are or ever were Christians; for, repeating the form of invocation after me, they called upon the gods and offered incense and made libations of your image, which upon this occasion I had ordered to be brought out with the statues of our deities; and they uttered imprecations against Christ, to which no true Christian, as they affirm, can be compelled by any punishment whatever. I thought it best, therefore, to release them.

Others of them, who were named to me by an informer, have said that they were Christians, and have immediately afterward denied it by confessing that they had been of that persuasion, but had now entirely renounced the error—some three years, some more, and some even above twenty years. All these worshipped your image and the images of the gods, and they even vented imprecations against Christ. They affirmed

that the sum-total of their fault or of their error consisted in assembling upon a certain stated day before it was light to sing alternately among themselves hymns to Christ as to a god, binding themselves by oath not to be guilty of any wickedness, not to steal nor to rob, not to commit adultery, nor break their faith when plighted, nor to deny the deposits in their hands whenever called upon to restore them. These ceremonies performed, they usually departed, and came together again to take a repast, the meat of which was innocent and eaten promiscuously; but they had desisted from this custom since my edict, wherein, by your commands, I had prohibited all public assemblies.

From these circumstances I thought it more necessary to try to gain the truth, even by torture, from two women who were said to officiate at their worship. But I could discover only an obstinate kind of superstition carried to great excess. And therefore, postponing any resolution of my own, I have waited the result of your judgment. To me an affair of this sort seems worthy of your consideration, principally from the multitude involved in the danger. For many persons of all ages, of all degrees and of both sexes are already, and will be constantly, brought into danger by these accusations. Nor is this superstitious contagion confined only to the cities: it spreads itself through the villages and the country. As yet, I think, it may be stopped and corrected. It is very certain that the temples, which were almost deserted, now begin to fill again, and the sacred rites, which have been a long time neglected, are again performed. The victims, which hitherto had few purchasers, are now sold everywhere. From hence we may easily infer what numbers of people might be reclaimed if there was a proper allowance made for repentance.

TRAJAN'S REPLY.

You have exactly pursued the method which you ought, my Secundus, in examining the several causes of those persons who as Christians were brought before you. For in an affair of this general nature it is impossible to lay down any settled form. The Christians need not be sought after. If they are brought into your presence and convicted, they must be punished, but with this reservation—that if any one of them has denied himself to be a Christian, and makes his assertion manifest by an invocation to our gods, although he may have been suspected before, his repentance must entitle him to a pardon. But anonymous informations ought not to have the least weight against any crime whatever. They would not only be of dangerous consequence, but are absolutely against the maxim of my government.

Translation of JOHN BOYLE (Earl of Cork).

PICTURES OF EVERY DAY.

ALL honor and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women and children, in our gardens and in our houses; but let us love that other beauty, too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna turning her mild face

upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the regions of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, those rounded backs and stupid, weatherbeaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world, those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs and their clusters of onions. In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people who have no picturesque sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let Art always remind us of them; therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them.

There are few prophets in the world, few sublimely-beautiful women, few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. Neither are picturesque lazzaroni or romantic criminals half so frequent as your common laborer who gets his own bread and eats it vulgarly, but creditably, with his own pocket-knife. It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen who weighs out my sugar in a vilely-assorted cravat and waistcoat than with the handsomest rascal in red scarf and green feathers—more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is, perhaps, rather too corpulent and in other respects is not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay, or at the sublimest abstract of all clerical graces that was ever conceived by an able novelist.

GEORGE ELIOT.

HEROISM OF THE HUNGARIAN PEOPLE.

GENTLEMEN have said that it was I who inspired the Hungarian people. I cannot accept the praise. No, it was not I who inspired the Hungarian people: it was the Hungarian people who inspired me. Whatever I thought, and still think—whatever I felt, and still feel—is but the pulsation of that heart which in the breast of my people beats. The glory of battle is for the historic leaders; theirs are the laurels of immortality. And yet in encountering the danger they knew that, alive or dead, their names would on the lips of the people for ever live. How different the fortune—how nobler, how purer, the heroism—of those children of the people who went forth freely to meet death in their country's cause, knowing that where they fell they would lie undistinguished and unknown, their names unhonored and unsung! Animated, neverthe-

less, by the love of freedom and fatherland, they went forth calmly, singing their national anthems, till, rushing upon the batteries whose cross-fire vomited upon them death and destruction, they took them without firing a shot, those who fell falling with the shout, "Hurrah for Hungary!" And so they died by thousands—the unnamed demi-gods. Such is the people of Hungary. Still it is said it is I who have inspired them. No—a thousand times no! It was they who have inspired me. LOUIS KOSSUTH.

FAMILY LIKENESS.

FAMILY likeness has often a deep sadness in it. Nature, that great tragic dramatist, knits us together by bone and muscle and divides us by the subtle web of our brain—blends yearning and repulsion and ties us by our heart-strings to the beings that jar us at every moment. We hear a voice with the very cadence of our own uttering the thoughts we despise; we see eyes—ah! so like our mother's—averted from us in cold alienation; and our last darling child startles us with the air and gestures of the sister we parted from in bitterness long years ago. The father to whom we owe our best heritage—the mechanical instinct, the keen sensibility to harmony, the unconscious skill of the modelling hand—galls us and puts us to shame by his daily errors; the long-lost mother, whose face we begin to see in the glass as our own wrinkles come, once fretted our young souls with her anxious humors and irrational persistence. GEORGE ELIOT.

MOTHER'S ROOM.

I'M awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe:
He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know,
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff,
But the little room of rooms that seems best to me—
The room where I'd always rather be—
Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest
And talk of things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about,
And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout?
It is mother's room; and if *she* don't mind,
To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things: what then?
In my mother's room I find them again;
And I've never denied that I litter the floor
With marbles and tops, and many things more;
But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now, poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see,
Because it's the nicest place to go
When a fellow's spirits are getting low.
And mother she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet,
And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom
Or any old shadow in mother's room.

MARY D. BRINE.

ARCHILOCHUS.

ARCHILOCHUS of Paros, in Lydia, is regarded as the first of the Greek lyric poets. His father's name was Telesicles; his mother was a slave called Enips. He was born about 714 B. C. About 676 B. C. he lost his life in battle or by assassination. Variety and satirical bitterness characterized his lyric poems—so much so that "Arcadian bitterness" and Parian heroes became by-words in ancient times. It is said that Lycembes, who had promised his daughter to him in marriage, having failed to fulfil this promise, was so severely satirized by the poet that to escape ridicule both father and daughter hanged themselves. Among the ancients Archilochus was ranked as a poet with Homer.

TURNS OF FORTUNE.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARCHILOCHUS.

Leave the gods to order all things:
  Often from the gulf of woe
They exalt the poor man grov'ling
  In the gloomy shades below—
Often turn again, and prostrate
  Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him through life to wander
  'Reft of sense and wanting bread.

Translation of C. A. ELTON.

EQUANIMITY.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARCHILOCHUS.

Spirit, thou spirit, like a troubled sea,
Ruffled with deep and hard calamity,
Sustain the shock; a daring heart oppose:
Stand firm amidst the charging spears of foes.
If conquering, vaunt not in vainglorious show;
If conquered, stoop not, prostrated in woe;
Moderate, in joy rejoice; in sorrow mourn;
Muse on man's lot: be thine discreetly borne.

Translation of C. A. ELTON.

SELECTION FROM YANG CHOO.

FROM THE CHINESE CLASSICS.

YANG CHOO is supposed to have lived about 400 B. C. His teachings were of a very low order, his theory being, "Each one for himself." His doctrines, however, had very little influence upon his times.

WHILE WE LIVE MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE.

Wherein people differ is the matter of life; wherein they agree is death. While they are alive, we have the distinctions of intelligence and stupidity, honorableness and meanness; when they are dead, we have so much rottenness decaying away: this is the common lot. Yet intelligence and stupidity, honorableness and meanness, are not in one's power; neither is that condition of putridity, decay and utter disappearance. A man's life is not in his own hands, nor is his death; his intelligence is not his own, nor is his stupidity, nor his honorableness, nor his meanness. All are born and all die—the intelligent and the stupid, the honorable and the mean. At ten years old some die; at a hundred years old some die. The virtuous and the sage die; the ruffian and the fool also die. Alive, they were Yaou and Shun; dead, they were so much rotten bone. Who could know any difference between their rotten bones? While alive, therefore, let us hasten to make the best of life. What leisure have we to be thinking of anything after death?

Translation of JAMES LEGGE, D D.

LOVE.

THERE lived a singer in France of old
By the tideless, dolorous midland sea.
In a land of sand and ruin and gold
There shone one woman, and none but she.
And finding life for her love's sake fail,
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
And praised God, seeing; and so died he—

Died praising God for his gift and grace;
For she bowed down to him weeping, and said,
"Live!" and her tears were shed on his face
Or ever the life in his face was shed.
The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung
Once, and her close lips touched him and clung
Once, and grew one with his lips for a space;
And so drew back, and the man was dead.

O brother, the gods were good to you!
Sleep, and be glad while the world endures;
Be well content as the years wear through;
Give thanks for life and the loves and lures.
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,
Tears and kisses—that lady of yours.

Rest, and be glad of the gods; but I—
How shall I praise them or how take rest?
There is not room under all the sky
For me that know not of worst or best,
Dream or desire of the days before,
Sweet things or bitterness, any more.
Love will not come to me now, though I die,
As love came close to you, breast to breast.

I shall never be friends again with roses;
I shall loathe sweet tunes where a note grown strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire—
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,
The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,
The music burning at heart like wine,
An armed archangel whose hands raised up
All senses mixed in the spirit's cup,
Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder,—
These things are over, and no more mine.

These were a part of the playing I heard
  Once, ere my love and my heart were at strife—
Love that sings and hath wings as a bird,
  Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.
Fairer than the earth is the sea, and sleep
Than overwatching of eyes that weep,
Now Time has done with his one sweet word
  The wine and leaven of lovely life.

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
  Fill the days of my daily breath
With fugitive things not good to treasure,
  Do as the world doth, say as it saith;
But if we had loved each other, O sweet,
Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,
The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure
  To feel you tread it to dust and death—

Ah! had I not taken my life up and given
  All that life gives and the years let go,
The wine and money, the balm and leaven,
  The dreams reared high and the hopes brought low:
Come life, come death, not a word be said;
Should I lose you living, and vex you dead?
I shall never tell you on earth, and in heaven,
  If I cry to you then, will you hear or know?

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S "CORIOLANUS."

NOT one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

LORD LYTTELTON.

THE BRIDE OF THE DEAD.

SHE has lighted her lamp and crowned it with flowers—
The sweetest that breathed of the summer hours—
Red and white roses linked in a band,
Like a maiden's blush or a maiden's hand;
Jasmines—some like silvery spray,
Some like gold in the morning ray;
Fragrant stars, and favorites they
When Indian girls on a festival day
Braid their dark tresses; and over all weaves
The rosy-bower of lotus leaves—
Canopy suiting the lamp-lighted bark,
Love's own flowers and Love's own ark.

She watched the sky: the sunset grew dim;
She raised to Camdeo her evening hymn.
The scent of the night-flowers came on the air,
And then, like a bird escaped from the snare,
She flew to the river: no moon was bright,
But the stars and the fireflies gave her their light;
She stood beneath the mangoes' shade,
Half delighted and half afraid;
She trimmed the lamp and breathed on each bloom—
Oh, that breath was sweeter than all their perfume—
Threw spices and oil on the spire of flame,
Called thrice on her absent lover's name;
And every pulse throbbed as she gave
Her little boat to the Ganges' wave.

There are a thousand fanciful things
Linked round the young heart's imaginings;
In its first love-dream a leaf or a flower
Is gifted then with a spell and a power;

A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign,
From which the maiden can well divine
Passion's whole history. Those only can tell
Who have loved as young hearts can love so well
How the pulses will beat and the cheek will be dyed
When they have some love-augury tried:
Oh, it is not for those whose feelings are cold,
Withered by care or blunted by gold,
Whose brows have darkened with many years,
To feel again youth's hopes and fears—
What they might blush now to confess,
Yet what made their spring-day's happiness.

Zaide watched her flower-built vessel glide,
Mirrored beneath on the deep-blue tide,
Lovely and lonely, scented and bright,
Like Hope's own bark, all bloom and light.
There's not one breath of wind on the air;
The heavens are cloudless, the waters are fair;
No dew is falling; yet woe to that shade!
The maiden is weeping—her lamp has decayed.

Hark to the ring of the cimetar!
It tells that the soldier returns from afar;
Down from the mountains the warriors come:
Hark to the thunder-roll of the drum,
To the startling voice of the trumpet's call,
To the cymbal's clash, to the atabal!
The banners of crimson float in the sun:
The warfare is ended, the battle is won.
The mother hath taken the child from her breast
And raised it to look on its father's crest;
The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,
With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song,
And Zaide hath forgotten in Azim's arms
All her so false lamp's falser alarms.

This looks not a bridal: the singers are mute;
Still is the mandore and breathless the lute;
Yet there the bride sits. Her dark hair is bound,
And the robe of her marriage floats white on the ground.
Oh, where is the lover, the bridegroom? oh, where?
Look under yon black pall: the bridegroom is there;
Yet the guests are all bidden, the feast is the same,
And the bride plights her troth amid smoke and 'mid flame.
They have raised the death-pyre of sweet-scented wood
And sprinkled it o'er with the sacred flood
Of the Ganges. The priests are assembled; their song
Sinks deep on the ear as they bear her along,
That bride of the dead. Ay, is not this love,
That one pure, wild feeling all others above,
Vowed to the living and kept to the tomb,
The same in its blight as it was in its bloom?
With no tear in her eye and no change in her smile
Young Zaide had come nigh to the funeral pile;
The bells of the dancing-girls ceased from their sound;
Silent they stood by that holiest mound;
From a crowd like the sea-waves there came not a breath
When the maiden stood by the place of death.

One moment was given—the last she might spare—
To the mother, who stood in her weeping there.
She took the jewels that shone on her hand,
She took from her dark hair its flowery band,
And scattered them round. At once they raise
The hymn of rejoicing and love in her praise.
A prayer is muttered, a blessing said,
Her torch is raised: she is by the dead.
She has fired the pile. At once there came
A mingled rush of smoke and of flame.
The wind swept it off: they saw the bride
Laid by her Azim, side by side.
The breeze had spread the long curls of her hair;
Like a banner of fire, they played on the air;
The smoke and the flame gathered round as before,
Then cleared, but the bride was seen no more.

L. E. LANDON.

LETTICE WHITE.

MY neighbor White—we met to-day—
He always had a cheerful way,
As if he breathed at ease;
My neighbor White lives down the glade,
And I live higher, in the shade
Of my old walnut trees.

So many lads and lasses small,
To feed them all, to clothe them all,
Must surely tax his wit;
I see his thatch when I look out,
His branching roses creep about,
And vines half smother it.

There white-haired urchins climb his eaves,
And little watch-fires heap with leaves,
And milky filberts hoard;
And there his oldest daughter stands
With downcast eyes and skilful hands
Before her ironing-board.

She comforts all her mother's days,
And with her sweet obedient ways
She makes her labors light;
So sweet to hear, so fair to see,
Oh, she is much too good for me,
That lovely Lettice White.

'Tis hard to feel one's self a fool!
With that same lass I went to school:
I then was great and wise;
She read upon an easier book,
And I—I never cared to look
Into her shy blue eyes.

And now I know they must be there—
Sweet eyes!—behind those lashes fair
That will not raise their rim.
If maids be shy, he cures who can;
But if a man be shy—a man—
Why, then the worse for him.

My mother cries, "For such a lad
A wife is easy to be had
And always to be found;
A finer scholar scarce can be,
And for a foot and leg," says she,
"He beats the country round.

"My handsome boy must stoop his head
To clear her door whom he would wed."
Weak praise, but fondly sung!

"Oh, mother, scholars sometimes fail,
And what can foot and leg avail
To him that wants a tongue?"

When by her ironing-board I sit,
Her little sisters round me flit
And bring me forth their store—
Dark cluster grapes of dusty blue,
And small sweet apples bright of hue,
And crimson to the core.

But she abideth silent, fair;
All shaded by her flaxen hair,
The blushes come and go:
I look, and I no more can speak
Than the red sun that on her cheek
Smiles as he lieth low.

Sometimes the roses by the latch
Or scarlet vine leaves from her thatch
Come sailing down like birds;
When from their drifts her board I clear,
She thanks me, but I scarce can hear
The shyly-uttered words.

Oft have I wooed sweet Lettice White
By daylight and by candlelight
When we two were apart;
Some better day come on apace,
And let me tell her face to face,
"Maiden, thou hast my heart."

How gently rock yon poplars high
Against the reach of primrose sky
With heaven's pale candles stored!
She sees them all, sweet Lettice White;
I'll e'en go sit again to-night
Beside her ironing-board.

JEAN INGELOW.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,—
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new-begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,—
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

SIMON WASTELL.

I FEAR THY KISSES.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine:
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine:
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.

TELL me, ye maidens, whither went from home
Andromache the fair? Went she to see
Her female kindred of my father's house,
Or to Minerva's temple, where, convened,
The bright-haired matrons of the city seek
To soothe the awful goddess? Tell me true."

To whom his household's governess discreet:
"Since, Hector, truth is thy demand, receive
True answer. Neither went she forth to see
Her female kindred of thy father's house,
Nor to Minerva's temple, where, convened,
The bright-haired matrons of the city seek
To soothe the awful goddess; but she went
Hence to the tower of Troy, for she had heard
That the Achaians had prevailed and driven
The Trojans to the walls. She, therefore, wild
With grief, flew thither, and the nurse her steps
Attended with thy infant in her arms."

So spake the prudent governess, whose words
When Hector heard, issuing from his door,
He backward trod with hasty steps the streets
Of lofty Troy, and, having traversed all
The spacious city, when he now approached
The Scæan gate, whence he must seek the field,
There, hasting home again, his noble wife
Met him, Andromache the rich-endowed,
Fair daughter of Eëtion famed in arms.
Eëtion, who in Hypoplacian Thebes
Umbrageous dwelt, Cilicia's mighty lord—
His daughter valiant Hector had espoused.
There she encountered him, and with herself
The nurse came also, bearing in her arms
Hectorides, his infant darling boy,
Beautiful as a star. Him Hector called
Scamandrius, but Astyanax all else
In Ilium named him, for that Hector's arm
Alone was the defence and strength of Troy.
The father, silent, eyed his babe and smiled.

Andromache, meantime, before him stood
With streaming cheeks, hung on his hand and said:
"Thy own great courage will cut short thy days,
My noble Hector. Neither pitiest thou
Thy helpless infant or my hapless self,
Whose widowhood is near, for thou wilt fall
Ere long, assailed by the whole host of Greece.
Then let me to the tomb, my best retreat
When thou art slain; for comfort none, or joy,
Can I expect, thy day of life extinct,
But thenceforth sorrow. Father I have none—
No mother. When Cilicia's city, Thebes

The populous, was by Achilles sacked,
He slew my father; yet his gorgeous arms
Stripped not, through reverence of him, but consumed,
Armed as it was, his body on the pile,
And heaped his tomb, which the Oreades
Jove's daughters, have with elms enclosed around.
My seven brothers, glory of our house,
All in one day descended to the shades,
For brave Achilles, while they fed their herds
And snowy flocks together, slew them all.
My mother, queen of the well-wooded realm
Of Hypoplacian Thebes, her hither brought
Among other spoils, he loosed again
At an inestimable ransom-price,
But, by Diana pierced, she died at home.
Yet, Hector, O my husband! I in thee
Find parents, brothers, all that I have lost.
Come! have compassion on us. Go not hence,
But guard this turret, lest of me thou make
A widow, and an orphan of thy boy.
The city walls are easiest of ascent
At yonder fig trees; station there thy powers;
For, whether by a prophet warned or taught
By search and observation, in that part
Each Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,
The sons of Atreus, and the valiant son
Of Tydeus, have now thrice assailed the town."

To whom the leader of the host of Troy:
"These cares, Andromache, which thee engage,
All touch me also, but I dread to incur
The scorn of male and female tongues in Troy
If dastard-like I should decline the fight.
Nor feel I such a wish. No! I have learned
To be courageous ever in the van,
Among the flower of Ilium, to assert
My glorious father's honor and my own;
For that the day shall come when sacred Troy,
When Priam and the people of the old
Spear-practised king, shall perish, well I know.
But for no Trojan sorrows yet to come
So much I mourn—not e'en for Hecuba,
Nor yet for Priam, nor for all the brave
Of my own brothers who shall kiss the dust—
As for thyself, when some Achaian chief
Shall have conveyed thee weeping hence, thy sun
Of peace and liberty for ever set.
Then shalt thou toil in Argos at the loom
For a taskmistress, and constrained shalt draw
From Hypereïa's fount or from the fount
Messeïs water at her proud command.
Some Grecian then, seeing thy tears, shall say,
'This was the wife of Hector, who excelled
All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged.'
Such he shall speak thee, and thy heart the while
Shall bleed afresh through want of such a friend
To stand between captivity and thee.
But may I rest beneath my hill of earth
Or ere that day arrive! I would not live
To hear thy cries and see thee torn away."

So saying, illustrious Hector stretched his arm
Forth to his son, but with a scream the child
Fell back into the bosom of his nurse,

His father's aspect dreading, whose bright arms
He had attentive marked, and shaggy crest
Playing tremendous o'er his helmet's height.
His father and his gentle mother laughed,
And noble Hector, lifting from his head
His dazzling helmet, placed it on the ground,
Then kissed his boy and dandled him, and thus
In earnest prayer the heavenly powers implored:
"Hear, all ye gods! As ye have given to me,
So also on my son excelling might
Bestow, with chief authority in Troy.
And be his record this in time to come
When he returns from battle: 'Lo! how far
The son excels the sire!' May every foe
Fall under him and he come laden home
With spoils blood-stained to his dear mother's joy."
He said, and gave his infant to the arms
Of his Andromache, who him received
Into her fragrant bosom, bitter tears
With sweet smiles mingling. He with pity moved
That sight observed, soft touched her cheek, and said:
"Mourn not, my loved Andromache, for me
Too much; no man shall send me to the shades
Of Tartarus ere mine allotted hour,
Nor lives he who can overpass the date
By heaven assigned him, be he base or brave.
Go, then, and occupy content at home
The woman's province; ply the distaff, spin
And weave and task thy maidens. War belongs
To man—to all men; and, of all who first
Drew vital breath in Ilium, most to me."
He ceased, and from the ground his helmet raised,
Hair-crested. His Andromache, at once
Obedient, to her home repaired, but oft
Turned as she went, and, turning, wept afresh.
No sooner at the palace she arrived
Of havoc-spreading Hector than among
Her numerous maidens found within she raised
A general lamentation; with one voice
In his own house his whole domestic train
Mourned Hector yet alive, for none the hope
Conceived of his escape from Grecian hands,
Or to behold their living master more.

Translation of WILLIAM COWPER.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

As bursts the lightning o'er a stormy sky,
So thought amid life's tumult flashes forth;
For mighty minds at rest too often lie,
Like clouds in upper air, cold, calm and high,
Till, tempest-tossed and driven toward the earth,
They meet the uprising mass, and then is wrought
The burning thunderbolt of human thought
That sends the living light of truth abroad
And rouses from the tomb of wan despair
The peoples half consumed in slavery,
Whose eager eyes suck in th' illumined air,
And flash back hope to thought that makes them free,
Shivering like glass the towers of force and fraud,
And aweing the bowed world like oracle of God.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

LEILA.

SOFTLY through the pomegranate groves
Came the gentle song of the doves;
Shone the fruit in the evening light
Like Indian rubies blood-red and bright;
Shook the date trees each tufted head
As the passing wind their green nuts shed;
And like dark columns amid the sky
The giant palms ascended on high,
And the mosque's gilded minaret
Glistened and glanced as the daylight set.
Over the town a crimson haze
Gathered and hung of the evening's rays,
And far beyond, like molten gold,
The burning sands of the desert rolled;
Far to the left the sky and sea
Mingled their gray immensity,
And with flapping sail and idle prow
The vessels threw their shades below.
Far down the beach, where a cypress grove
Cast its shade round a little cove,
Darkling and green, with just a space
For the stars to shine on the water's face,
A small bark lay waiting for night
And its breeze to waft and hide its flight—
Sweet is the burden and lovely the freight
For which those furled-up sails await—
To a garden fair as those
Where the glory of the rose
Blushes, charmed from the decay
That wastes other blooms away—
Gardens of the fairy-tale
Told till the wood-fire grows pale
By the Arab tribes when night
With its dim and lovely light,
And its silence, suiteth well
With the magic tales they tell.
Through that cypress avenue
Such a garden meets the view,
Filled with flowers—flowers that seem
Lighted up by the sunbeam;
Fruits of gold and gems, and leaves
Green as hope before it grieves
O'er the false and brokenhearted,
All with which its youth has parted,
Never to return again
Save in memories of pain.

There is a white rose in yon bower,
But holds it yet a fairer flower,
And music from that cage is breathing
Round which a jasmine braid is wreathing,
A low song from a lonely dove—
A song such exiles sing and love,
Breathing of fresh fields, summer skies,
Not to be breathed of but in sighs.
But fairer smile and sweeter sigh
Are near when Leila's step is nigh,
With eyes dark as the midnight time,
Yet lighted like a summer clime
With sun-rays from within; yet now
Lingers a cloud upon that brow,

Letitia E. Landon.

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Though never lovelier brow was given
To houri of an Eastern heaven;
Her eye is dwelling on that bower
As every leaf and every flower
Were being numbered in her heart.
  There are no looks like those which dwell
On long-remembered things which soon
  Must take our first and last farewell.

Day fades apace: another day,
That maiden will be far away,
A wanderer o'er the dark-blue sea,
And bound for lovely Italy,
Her mother's land. Hence, on her breast,
The cross beneath a Moorish vest,
And hence those sweetest sounds that seem
Like music murmuring in a dream
When in our sleeping ear is ringing
The song the nightingale is singing
When by that white and funeral stone
  Half hidden by the cypress gloom
The hymn the mother taught her child
  Is sung each evening at her tomb.
But quick the twilight-time has past
Like one of those sweet calms that last
A moment, and no more, to cheer
The turmoil of our pathway here.
The bark is waiting in the bay;
Night darkens round: Leila, away
Far ere to-morrow o'er the tide,
Or wait and be Abdalla's bride.

She touched her lute: never again
Her ear will listen to its strain;
She took her cage, first kissed the breast,
  Then freed the white dove prisoned there:
It paused one moment on her hand,
  Then spread its glad wings to the air.
She drank the breath as it were health
  That sighed from every scented blossom,
And, taking from each one a leaf,
  Hid them like spells upon her bosom,
Then sought the sacred path again
  She once before had traced when lay
A Christian in her father's chain,
  And gave him gold and taught the way
To fly. She thought upon the night
When, like an angel of the light,
She stood before the prisoner's sight,
And led him to the cypress grove,
And showed the bark and hidden cove,
And bade the wandering captive flee
In words he knew from infancy,
And when she thought how for her love
  He had braved slavery and death,
That he might only breathe the air
  Made sweet and sacred by her breath.
She reached the grove of cypresses:
  Another step is by her side;
Another moment, and the bark
  Bears the fair Moor across the tide.

'Twas beautiful by the pale moonlight
To mark her eyes, now dark, now bright,
As now they met, now shrank away,
From the gaze that watched and worshipped
    their day.
They stood on the deck, and the midnight
    gale
Just waved the maiden's silver veil—
Just lifted a curl, as if to show
The cheek of rose that was burning below;
And never spread a sky of blue
More clear for the stars to wander through,
And never could their mirror be
A calmer or a lovelier sea;
For every wave was a diamond gleam,
And that light vessel well may seem
A fairy ship, and that graceful pair
Young genii whose home was of light and air.

Another evening came, but dark;
The storm-clouds hovered round the bark
Of misery; they just could see
The distant shore of Italy
As the dim moon through vapors shone:
A few short rays, her light was gone.
O'erhead a sullen scream was heard
As sought the land the white sea-bird,
Her pale wings like a meteor streaming;
Upon the waves a light is gleaming—
Ill-omened brightness, sent by Death
To light the night-black depths beneath.
The vessel rolled amid the surge;
The winds howled round it like a dirge
Sung by some savage race; then came
The rush of thunder and of flame:
It showed two forms upon the deck,
One clasped around the other's neck,
As there she could not dream of fear:
In her lover's arms could danger be near?
He stood and watched her with the eye
Of fixed and silent agony.
The waves swept on; he felt her heart
  Beat close and closer yet to his;
They burst upon the ship: the sea
  Has closed upon their dream of bliss.

Surely theirs is a pleasant sleep
  Beneath that ancient cedar tree
Whose solitary stem has stood
  For years alone beside the sea,
The last of a most noble race
That once had there their dwelling-place,
Long past away. Beneath its shade
A soft green couch the turf has made,
And glad the morning sun is shining
On those beneath the boughs reclining.
Nearer the fisher drew. He saw
  The dark hair of the Moorish maid
Like a veil floating o'er the breast
  Where tenderly her head was laid,
And yet her lover's arm was placed
Clasping around the graceful waist;
But then he marked the youth's black curls
  Were dripping wet with foam and blood,
And that the maiden's tresses dark
  Were heavy with the briny flood.
Woe for the wind! woe for the wave!
They sleep the slumber of the grave.
They buried them beneath that tree:
  It long had been a sacred spot;
Soon it was planted round with flowers
  By many who had not forgot
Or yet lived in those dreams of truth,
The Eden-birds of early youth,
That make the loveliest of love,
And called the place "The Maiden's Cove,'
That she who perished in the sea
Might thus be kept in memory.

L. E. LANDON.

PHILOSOPHY AND LOVE.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
  Die because a woman's fair,
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery weeds in May,
  If she be not so to me,
  What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind,
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,

If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love,
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe:
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.

DEER-SHOOTING.

'TWAS the flash of the rifle, the bullet is sped,
And the pride of the forest, the roebuck, is dead:
How he crashed through the thicket! how fleetly he passed!
That rustle betrayed him, that bound was his last.

His fawns rose about him, and graceful they played
Round the steps of their father in dingle and glade
As duly at morning and evening he led
To the tenderest herbage and mossiest bed.

Alas for his memory! the time will be short
Ere they hasten as usual to food or to sport;
Short time from their games shall the victims refrain,
And the fate of their father shall warn them in vain.

And she whom he courted in thicket and dell,
Whom he wooed in the forest and tracked through the fell,
The beloved of his bosom, his favorite doe—
Will she mourn for the fate that has laid him so low?

Perhaps she may weep should she find in the grove,
All cold and deserted, the lair of her love;
But my buskin at morning was wet through and through:
Now show me at midday one trace of the dew.

Perhaps a new lover now roams at her side,
With antlers as branching, as lovely a hide.
"Oh, hush! for the ladies would faint should they hear
That such frailty should lurk in the heart of a deer."

I will not be silent. The roebuck is dead,
And his fawns have departed, his widow has fled;

There is none but the hunter to follow his hearse,
And no poet but me for his elegy's verse.

Ah, yes! for another had fashioned the lay
Which was raised by the peasants who bore him away;
From a hundred sad voices, as homeward we sped,
The chorus re-echoed, "The roebuck is dead."

LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

SO you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold,
And you, Alice, with face like morning and curling locks of gold;
Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close beside my knee—
To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal-gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North as one—
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their hearts' desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets that night, as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jewelled crown,
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's, rise
High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall—
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-round,
And last slow-fading vision dear to the outward-bound.

The gently-gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides as you will pray to-night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone,
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous stroke on stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in nameless dread,
While the Fire-King's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

For the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city were driven the surging crowd,

Where, yet firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the church of St. Michael stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail—
A cry of horror blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings updriven a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor they watched it from the ships—
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the perilled city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard,
But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry with face upturned to the sky,
Clings to a column and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs with his feet and his hands,
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he stands;
Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a single tempestuous breath—
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom he moves on the face of the spire.
He stops. Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air;
At the church-door mayor and council wait with their feet on the stair,
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand—
The unknown saviour whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had perilled his life to save,
And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face of a slave.

With folded arms he was speaking in tones that were clear, not loud,
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd:

"You may keep your gold—I scorn it—but answer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a man."

He stepped but a short pace backward, and from all the women and men
There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran;
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door a man.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou callest its children a happy band:
Mother, oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother—that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child!"

FELICIA HEMANS.

TEN YEARS AGO.

I TOO am changed—I scarce know why—
Can feel each flagging pulse decay,
And youth and health and visions high
Melt like a wreath of snow away.
Time cannot, sure, have wrought the ill:
Though worn in this world's sickening strife
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life,
Yet journey on my path below
Oh how unlike ten years ago!

But look not thus: I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share
To bid those joyous hours revive
When all around me seemed so fair.
We've wandered on in sunny weather,
When winds were low and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom,
Endeared by ties we could not know
When life was young, ten years ago.

Has fortune frowned? Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill.
Have friends proved false? Their love might wane,
But ours grew fonder, firmer still.
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried,
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide,
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams, ten years ago.

ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS.

THE MUMMY.

AND thou hast walked about—how strange a story!—
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces and piles stupendous
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy.
Thou hast a tongue. Come! let us hear its tune!
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above-ground, mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon—
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade:
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand now pinioned flat
Hath hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh glass to glass,
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,

How the world looked when it was fresh and young
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! Incommunicative elf,
Art sworn to secrecy? Then keep thy vows.
But, prithee, tell us something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations:
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart hath throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitst thy narrow bed
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

IN THE TEMPLE.

TWO went to pray? Oh, rather say
One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

ANCIENT CHINESE ASTRONOMY AND GOVERNMENT.

FROM THE CHINESE CLASSICS.

Preface to the Shoo King. Attributed to Confucius.

ANCIENTLY there was the emperor Yaou, all-informed, intelligent, accomplished and thoughtful. His glory filled the empire. He wished to retire from the throne and resign it to Shun of Yu. Shun of Yu was in a low and undistinguished position when Yaou heard of his comprehensive intelligence, and, wishing to make him successor to his throne, made proof of him in many situations of difficulty.

THE SHOO KING.*
(B. C. 2145.)

Examining into antiquity, we find that the emperor Yaou was called Fang-heun. He was reverential, intelligent, accomplished and thoughtful naturally and without effort. He was sincerely courteous and capable of all complaisance. The display of these qualities reached to the four extremities of the empire and extended from earth to heaven. He was able to make the able and virtuous distinguished, and thence proceeded to the love of the nine classes of his kindred, who all became harmonious. He also regulated and polished the people of his domain, who all became brightly intelligent. Finally, he united and harmonized the myriad states of the empire; and, lo! the black-haired people were transformed. The result was universal concord. Thereupon Yaou commanded He and Ho, in reverent accordance with their observation of the wide heavens, to calculate and delineate the movements and appearances of the sun, the moon, the stars and the zodiacal spaces, and so to deliver respectfully the seasons to the people He separately commanded the second brother He to reside at Yu-e, in what was called the Bright Valley, and there respectfully to receive as a guest the rising sun, and to adjust and arrange the labors of the spring.

"The day," he said, "is of the medium length, and the star is in Neaou; you may thus exactly determine midspring. The people begin to disperse, and the birds and beasts breed and copulate."

He further commanded the third brother He to reside at Nankeaou and arrange the transformations of the summer, and respectfully to observe the extreme limit of the shadow.

"The day," said he, "is at its longest, and the star is Ho; you may thus exactly determine midsummer. The people are more dispersed, and birds and beasts have their feathers and hair thin and change their coats."

He separately commanded the second brother Ho to reside at the west, in what was called the Dark Valley, and there respectfully to convoy the setting sun, and to adjust and arrange the completing labors of the autumn.

"The night," he said, "is of the medium length, and the star is Heu; you may thus exactly determine midautumn. The people begin to feel at ease, and birds and beasts have their coats in good condition."

He further commanded the third brother Ho to remain in the northern region, in what was called the Sombre Capital, and there to adjust and examine the changes of the winter.

"The day," said he, "is at its shortest, and the star is Maou; thus you may exactly determine midwinter. The people keep their

* The book of T'ang. The canon of Yaou.

cosey corners, and the coats of beasts and birds are downy and thick."

The emperor said, "Ah, you, He and Ho, a round year consists of three hundred sixty and six days. By means of an intercalary month do you fix the four seasons and complete the determination of the year. Thereafter, in exact accordance with this, regulating the various officers, all the works of the year will be fully performed."

The emperor said, "Oh, you chief of the four mountains, I have been on the throne for seventy years. You can carry out my appointments; I will resign my throne to you."

His Eminence said, "I have not the virtue; I should only disgrace the imperial seat."

The emperor said, "Point out some one among the illustrious, or set forth one from among the poor and mean."

All in the court said to the emperor, "There is an unmarried man among the lower people, called Shun of Yu."

The emperor said, "Yes, I have heard of him. What is his character?"

His Eminence said, "He is the son of a blind man. His father was obstinately unprincipled; his stepmother was insincere; his half-brother Seang was arrogant. He has been able, however, by his filial piety to live in harmony with them, and to lead them gradually to self-government, so that they no longer proceed to great wickedness."

The emperor said, "I will try him. I will wive him, and then see his behavior with my two daughters."

On this he gave orders, and sent down his two daughters to the north of the Kwei, to be wives in the family of Yu. The emperor said to them, "Be reverent!"

Translation of JAMES LEGGE, D. D.

MELEAGER.

MELEAGER, the son of Eucrates, was born at Atthis, in Syria, and flourished under the last king of Syria, Seleucus VI., B. C. 96. He resided at Tyre, but in his old age was driven by the wars to seek a retirement in the isle of Cos, where he died. Meleager is remarkable as the father of those collections of fugitive pieces from various poets which are known by the title of "Anthologies."

A GARLAND.

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

I'll twine white violets and soft daffodils
With myrtle leaves; I'll twine the crocus sweet
And smiling lily, and inweave with these
The purple hyacinth, and braid the rose
That loves the lover, so the wreath may shed
Its flowery breath on Heliodora's hair,
And her curled temples bathed with fragrant oils.

Translation of WAKEFIELD BLAND.

A GIRL PLAYING THE FLUTE.

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Thou breath'st the flute; some murmured air,
Some sweet wild note, Zenophyle!
Pan's own Arcadian harp is there,
And how, then, should I fly from thee?

The loves have hemmed me round and round,
Nor let me breathe a moment's space;
Thy shapely form has winged a wound;
Thy minstrel tune; thy motions grace;
Thy— Oh, what words can serve my turn?
For all of thee—for all—I burn!

Translation of WAKEFIELD BLAND.

SELECTION FROM MENCIUS.

FROM THE CHINESE CLASSICS.

MENCIUS, or Mang-tsze, was born in the principality of Tsow, China, about 371 B. C. He lived to the age of eighty-four. His father died when he was quite young, and little is known about him; but his mother is famous in China, and is held up to the present time as having been all that a mother should be. Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Epicurus, Demosthenes, and other great men of the West, were his contemporaries; and when we place Mencius among them, he can look them in the face: he does not need to hide a diminished head. He was, and still is, held in high esteem by the people of China. The rulers frequently sent for him to listen to his words of advice.

KING HWUY OF LEANG.

Mencius went to see King Hwuy of Leang. The king said,

"Venerable sir, since you have not counted it far to come here—a distance of a thousand *le*—may I presume that you are likewise provided with counsels to profit my kingdom?"

Mencius replied,

"Why must Your Majesty use that word 'profit'? What I am 'likewise' provided with are counsels to benevolence and righteousness, and these are my only topics. If Your Majesty say, 'What is to be done to profit my kingdom?' the great officers will say, 'What is to be done to profit our families?' and the inferior officers and the common people will say, 'What is to be done to profit our persons?' Superiors and inferiors will try to snatch this profit the one from the other, and the kingdom will be endangered. In the kingdom of ten thousand chariots the murderer of his sovereign shall be the chief of a family of a thousand chariots; in a kingdom of a thousand chariots the murderer of his prince shall be the chief of a family of a hundred chariots. To have a thousand in ten thousand and a hundred in a thousand cannot be said not to be a large allotment; but if righteousness be put last and profit be put first, they will not be satisfied without snatching all. There never has been a man trained to benevolence who neglected his parents. There never has been a man trained to righteousness who made his sovereign an after-consideration. Let Your Majesty also say, 'Benevolence and righteousness, and these shall be the only themes.' Why must you use that word 'profit'?"

Translation of JAMES LEGGE, D. D.

ON A QUIET LIFE.

FROM THE LATIN OF RUFUS FESTUS AVIENUS.*

SMALL fields are mine, a small and guiltless rent;
In both I prize the quiet of content.
My mind maintains its peace, from feverish dread
Secure, and fear of crimes that sloth has bred.
Others let toilsome camps or curule chairs
Invite, and joys which vain ambition shares;
May I, my lot among the people thrown,
The badge of rank unsought for and unknown,
Live to myself and call my time my own.

Translation of C. A. ELTON.

* Born in Italy. Flourished in the fourth century after Christ.

ANGER, AND ITS REMEDIES.

FROM THE LATIN OF LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

LL our senses are to be brought to a conformity. By nature we are patient if our mind cease to corrupt them, which is daily to be drawn into an account. This did Sextius, who, when the day was spent and he retired himself to rest, was wont to examine his mind after this manner: What infirmity in thee hast thou healed this day? What vice hast thou resisted? In what part art thou bettered? Anger will cease and become more moderate if she knows that every day she must appear before a judge. What, therefore, is more laudable than this custom, to examine our daily actions? What sleep followeth after this scrutiny! how quiet, pleasing and free is it when the mind is either praised or admonished, and, being a watchman and secret censor of himself, examineth his defects! I use this power and daily plead before myself when the candle is taken from me; and my wife holdeth her tongue, being privy to my custom. I examine the whole day that is past and ruminate upon actions and words. I hide nothing from myself, I let slip nothing. For why should I fear any of mine errors, whenas I may say, See thou do this no more; for this time I pardon thee. In that dispute thou spakest more rashly; see that hereafter thou contend not with such as are ignorant; they will never learn that never learned. Thou hast more freely admonished such a one than thou oughtest, and therefore thou hast not amended him, but offended him. In regard of the rest, see not only whether it were true which thou spakest, but whether he to whom it was spoken can endure to hear truth.

A good man rejoiceth when he is admonished; a wicked man cannot brook a reprover. At a banquet some men's bitter jests and intemperate words have touched thee to the quick; remember to avoid the vulgar company: after wine men's words are too lavish, and they that are most sober in their discourses are scarce modest. Thou sawest thy friends displeased with the porter of a councillor's chamber or some rich man because he would not suffer him to enter, and thou thyself, being angry for this cause, growest in choler with the scullion. Wilt thou therefore be angry with a chained dog, who when he hath barked much will be satisfied with a piece of bread? Get farther off him and laugh. He that keepeth his master's door and seeth the threshold besieged by a troop of soliciters thinketh himself no small bug, and he that is the client thinketh himself happy in his own opinion, and believeth that so hard an access into the chamber is an evident testimony that the master of the same is a

man of great quality and a favorite of fortune. But he remembereth not himself that the entry of a prison is as difficult likewise. Presume with thyself that thou art to endure much. If a man be cold in winter, if he vomit at sea, if he be shaken in a coach, shall he marvel hereat? The mind is strong and may endure all that whereunto he is prepared. If thou hast been seated in a place scarce answerable to thine honor, thou hast been angry with him that stood next thee, or with him that invited thee, or with him that was preferred before thee. Fool as thou art, what matter is it in what place thou art set at the table? A cushion cannot make thee more or less honest. Thou wert displeased to see such a one, because he spake evil of thy behavior. By this reckoning, then, Ennius, in whose poetry thou art no ways delighted, should hate thee, and Hortensius should denounce war against thee, and Cicero, if thou shouldest mock his verses, should be at odds with thee. When thou suest for an office, dost thou not peaceably entertain those that give their voices to the election, although they nominate not thyself?

Some man hath disgraced thee; what more than Diogenes the Stoic was, who, discoursing one day very effectually upon the subject of anger, was scornfully spat upon by a froward young man? This injury entertained he both mildly and wisely. "Truly," saith he, "I am not angry, yet doubt I whether I ought to be angry." But our friend Cato demeaned himself better, whom, as he pleaded a cause, Lentulus, that factious and seditious fellow in the time of our forefathers, similarly insulted. For in wiping his face he said no other thing but this: "Truly, Lentulus, I will now maintain it against all men that they are deceived who say thou hast no mouth."

Now, my Novatus, we are already instructed how to govern our minds, either to feel not wrath or be superiors over it. Let us now see how we may temper other men's ire; for not only desire we to be healthful ourselves, but to heal others. We dare not attempt to moderate and pacify the first anger by persuasion, for she is deaf and mad; we will give her some time: remedies are best in the declination of fevers. Neither will we attempt her when she is inflamed and in fury, for fear lest in striving to quench we enkindle the same. The like will we do in respect of other passions: repose healeth the beginning of sicknesses. How much, sayest thou, doth thy remedy profit if it pacify Anger when of herself she beginneth to be pleased? First, it is the cause that it ceaseth the sooner; then will it keep her lest she fall again. It shall remove all instruments of revenge; it shall feign displeasure to the end that, as a helper and companion in her sorrow, it may have more authority to counsel her; it shall coin delays, and while she seeketh greater punishments defer the present. It shall by all means give rest and remission to fury; if she be more vehement, it shall induce either shame or fear in her, against which she shall not be able to resist; if she be weak, it shall invent discourses either grateful or new, and wind her away with a desire of knowledge. It is reported of a physician, when he had a king's daughter in cure and could not perform the same without the means of a lancet, that whilst he gently handled her pap that was greatly swollen he conveyed his

lancet into a sponge, and so opened it. The maiden had repined should he have ministered the remedy openly, and she, because she suspected it not, suffered the pain.

To check him that is angry and to oppose thyself against him is to cast oil on the fire. Thou shalt attempt him divers ways and after a friendly manner, except, haply, it be so great a person that thou mayest diminish his wrath as Augustus Cæsar did when he supped with Vedius Pollio. One of the servants had broken a crystal glass, whom Vedius commanded to be carried away and to be punished by no ordinary death; for he commanded him to be thrown amongst his lampreys, which were kept in a great fishpond. The boy escaped out of their hands and fled to Cæsar's feet, desiring nothing else but that he might die otherwise and not be made meat for fishes. Cæsar was moved with the novelty of the cruelty, and commanded him to be carried away, yet gave orders that all the crystal vessels should be broken in his presence, and that the fishpond should be filled up. So thought Cæsar good to chastise his friend, and well did he use his power. Commandest thou me to be dragged from the banquet and to be tortured by new kinds of punishment? If thy cup be broken, shall men's bowels be rent in pieces? Wilt thou please thyself so much as to command any man to death where Cæsar is present?

Let us give repose unto our minds, which we shall do if we dilate continually upon the precepts of wisdom and the acts of virtue, and likewise whilst our thoughts desire nothing but that which is honest. Let us satisfy our conscience; let us do nothing for vainglory's sake; let thy fortune be evil, so thine actions be good. But, sayest thou, the world admireth those that attempt mighty matters, and audacious men are reported honorable, and peaceable are esteemed sluggards. It may be, upon the first sight, but as soon as a well-governed life showeth that it proceedeth not from the weakness, but the moderation, of the mind, the people regard and reverence it. So, then, this cruel and bloody passion is not profitable in any sort, but contrariwise: all evils, fire and blood, feed her; she treadeth all modesty under foot, embrueth her hands with infinite murthers; she it is that teareth children in sunder and scattereth their limbs here and there. She hath left no place void of heinous villanies, neither respecting glory nor fearing infamy, incurable when of wrath she is hardened and converted into hatred.

Let us abstain wholly from this vice; let us purge our mind and pull up those passions that are rooted in it, whose holdfast, be it never so little, will spring again wheresoever it is fastened; and let us not only moderate our anger, but wholly root it out and drive it from us. We may, if so be we will endeavor; neither will anything profit us more than the thought of mortality. Let every one say unto himself as if it were unto another, What helpeth it us, as if we were born to live ever, to proclaim our hatred and misspend so short a life? What profiteth it us to transfer those days which we might spend in honest pleasure in plotting another man's misery and torment? These things of so short continuance should not be hazarded, neither have we any leisure to lose time. Why rush we forward to fight? why beget we quarrels against ourselves? why, being forgetful of our weakness, embrace we

excessive hatreds, and, being ready to break, ourselves rise up to break others? It will not be long but either a fever or some other infirmity of the body will prevent these hatreds which we hatch up in our implacable minds. Behold, Death is at hand, that will part these two mortal enemies. Why storm we? why so seditiously trouble we our life? Death hangeth over our heads, and daily more and more lays hold on him that is dying. That very time which thou destinatest to another man's death shall be the nearest to thine own.

Why rather makest thou not use of this short time of thy life by making it peaceable both to thyself and others? Why rather endearest thou not thyself in all men's love whilst thou livest, to the end that when thou diest thy loss may be lamented? And why desirest thou to put him lower whose authority is too great for thee to contend against? Why seekest thou to crush and terrify that base and contemptible fellow that barketh at thee, and who is so bitter and troublesome to his superiors? Why frettest thou at thy servant, thy lord, thy king? why art thou angry with thy client? Bear with him a little: behold, Death is at hand, which shall make us equals. We were wont to laugh, in beholding the combats which are performed on the sands in the morning, to mark the conflict of the bull and the bear when they are tied one to another: after they have tired one another, the butcher attendeth for them both to drive them to the slaughter-house. The like do we: we challenge him that is coupled with us; we charge him on every side. Meanwhile, both the conquered and the conqueror are near unto their ruin. Rather let us finish that little remainder of our life in quiet and peace, and let not our death be a pleasure to any man. Oft-times they that were together by the ears have forsaken their strife because that during their debate some one hath cried fire that was kindled in a neighbor's house, and the interview of a wild beast hath divided the thief and the merchant. We have no leisure to wrestle with lesser evils when greater fear appeareth. What have we to do with fighting and ambushes? Doest thou with him with whom thou art displeased any more than Death? Although thou sayest nothing to him, he shall die; thou losest thy labor; thou wilt do that which will be done. I will not, sayest thou, forthwith kill him, but banish, disgrace or punish him. I pardon him, rather, that desireth his enemy should be wounded than scarred, for this man is not only badly but basely minded. Whether it be that thou thinkest of death or any one more slight evil, there is but a very little difference betwixt the day of thy desire, until the punishment which such a one shall endure, or till the time thou shalt rejoice with an evil conscience at the miseries of another man; for even now, while we draw our breath, we drive our spirit from us. Whilst we are amongst men let us embrace humanity; let us be dreadful or dangerous to no man; let us contemn detriments, injuries and slanders and with great minds suffer short incommodities. Whilst we look behind us, as they say, and turn ourselves, behold Death doth presently attend us.

Translation of THOMAS LODGE.

LOVE.—Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

SOLOMON.

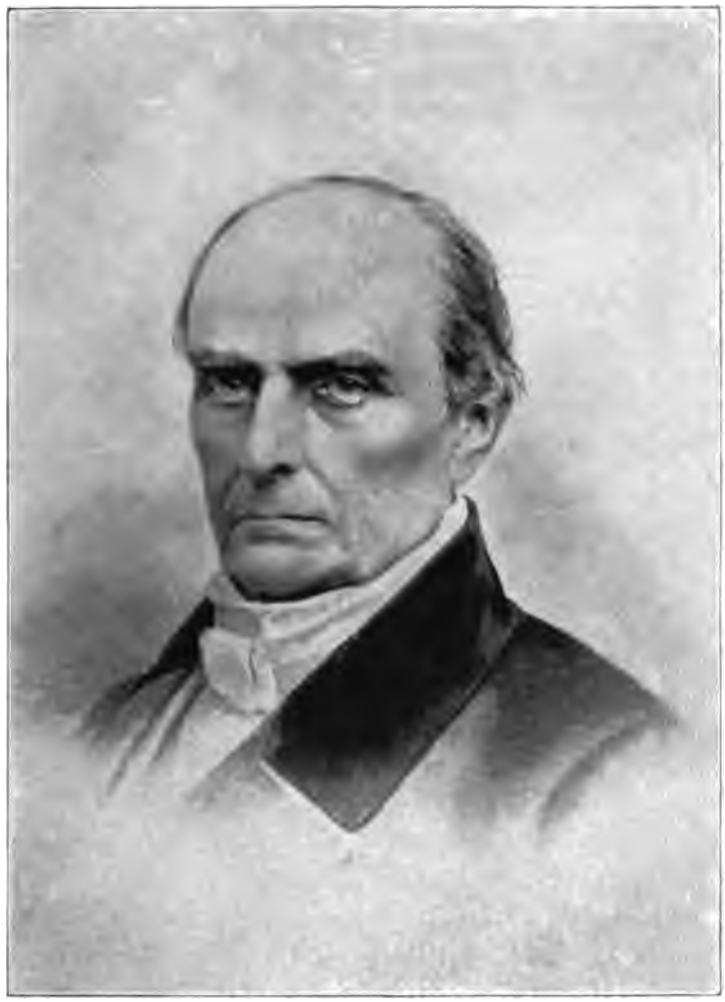
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

AS early as 1813, during the first months of his long membership in the national legislature, the speeches of Daniel Webster marked him as a peerless man and drew from a Southern member the expression, "The North has not his equal, nor the South his superior." That high preeminence in statesmanship he held until his death.

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782, and was descended from the hardy yeomanry of New England. His father was a thrifty farmer, and he taught all his sons to labor industriously with their hands. As Daniel emerged from childhood to youth and his physical frame became strong and hardy he labored in the fields during the summer and attended a district school, two miles from his home, in the winter. The remarkable tenacity of his memory was exhibited at a very early age, and at fourteen he could repeat several entire volumes of poetry. At about that time he entered the Philips Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, then under the charge of Dr. Abbott. After studying the classics for a while under Dr. Woods of Boscawen, New Hampshire, he entered Dartmouth College, at Hanover, at the age of fifteen years. There he pursued his studies with industry and earnestness, yet with no special promise of future greatness. He was graduated with high honor, chose law as a profession, and completed a course of legal studies under Christopher Gore of Boston, afterward governor of Massachusetts. He was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1805, but, preferring the country, he first established himself at Boscawen, and afterward at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He made his residence at the latter place in 1807, and that year he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. There he became noted as one of the soundest lawyers in the State, and during his nine years' residence in Portsmouth he made constitutional law a special study.

Mr. Webster first appeared in public life in 1813, when he took his seat in the House of Representatives at Washington at the extra session of the Thirteenth Congress. It was a most propitious moment for a mind like Webster's to grapple with the questions of state policy, for those of the gravest character were to be then discussed. It was soon after war was declared against Great Britain, and the two great political parties, Federalists and Republicans, were violently opposed. Henry Clay was Speaker of the Lower House, and he immediately placed the new member upon the very important committee on foreign affairs. He made his first speech on the 11th of June, 1813, which at once raised him to the front rank as a debater. His series of speeches at that time took the country by surprise, and he became the acknowledged



DANIEL WEBSTER

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leader of the Federal party in New England, in and out of Congress. He was re-elected to a seat in the House of Representatives in 1814 by a large majority. At the close of the term he resumed the practice of his profession, and in 1816 he removed to Boston, because it afforded a wider field for his expanding legal business. In 1817 he retired from Congress, and the following year he was employed in the great Dartmouth College case, in which difficult constitutional questions were involved. His efforts in that trial placed him at the head of constitutional lawyers in New England—a position which he always held.

In 1821, Mr. Webster assisted in the revision of the constitution of Massachusetts, and he was elected a representative of Boston in Congress the following year. An almost unanimous vote re-elected him in 1824. He was chosen United States Senator in 1826, but did not take his seat until the autumn of 1828, on account of severe domestic affliction. In that body he held a front rank for twelve consecutive years. Probably the greatest contest in eloquence, logic and statesmanship ever exhibited in the Senate of the United States was that between Webster and Hayne of South Carolina in 1830. Mr. Webster supported President Jackson against the nullifiers of the South in 1832, but the fiscal policy of Jackson and Van Buren was always opposed by him. In 1839 he made a brief tour through portions of Great Britain and France, and returned in time to take an active part in the election canvass which resulted in the choice of General Harrison for chief magistrate of the republic. The new President made Mr. Webster his Secretary of State, and he was retained in the Cabinet of President Tyler. In 1842 he negotiated the important treaty concerning the north-eastern boundary of the United States, known as the Ashburton treaty.

In May the following year Mr. Webster retired to private life, but his constituents would not suffer him to enjoy coveted repose. He was again sent to the Senate of the United States in 1845, where he opposed the war with Mexico, but sustained the administration after hostilities had commenced by voting supplies. In 1850 he offended many of his Northern friends by his course in favor of the Compromise Act, in which the Fugitive Slave law was embodied. On the death of President Taylor, Mr. Fillmore, his successor, called Mr. Webster to his Cabinet as Secretary of State, and he held that responsible office until his death, which occurred at the mansion on his fine estate at Marshfield on the 24th of October, 1852, when at the age of almost seventy-one years.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

THOMAS MOORE.

MOORE was born in Dublin on 28th of May, 1779. His parents were Catholics and in humble circumstances, but gave him a tolerably good education, and in 1793, when the University of Dublin was opened to Catholics, he was sent there. He speedily distinguished himself by his classical attainments, but narrowly escaped a government prosecution for treason—of which, indeed, he was not quite guiltless. In 1793 he contributed verses of considerable merit to a periodical called *Anthologia Hibernica*, and in 1799 he removed to London, where appeared his translation of Anacreon, ded-

icated by permission to the prince of Wales, which brought him into notice. His singing, too, became the rage in fashionable circles, and so popular was he that he obtained the appointment of admiralty-registrar for Bermuda, with a handsome salary. He set out for Bermuda in 1804, but, wearying of the place, he returned to England, leaving his duties to be performed by a deputy. On his return from Bermuda he published two volumes of poems, which were most unmercifully treated by the *Edinburgh Review.* Moore considered the criticism as so personal that he sent a challenge to Jeffrey, the editor, and a meeting was arranged; but while the seconds were loading the pistols Moore and Jeffrey got into an agreeable chat, which was interrupted only by the arrival of the police, who carried them off to Bow street. The matter was ultimately arranged, and the pair became fast friends ever after.

In 1807, Moore commenced his Irish melodies, a noble and patriotic work which met with a most enthusiastic reception, especially from his countrymen; the first part was published in 1813, and the last part in 1834. In 1811 he married Miss Bessy Dyke, a lady who had attained some distinction on the Irish stage; she was a most suitable wife, and made for him a happy home. In 1812 he commenced a series of satirical effusions which met with prodigious success; the wit, ease and playfulness of the satire captivated every circle, and the poet's reputation was such that a friend was able to make an arrangement with Murray, the publisher, for Moore to write an Eastern romance in poetry and to get for it the sum of three thousand guineas. This, for a poem yet unwritten, is one of the most striking events in poetical history. The poem was finished and published in 1817. It had a wonderful sale: six editions were sold in as many months; and the truth of the descriptions was the wonder and delight of Orientalists, who knew Moore had never been in the East; even Jeffrey hailed it "as the finest Orientalism we have had yet."

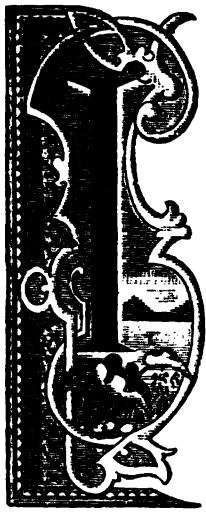
Moore's star was at its zenith when notice arrived of the fraud of his deputy in Bermuda, entailing on him a loss of six thousand pounds. An attachment was issued against his person, and Moore left for Paris, but by the kindness of friends he was ultimately enabled to compromise and settle the matter. Whilst on the Continent he composed "The Epicurean," a prose story, and "The Loves of the Angels," published in 1823. His circumstances were not such as to free his mind from anxiety, and on a hint to this effect to Lord John Russell he in 1835 received a pension of three hundred pounds a year from government.

During the rest of his career Moore was chiefly engaged as a prose-writer; his *Life of Sheridan* and *Life of Lord Byron* are among the best of his works at this period. In 1838 he resolved on a visit to Ireland; the news preceded him, and wherever he appeared he was greeted with rapturous enthusiasm. Processions met him, triumphal arches were erected where he went, and if applause could give happiness he was at the summit of earthly felicity.

The closing years of Moore's life were sad and melancholy; his children one by one sunk into the grave and a settled depression gathered over the poet's mind, deepening as he drew near his end. He died on 25th February, 1852.

ROBERT INGLIS.

THE PROVOST OF STARVIESTON.



N no place was the general joy that pervaded the kingdom at the Restoration more sincerely felt—or, at least, more loyally expressed—than in the little burgh town of Starvieston, in the West of Scotland. On that occasion the worthy provost of the town, David Clapperton, proposed in council that a dutiful address should be forthwith prepared and sent up to His Majesty, congratulating him on the happy event and pledging the faith and loyalty of the ancient burgh of Starvieston for all occasions and in all time coming.

"A guid move, provost—a guid move," replied Bailie Snodgrass to this loyal proposition of the chief magistrate; "and I most cordially second it. But dinna ye think we could slip in, at the same time, a word or twa aboot the charter anent the superiority o' the lands o' Tullywhustle that was promised us by his present Majesty's faither? I think this a guid opportunity for gettin' a haud o' something or ither, and I dinna ken o' onything that wad be mair beneficial to the burgh than gettin' a grant o' that superiority."

All the members of council, including the provost, agreed that Bailie Snodgrass's suggestion was a prudent one and showed a praiseworthy concern for the interests of the burgh, but it was also agreed that, on the whole, such a request might not be thought a very graceful appendage to an address which affected to be one merely of congratulation and to express sentiments only of loyalty and devotion. This being the general opinion of the council, it was resolved that Bailie Snodgrass's motion should be allowed to lie in abeyance in the mean time, and that such an address as was originally proposed—one entirely free from all solicitations for favors—should be immediately prepared and transmitted to St. James's.

Having come to this resolution in this important matter, the town council of Starvieston broke up—a circumstance which affords us an opportunity of speaking more fully of its chief member, Provost Clapperton, the only one of the august body alluded to with whom we have anything particular to do.

Provost Clapperton—or simply Davy Clapperton, as he was most irreverently called by the vulgar rabble of the town over whose affairs he presided with such credit to himself and such benefit to the public interest—was to business a hosier, and in this business he had waxed rich. The provost was reckoned worth a good round sum. In personal appearance and manner the worthy provost was not naturally particularly dignified. He was short, broad and rather corpulent. Easy circumstances and an easy mind had contributed, each in their several ways, to impart to his figure a certain rotundity in front which

look fully more comfortable than graceful. The provost at this time might be about fifty-five. In disposition our worthy magistrate was kind, humane and affable. He spoke to everybody with the utmost familiarity, and, we may add, with great volubility. This last, in truth, was one of the worthy man's failings. He talked a vast deal more than was necessary, and a great deal more sometimes than was understood, as he spoke both very thick and very fast, and had, moreover, a habit of repeating his words, which formed a large addition to the amount of matter he delivered without conveying an iota of additional sentiment along with it. The provost, in short, was a lively, pert, good-natured, bustling little body with a reasonably high opinion of his own importance, and most especially of the dignity of the office which he filled. If, however, any one should associate with the occupant of this office any aristocratic notions of gentility, birth, education or accomplishments, they would be sadly out in the case of Mr. Clapperton, who was, in truth, just as homespun a provost as you might readily meet with anywhere. The worthy magistrate had had little or no education. His birth was as humble as could well be, and, as to gentility and accomplishments, we verily believe he did not know what the words meant. At any rate, he had none of them, and never dreamt of pretending to them. Plain in his habits, plain although substantial in his living, plain in his manners and plain in his dress—all proceeding from a natural homeliness and simplicity of character—Provost Clapperton exhibited no outward indications of his greatness, but, on the contrary, looked fully as much like a chief butler as a chief magistrate.

Having thus described as well as we can the person, manners, disposition, etc., of our worthy civic dignitary, we revert to the circumstance with which our story opened—namely, his proposal of an address of congratulation to His Majesty Charles II. on the occasion of his restoration to the throne of his ancestors. Now, with regard to this address we will not say that the idea of getting up such a thing was not one proceeding from the genuine feeling of Provost Clapperton's heart, from his affection to his sovereign and from a sincere joy at his once more filling the regal chair, but it is certain that it accorded marvellously with certain views on a certain subject entertained by no less a personage than his wife—that is to say, it accorded so far with these views as to promise being a likely means of their accomplishment. But this affair will be best explained by quoting a conversation which took place between the worthy provost and his better half as they sat together and alone one night by the fire talking over various domestic and other matters previous to retiring to bed. It occurred before the provost made the celebrated proposition in council to which we have already more than once alluded.

"Davy man," said Mrs. Clapperton, "if ye had been worth yer lugs, ye micht hae dune something for the honor o' the family since ye were made a provost. Ye micht hae made me a leddy, Davy. Noo yer time 'ill sune be oot, and a' yer glory 'ill pass awa' like the last flicker o' a fardin' cannle."

"What do ye mean, guidwife? what do ye mean? what do ye mean?" inquired her husband, speaking in his usual rapid way, and really in want of the light he asked for.

"I mean, Davy, that ye micht hae got yersel' made a knicht if ye had been half clever," replied Mrs. Clapperton. "There's been twa provosts o' this burgh knichted, and deil a ane can tell for what; for they never did onything in their lives that was fairly worth thrippence for either Kirk or State, unless it was gaun up to Lunnun wi' a screed o' loyalty and zeal in their pouches frae the toon, whilk they ca'ed an address, to your late king, Charles I., whan he was in his diffeeculties, puir man! Confound a thing else they ever did, for they war baith feckless bodies wi' nae mair gumption in them than's in an oyster."

During the delivery of this speech, which he neither by word nor deed attempted to interrupt, the provost kept looking steadily at the fire and twirling his thumbs round each other. He was thinking profoundly, and that, too, on ideas suggested by and in accordance with his wife's remarks. The notion of aspiring to knighthood had never struck him before, but now that it was presented to him it excited the stirrings of ambition within him and appeared before his mind's eye of a very engaging and comely aspect. But how was it to be obtained? There was the difficulty. The worthy provost felt that he had never done anything to warrant him in aspiring to so high an honor, and he felt, moreover, that he in all likelihood never would or could do anything to deserve it; and it was under this feeling that he at length spoke, premising with an affected undervaluing of his fitness to be invested with such a dignity.

"Mak' a knicht o' me, Peggy!" he said. "Mak' a knicht o' a dealer in stockin's and comforters—a dealer in stockin's and comforters! I doot that wad be considered rather degradin' to the order—degradin' to the order, Peggy."

"And what for suld it, Davy?" replied his ambitious spouse. "What for no mak' you a knicht as weel as blin' Tammy Craig, the haberdasher, wha was provost o' Starvieston in the year o' God saxteen thretty-aught, or doited Archy Manderston, the cheesemonger, wha was provost in forty-twa? I'm sure such a pair as thae war to mak' knichts o' never was seen, and yet knichts they war made, Gude save the mark!"

"Ay, but, guidwife, they did something for the honor—did something for the honor. Mind that—mind that, guidwife."

"'Did something for the honor'!" repeated Mrs. Clapperton, in a tone of the utmost contempt. "What did they do but gang up to Lunnun, as I said before, wi' a screed o' loyalty in their pouches? Not a thing else either o' them ever did that was worth a sheep's trotter."

"But even that, guidwife, even that," replied the provost, who seemed to state objections merely to have them obviated, "I hae nae opportunity o' doin'. There's nae ca' 'enow for addresses to the throne—nae ca' 'enow, nae ca' 'enow."

"Nae ca'!" repeated Mrs. Clapperton. "I just think there never was a better—the king's restoration. Get ye up, Davy, an' ye tak' my advice. A palaver aboot the joy an' satisfaction o' the magistrates an' inhabitants at large o' Starvieston at the restoration o' His Most Gracious Majesty to the throne, and get ye the carryin' o't up to Lunnun an' the thing's dune. Ye'll come doon a knicht as sure's your name's Davy Clapperton."

"No a bad notion, guidwife," said the provost—"no a bad notion. I wadna care to try't, after a'; for it wad be a decent, respectable thing—a decent respectable thing. But me a knicht! It wad be queer;" and the worthy magistrate chuckled at the idea of his transformation into a character so dignified.

We do not suppose it necessary to prolong this discourse to show the connection between it and Provost Clapperton's proposition in council of a congratulatory address to the king. This, we presume, will appear sufficiently evident from what we have already given, and it will appear still more evident when we mention that the proposition in question was made the very day after the colloquy just quoted took place.

The address proposed by the provost was accordingly drawn up. It was written by Archy Morton, the town-clerk, who was reckoned, in Bailie Snodgrass's phrase, "just an extraordinar' fist at the pen, his quill gaun soopin' owre the paper like a scythe through clover, an' the words comin' doon as fast an' thick as groats oot o' a mill." Such, then, was the redoubted penman who drew up the address in question, and which ran as follows. We give it as a curious specimen of the style then in use in such matters. After a preliminary flourish of titles that would of themselves occupy half of one of our columns, this precious document proceeded:

"We, the lord provost, magistrates and council of Starvieston, on our own parts, and on that of the loyal inhabitants of this burgh, with great contentment and joy of the heart, beg to kneel at the footstool of Your Most Dread Majesty to impart to Your Highness the unspeakable delectation with which Your Majesty's happy restoration to the throne of these realms has filled us, and for which we would gladly testify by what means we can our thankfulness and joy. That Your Majesty, who is to us as a crown of rejoicing, as the breath of our nostrils, may long reign over us, we humbly pray, and that it continue till it be brought to a full and blessed conclusion, being willing, on our part, to contribute what lieth in our power, by our earnest care and best endeavors," etc.

Such, then, was the address penned by Archy Morton, town clerk of Starvieston, on which rested Provost Clapperton's hope of knighthood.

The document being prepared and ready, the next question with the council was how it was to be conveyed to His Majesty, and on this subject there was some pretty smart debate in the council-room, some proposing one way and some another; but, it having been soon discovered from certain hints which he threw out that the provost had an eye to the job, it was at once conceded to him and a day forthwith fixed for his departure on his royal mission to St. James's.

On the provost's returning home from the meeting which had decided that he was to be bearer of the congratulatory address, "Weel, guidewife, weel, guidwife," he said, "it's a' settled noo, an' I'm aff to Lunnun the day after the morn. But, to tell ye a truth, I'm no very clear o' the job, after a'—no very clear o' the job, after a'—noo that it's come to a point; for I'm no just sae weel acquaint wi' your court tricks an fashions, an' I may mak' a fule o' mysel'—may mak' a fule o' mysel'. I'm tell't there's an unco' paveein' an' scrapin' and booin' aboot thae sort o'

places—an unco paveein' an' scrapin' an' booin'. Noo, I never had ony mair practice in that way in my life than just giein' a bit nod to a customer frae behint the counter—just a bit nod frae behint the counter."

"Tuts, man!" replied Mrs. Clapperton; "thae's but sma matters to concern ye. Ye'll do as weel's the lave, nae doot. Just do as ye see ithers doin', an' ye canna gang far wrang. But ye micht practeese a wee before ye gaed. Let me see ye mak' a boo, Davy. I mind hoo the laddies used to do't at Mr. Langlegs's dancin'-schule whan I was a gilpie o' saxteen, an' I'll tell ye if ye be richt."

Approving of his wife's suggestion, the worthy magistrate forthwith perpetrated a "boo," or at least what was intended for one, although there was very little trace of such a thing in the strange uncouth motion he made.

"Very weel, Davy—very weel, my man," said his wife, marking with amiable and laudable satisfaction her husband's efforts to "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art." "But could ye no bend yersel' a wee thing mair, think ye? Ye hae dune't a wee owre stiffly."

"I'll try't, Peggy—I'll try't, I'll try't," replied the anxious and willing pupil, and he essayed another obeisance; but, as his bodily condition forbade more than the very slightest possible departure from the perpendicular, we cannot say that he was much more successful in accomplishing the inclination desired by his wife than in the first instance, although he certainly made the attempt, as was sufficiently obvious from the sudden and excessive redness that overspread his countenance.

The provost's performances, on the whole, however, were pronounced very passable by his judge, and, with a recommendation to him to be "booin'" whenever opportunity occurred, the worthy pair proceeded to other matters connected with the provost's impending journey.

"Noo, ye maun gang like yoursel', Davy," said Mrs. Clapperton, thus opening the new department of the discussion. "Ye maun gang respectable—decent and respectable in everything, as becomes yer means and yer station and yer expectations. Ye maun tak' John Yuill to ride behint ye wi' yer saddle-bags and yer ither spare gear, and ye maun get a pair o' new boots and spurs and a cocked hat and an embroidered waistcoat, and a' ither things apperteenin' thereto."

"Ou, surely, surely, guidwife—surely," replied the provost. "We maun mak' a decent appearance before Majesty, a decent appearance, for the credit o' the burgh—for the credit o' the burgh. Sae, see ye, guidwife, to be gettin' a' things ready—a' things ready; and busk oot John Yuill as weel as ye can, and see and mak' him look something Christian-like, although I doot that'll waur ye, guidwife—that'll waur ye."

And, in good truth, well might the provost say—or imply, rather, perhaps—that to impart to John Yuill the exterior of a civilized being was a matter beyond the reach of his wife's ingenuity; for such another coarse, uncultivated specimen of the human race as Johnny Yuill could not readily be found even by the most assiduous inquirer after such living curiosities.

Johnny was a dependent of the provost's, and was usually spoken of as the "provost's man." His duties in this capacity were various, sometimes acting as porter in the shop,

sometimes taking a day of the plough or doing other farm-work on a small property of the provost's, sometimes walking in procession before His Lordship as a halberdier in the fringed and party-colored coat, flaming red waistcoat and cocked hat which was the livery of the town of Starvieston—an appointment, this, into which he had been introduced through the provost's influence. In person Johnny was tall and gaunt, the direct antipodes of his master, broad-shouldered and stalwart and of great bodily power, but without a corresponding energy or activity. Uncouth and ungainly in appearance, rough and blunt in speech, forward through ignorance, without one single idea beyond those suggested by his immediate duties and wholly illiterate and uninformed, Johnny Yuill will be allowed to have been altogether a most fit and desirable companion on a journey of some four or five hundred miles. But in the present case the association was not altogether so discordant as might be imagined, since neither in intellectual capacity nor in acquired knowledge was the difference between master and man by any means so very great as to unfit them altogether for each other's society. On the contrary, they were like to put up remarkably well with each other on their journey —the more so that, notwithstanding the difference of their positions and the mighty distance between the several grades to which they belonged, they had always been so perfectly familiar in their intercourse that had not a distinction of dress pointed it out it would have been impossible for a stranger to tell which was the master and which the man. The provost spoke to Johnny in all respects as if he had been his equal, and Johnny spoke to the provost with precisely the same utter disregard of all distinctions of rank; and this friendly familiarity, it was not doubted, would distinguish all their intercourse during their travels and absence from home.

All proposed and necessary preparations having been made for her husband's departure by the active, stirring, indefatigable Mrs. Clapperton, the morning fixed on for the latter event found Johnny Yuill standing at the provost's door at an early hour holding two saddled horses by the bridle. The one was for the provost; the other, loaded with an enormous and well-stuffed pair of saddle-bags, was for Johnny himself. In a few minutes after out came the provost with a huge cocked hat on his head, a pair of boots that came halfway up his thigh on his legs, a silver-mounted whip in his hand, a sword by his side, and around all, including his own respected person, an ample brown cloak of French cloth. The provost mounted, and, his example being immediately followed by his man, the two started cheek by jowl—for neither of them had any idea of marking their respective ranks by distance—at a gentle jog-trot pace on their journey to the metropolis, and a more odd-looking or more original pair certainly never went in quest of knighthood.

On clearing the town and getting a little familiarized with their seats, neither of them being very splendid equestrians, Johnny opened a conversation to which the meek temperaments of their steeds—both heavy, dull, ungainly, hairy-heeled brutes—offered every facility.

"Weel, this is a graun business we're gaun upon, provost," quoth Johnny. "Wha'll haud

their heads higher than us whan we come doon? My faith! we'll keep the cantle o' the caussey then, I think, provost."

"We aye did that, Johnny man—we aye did that; we were aye able to do that—aye able to do that," replied the chief magistrate of Starvieston, chuckling good-humoredly.

"Ay, but there'll be a differ then. Whan ye come doon, ye'll come doon a gentleman, and ye're 'enow but a hosier, provost though ye be. But I say, provost," continued Johnny: "can ye tell me hoo the king manages to mak' gentlemen oot o' plain folk like you and me? Hoo's the thing dune, I wad like to ken? It strikes me that he wad need to put them through a mill and bake them up again. I'm sure it wad bother him to mak' a gentleman o' me if he should tak' it in his head to try't, and there's nae sayin' what he may do whan he sees me alang wi' ye."

With such conversation they beguiled the way.

On reaching the city our original pair of travellers repaired to the Lion and Unicorn, at that time one of the most respectable inns in London, and to which the provost had been recommended by the town clerk of Starvieston, who had put up there on some occasion of his visiting the metropolis, and who always spoke in raptures of the bacon and beans he used to have there for dinner, this being one of the dishes for which the house was most celebrated, and a great favorite with the town clerk, who had some tolerably correct notions on the subject of good living. On arriving at the Lion and Unicorn, the provost and his man were shown into a parlor—the same parlor; for, as they seemed to make no distinction of rank themselves between each other, none was made between them by others.

"Lassie," said the provost, addressing the girl who had ushered them into the apartment above alluded to, and just as she was about to retire after having performed this duty, "hae ye such a thing in the hoose as Lunnun porter?"

The girl looked with some surprise in the worthy magistrate's face to ascertain whether he was in jest or earnest in making an inquiry to which he ought to have been so certain of an affirmative, and, perceiving that he was to all appearance in the latter—as, indeed, he really was, having put the question oblivious of his being in London—"Why, to be sure, sir," she said, "we have. It would be a very odd thing indeed if we hadn't."

"Aweel, maybe, lassie," replied the provost. "Bring us a bottle, then."

"Bring twa," here interrupted Johnny Yuill, in a loud voice, "for I'm dooms dry and'll sen' owre a bottle to my ain share at a waucht, and I'm sure ye'll manage the ither yersel', provost; and if ye canna, I'll help ye wi' that too."

"Weel, weel, since Johnny's sae dry, bring twa bottles, lassie—bring twa bottles," said the provost.

"We don't bottle our po'ter, sir," replied the girl.

"No? What, then, do ye wi't?—what, then, do ye wi't?" inquired the provost, a little puzzled.

"All draught, sir," said the girl. "All in draught."

"'Draught? draught'? What's that? what's that, lassie?" said the provost, still more perplexed.

"In the cask, sir," replied the girl.

"Ou ay, ou ay," rejoined the provost, now somewhat more enlightened on the subject. "Aweel, aweel, in Gude's name bring it ony way ye like, lassie—ony way ye like; but bring't fast, for I'm as dry's a whustle. I'm just gaizenin'."

A mutual understanding having been come to on this important matter, the desiderated beverage was produced, and in due time discussed, when the provost bethought him of ordering some supper for himself and his man—they still continuing and intending to occupy the same premises—and for this purpose rang the bell. It was answered by the same girl who had conducted the porter discussion. On her appearance, "We want a bit chack o' supper, my dear—a bit chack o' supper, a bit chack o' supper," said the provost.

The girl appeared at a loss. She had made out "supper" distinctly enough, but "bit chack o'" puzzled her sadly; and, thinking it expressed some distinguishing quality of the supper wanted, she aimed at getting a translation by saying,

"Chacko, sir? chacko? I don't know what that means. We have nothing of that kind in the house, sir, but we have great variety of other excellent dishes. We have roast lamb, veal pie, roast beef, roast mutton, roast fowls and salmon, but no chacko, sir."

"Tuts, tuts, lassie! tuts, tuts!" said the provost, laughing, and now seeing how the land lay. "I see ye dinna unnerstand oor Scotch way o' speakin'. We want, in plain English, just a bit supper—just a bit supper."

"Oh!" replied the girl, blushing and smiling at once; "just so, sir. Well, what should you like to have, sir?"

"Ou, just a bit salmon—just a bit salmon, my dear—or ony bit thing o' that kind," replied the provost.

The girl made a slight courtesy and retired, but in a minute afterward returned and said,

"My master, sir, has desired me to say that, as you are from Scotland, you are not perhaps aware of the price of salmon in London, and may be under a mistake about it."

"And what is the price o' salmon in Lunnun, my dear? What is the price o't? what is the price o't?" said the provost.

"Three guineas a pound, sir," replied the girl.

Both the provost and his man held up their hands in mute astonishment at the astounding enormity of the price. At length, "Three guineas the pun'!" came the provost out with when he got breath to express himself.

"Three guineas the pun'!" repeated Johnny Yuill, in the same tone of overwhelming surprise. "Gude preserve us! Was the like o' that ever heard tell o'? Saumont three guineas the pun'! That's nearly wecht for wecht. Goold against fish. It's awfu'. Lassie, whan we left Starvieston, saumont was just a groat the pun' o' twenty-two unces—just a groat the pun'; and ye micht a got ten cartload o't at that. I wish to guidness I had brocht twa or three o' them slung at my back. I could hae dune't fine."

Here the provost interfered, saying that, since salmon was out of the question at that price, they would "just tak' a bit caul juck."

The girl gave the old look of non-com-

prehension at the mysterious word "juck." Johnny saw her difficulty, knew its cause and hastened to explain:

"It's a cauld duke the provost means, lassie—a cauld duke; but an' ye haena that, the breast o' a bubbly-jock or ony ither fule 'ill do just as weel."

We need not say that Johnny Yuill's attempt to explain made matters not a whit better, nor that the proffered alternatives with which he followed it up were just as unintelligible as anything that had preceded them. It was, in truth, the longer the worse, the farther in the deeper; and the girl, finding it so, resigned all hope of making anything of the orders of the travellers and ran down stairs for her master. The landlord of the Lion and Unicorn immediately appeared, and, being more accustomed to the lingo of North Britain than his maid, at once made out what was wanted and gave his guests every satisfaction in the matter of supplying their wants. Both the provost, however, and his man, had made a discovery. This was that the language current at Starvieston was not so in London, and the fact a good deal surprised them and a good deal lessened their opinion of the English nation, and of the people of the metropolis in particular.

On the following morning the provost prepared to commence the serious business of his visit to the capital, but here was a great difficulty at the outset. He did not know very well where to begin or how to set about it. He had started with very vague and indefinite notions on this subject, and it was only now that he discovered that he ought to have had his course after he should have arrived in London more clearly defined and the process by which he was to obtain access to the king more distinctly ascertained. Something, indeed, had been suggested to the council about his calling on the earl of Linlithgow, but, as the suggestion had been made in a desultory way in the course of conversation, nothing definite had been said on the subject. The matter was altogether a strange oversight, but so it was.

On the earl of Linlithgow, however, the provost had determined to call; he resolved on making it his first step. They found the earl from home—a great disappointment—but they resolved instantly upon going to the king direct. Their direction now was St. James's, and, having inquired their way, they very shortly found themselves at the principal entrance into that ancient abode of royalty, and were about to pass through the gate without any ceremony, when their progress was suddenly arrested by a sentinel, who, placing his carbine across the provost's breast, demanded their business.

"Private business wi' the king—private business wi' the king. I'm provost o' Starvieston—I'm provost o' Starvieston," said that worthy personage.

"I wadna redd ye to interrupt us, lad," added Johnny; "we're on business o' importance frae the town o' Starvieston, an' he's its chief magistrate," pointing to the provost; "so it'll be at your peril if ye refuse us admittance."

The soldier, rather respectfully impressed with the big words employed by Johnny—"business of importance, town's business, chief magistrate," etc.—after some hesitation allowed them to pass into the quadrangle of the palace, into which the gate they had entered opened. This was so far good, but it was not much, after all, for they

did not know what hand to turn to. They were surrounded with doors and windows, and were greatly at a loss which of the former they should take; and in this difficulty they continued for fully half an hour, sauntering about and staring up from time to time at the windows of the quadrangle, when a sudden stir began to manifest itself about a certain broad staircase that opened on the side opposite the outer entrance. Military guards and other persons strangely but gorgeously attired took up formal positions at the foot of the said staircase, and it became crowded with powdered lackeys in splendid liveries running up and down with looks full of bustle and importance. In a short while thereafter carriages and other conveyances of various kinds filled with ladies and gentlemen superbly dressed began to arrive in great numbers and in rapid succession. These, as they arrived, drew up at the foot of the staircase alluded to, which the persons by whom they were occupied immediately ascended on being set down. It was evident to both the provost and Johnny Yuill that there was something going on here of no ordinary character, and they were very curious to know what it could be; but, seeing nobody of whom they could make the inquiry, they were obliged to be content for some time merely to look on and wonder.

At length Johnny espied a person at some little distance whose appearance altogether indicated his being a menial and of such rank as he might take the liberty of speaking to. Under these impressions, Johnny made up to him, having previously apprised his master of his intentions and desired him to remain where he was till he returned.

"What's a' this collyshangy aboot, friend?" he said to the person whom he had proposed to make his informant.

The man did not understand the very elegant and classical word which Johnny had employed, but he understood generally the purport of the inquiry, and replied that it was a levee.

"'A levee'?" said Johnny. "What's that?"

The man looked unutterable things at Johnny's ignorance, but had the civility to explain that it was the king seeing company.

"And is the king up there?" said Johnny, pointing to the great staircase.

"To be sure he is," was the reply.

This was enough for Johnny. He and his master were now all right, for he knew where they ought to go; and it was with a glad face that he returned to the former to tell him of the happy discovery.

"I've fand out whar he's noo, provost," said Johnny, smiling, as he approached the latter. "He's up there," pointing to the stair, "an' we couldna hae come in a better time, for he's seein' company, at ony rate, so that we'll no put him to ony inconvenience."

"That's fine—that's fine, Johnny," replied the provost, not less pleased than his man with their unexpected good luck. "Then we'll just go up wi' the lave—just go up wi' the lave, Johnny;" and, saying this, they proceeded toward the great staircase, and were about to enter it with perfect confidence and deliberation, when their progress was again suddenly arrested, but in this instance by half a dozen in place of one. Both the provost and his man spoke at once on the occasion of this interruption, and endeavored to gain admittance by the same statements

they had made before, but it would not do: their obstructors would by no means allow them to proceed. The provost, manfully seconded by Johnny, insisted on getting in; the guards insisted they should not.

Johnny's choler was excited.

"What!" he said; "wad ye refuse admittance to the provost o' Starvieston, the chief magistrate o' ane o' the maist ancientest bruchs in Scotland? My faith, ye're no blate! But we'll go in spite o' them," continued Johnny, and was shoving the provost before him.

This was a violence not to be endured, and it was not: it was met by equally strong measures. Both the provost and Johnny were instantly collared. Johnny began to strike, the provost to kick, for he felt highly offended, too, at this treatment and forgot his dignity in his irritation. But their opponents could strike and kick also, and they did so. These were again returned in kind by Johnny and his master, until the whole affair waxed into a regular hubbub, which was enlivened by Johnny's calling out every now and then in the midst of the struggle:

"Stick up to them, provost! stick up to them! Dinna let Starvieston be beat yet! That's it, provost—that's it! Gie them't i' the pit o' the stamak."

Johnny in this particular alluded to the weapons his master was using in the combat, which were his feet and little short legs, which he was plying with great vigor and activity. The odds, however, were so greatly against the strangers that it was impossible the struggle could be of long continuance. Neither was it. Both the provost and Johnny were floored in a twinkling, and there held down, each by four or five persons, incapable of further resistance.

It was at this moment—that is, while the chief magistrate of Starvieston was lying on the breadth of his back with his clothes and linens grievously torn and soiled and half a dozen of his enemies upon him—that a person pressed into the crowd by which he was surrounded and asked what was the matter.

"It's two fellows, My Lord, who would force their way up stairs whether we would or not," replied one of the guards.

"Who are they?" said the noble inquirer.

"We don't know, My Lord, but from the tongue we take them to be from Scotland."

"Ah! from Scotland!" said the titled stranger, with increased interest; and he now stretched over the crowd to obtain a view of the prostrate personage whom they surrounded. This proceeding procured him a peep of the degraded provost's countenance, which, on obtaining, "I should know that face," he muttered; "I have surely seen it before.—Stand about and let me have a closer view of the man, and allow him, in the mean time, to rise to his feet."

Both these orders were obeyed, and the provost instantly regained his perpendicular. On his doing so, "Have you ever seen me before, think you, friend?" said the provost's emancipator. "I think I have seen you somewhere."

The provost looked earnestly at the inquirer for a second or two, and said, although with some hesitation,

"Indeed, I'm no sure, sir—I'm no sure; but I think ye hae some resemblance, if my recollection serves me onything faithfully, to the earl o' Linlithgow."

"Right, friend, right," replied the earl;

for it was indeed he. "I'm the earl o' Linlithgow."

"An' I'm the provost o' Starvieston, Davy Clapperton," shouted the delighted magistrate, and at the same time seizing joyfully the readily-yielded hand of his noble friend. "Faith, My Lord, but ye hae come in fine time to save me an' Johnny frae a hecklin'."

"Provost, I am glad to see you—very glad to see you indeed," replied the earl, shaking him cordially by the hand. "But what on earth has brought you into this predicament? These are strange circumstances to meet the first magistrate of Starvieston in."

"Faith, ye may say that, My Lord—ye may say that; but it's odd what queer scrapes folk'll get into that's awa frae hame," replied the provost.

"So it would appear," said the earl. "But come along, provost, and tell me all about it;" and he took the provost's arm and would have led him out of the crowd, but the latter quietly resisted, saying, "My Lord, My Lord, ye maun relieve Johnny first—ye maun relieve puir Johnny—puir Johnny, wha's still in the hands o' the Philistines."

"Who's Johnny, provost?" said the earl, in some surprise.

"Ou, ye'll no ken Johnny, My Lord, I dare say—ye'll no ken him. He's my man, My Lord—my man."

"And where is he?" inquired the earl.

"They hae him doon amang them there," pointing to the group among whom Johnny was entombed, "on the broad o' his back, I dare say—on the broad o' his back, as they had me."

The earl, now understanding what his worthy friend would be at, immediately proceeded to the rescue of Johnny, and, having effected this service, rejoined the provost, when the whole three adjourned to a retired part of the quadrangle, where the provost fully informed the earl of all circumstances connected with his visit to the metropolis. When he had concluded, the earl at once undertook to render him every service in his power toward enabling him to discharge the duties on which he came.

"I will procure you the presentation you desire, provost," said the earl, "but you must appear in a court-dress. You could not be admitted to the presence of the sovereign in your present attire, even although the guards at the bottom of the staircase had passed you, which, however, they neither could nor dare do. It would be out of all rule. A court-dress you must have."

"A court-dress, My Lord? a court-dress—a court-dress? What's that?" inquired the provost.

"My tailor will explain to you, provost, if you will do him the honor to consult him," replied the earl, smiling. "But I will manage all that for you, too, provost, if you will do me the favor to call at my house to-morrow forenoon. In the mean time, I must leave you, to attend the levee;" and, having said this and again shaken the provost by the hand, with a repetition of his injunction that he should call upon him in the forenoon of the following day, the earl walked away, but had not proceeded far, when he was pursued and overtaken by the provost and his man together.

"My Lord, My Lord, beg your pardon," said the former, tapping the earl on his shoulder to draw his attention, and who immediately turned round, "but I forgot. Wadna I require to get a court-dress for Johnny too?"

"Has Johnny an address to deliver too?" said the earl, smiling at the provost's simplicity.

"Ou no, no, no; but, ye see, he wad like to stick by me, puir fallow! during the hail business," replied the provost. "An', as ye say naebody can get in but in a court-dress, I had best get a shute for him too."

"Nonsense, nonsense, provost!" said the earl, laughing; "no dress for Johnny," and, without explaining himself further, proceeded on his way.

"'Nae dress for Johnny'!" repeated that person, indignantly, on the departure of the earl. "An' what for no, I wad like to ken, as lang as ye're able an' willin' to pay for't, provost?"

"Richt there, Johnny—richt there," said the provost; "but we needna camstairy the yearl ony way aboot it, Johnny. We'll just get a shute made for ye quately, without saying onything aboot it to onybody but the tailor."

Next day they called on the earl and got the necessary instructions, and at the same time the earl's tailor came by his orders and took the provost's measure. On the following night the tailor, with the provost's dress, appeared at the Lion and Unicorn, and, having been introduced to his customer, requested that he would do him the favor to try it on, that he might see if there was anything amiss. Saying this, he turned out of a bag all the paraphernalia of court-attire, and in a few minutes after the worthy provost was arrayed—or, rather, disguised—in such a way as hardly to know himself, and in such a way as greatly to amaze and puzzle and bewilder his ancient friend Johnny, who stared at him with open mouth and in silent astonishment.

At length, "God preserve us, provost, but this is grand wark!" he said as he gazed on the short satin Spanish cloak in which his master was arrayed, the slashed pantaloons, silk hose with large roses at the knee, waistcoat embroidered with gold, beaver and feathers, and last, though not least, long glittering small-sword which depended from his side, the tailor furnishing this indispensable article also. "This is grand wark," he said. "My faith, we're gettin' up the brae finely! What wad the folk o' Starvieston say if they saw their provost noo, I wonder? My word, but they wad be proud o' him, and micht match him against the provost o' ony burgh in Christendom, let alane Scotland."

"Tuts, tuts, Johnny man!" said the provost, smiling complacently, but affecting some displeasure at this freedom in the presence of the tailor. "Ye're a foolish man—a foolish man; and speak a heap o' nonsense—a heap o' nonsense.—But I say, friend," he said, now addressing the architect of his present outward structure, "could ye mak' a shute the same as this for this man here?"

"Oh, to be sure, sir, for anybody," replied the man of broadcloths and buckram.

"Aweel, I wus ye wad just mak' him a shute, then, and I'll pay them baith thegither."

The man looked a good deal surprised:

"Do you mean precisely the same in all respects as your own, sir?"

"Surely," interposed Johnny, rather angrily. "And what for no?"

"Oh, no reason at all, sir—only, only I like to have my orders particular, that there may be no mistake, that's all, sir."

(Pretty dextrously turned off, Mr. Tailor!)

"Quite richt, quite richt," interfered the provost—"quite richt. Weel, then, just measure Johnny for a shute."

The tailor did so, and while he did it it occurred to him that he had never measured so uncouth a figure for such a dress before.

To avoid a great deal of uninteresting detail, we will now carry the reader forward at once to the presentation-day.

On that day the quadrangle and staircase at St. James's, formerly spoken of, exhibited precisely the same scene as that already described. But let us enter this staircase, and let us lean over the balustrade on the first landing-place and mark those that ascend. The very first pair attracts our attention in a most particular manner. They are indeed a singularly strange-looking couple. The one is a short, little, fat man; the other, a tall, gaunt figure who seems to walk in these fine clothes as if he was gyved and appears either afraid or unable to move his joints. He is evidently grievously oppressed with his own finery. Who can they be? Why, we dare say you have a guess, good reader. They are no other than the provost of Starvieston and his man, Johnny Yuill. Their dress alone had carried them unchallenged past the guard at the foot of the stair. Let us observe, however, that in bringing Johnny in this guise along with him it was not the provost's intention openly to contemn the earl of Linlithgow's objective remarks on that subject, nor was it his intention to drag him conspicuously forward. What was aimed at by both was that he should be slipped, smuggled in, and thus obtain a peep of all that passed without attracting notice. This was the plot between the two, and they hoped to get through with it successfully.

On the provost and his man reaching the first landing-place, on which opened the entrance into the suite of the apartments that led to the audience-chamber, there was a considerable crowd pressing for admission—so great as to distract the attention of the ushers, and thus to enable several to pass without question who had no motive for desiring the privilege, and who did not desire it. Pushing into this crowd, the provost was quickly carried into the apartment, but on looking round missed Johnny. He was still on the outside, either afraid or unable to come farther. Seeing this, the provost went as near to the door again as he could and gave him a wag of his finger, accompanied by a nod of encouragement, exclaiming at the same time, but under breath,

"Johnny, Johnny! Come forrit, man—come forrit."

Thus encouraged, Johnny edged more resolutely into the crowd by which the door was still thronged, and finally succeeded in getting fairly into the first apartment beside his master. A similar occurrence of similarly favorable circumstances carried them into the next apartment, and finally into the audience-chamber, crowded with peers and peeresses and ladies and gentlemen of various ranks and degrees. Here the provost and Johnny began to walk up and down, and to occupy themselves in gazing at the various splendors, animate and inanimate, with which they were surrounded. We

need not say that the scene was new to them, nor that it excited in both the utmost amazement and admiration. It had been previously arranged between the provost and the earl that the latter should seek out the former in the audience-chamber when the proper time came for his introduction, and that he should then present him to the notice of the king. The provost, then, had nothing now to do but to await this call, on the taking place of which it was again understood between him and his man that the latter should slip away amongst the crowd to avoid the notice of the earl.

Leaving our two worthies thus employed, then—that is, in walking about and staring around them—we shall direct our attention for a moment to some other proceedings of interest which took place in the audience-chamber about this time.

In about half an hour after the provost and Johnny had entered the apartment just named a buzz suddenly arose that the king was coming, and in the next instant the folding-doors on the right of the throne flew open and a flourish of trumpets heralded the advent of the monarch, who immediately ascended the steps that led to it and placed himself in the regal chair. Having seated himself, he glanced in silence for a moment around the glittering assemblage, when his eye was observed suddenly to become fixed in one particular direction. In this direction he gazed intently for a second or two, a smile mantling on his lips; then, turning round to the earl of Linlithgow, who was at his right hand, "In Heaven's name, My Lord, who are those two persons close by the door at the farther end of the apartment? They are the oddest-looking pair I ever saw in my life," he said, in a whisper, and struggling to suppress a laugh which was threatening to make itself most indecorously manifest.

The earl looked in the direction indicated, and recognized, in the figure of one of the persons alluded to by the king, his friend the provost of Starvieston; the other he could not make out. Having made these observations, he in a low voice communicated the result to Charles.

"One of those persons, Your Majesty," said the earl, smiling and speaking with ironical pleasantry, "is the worthy provost of Your Majesty's very loyal burgh of Starvieston, regarding whom I spoke to Your Majesty, and who, Your Majesty will recollect, is this day to have the honor of presenting a congratulatory address from the good town of which he is chief magistrate, and for which he expects the honor of knighthood at Your Majesty's royal hands."

"Oh, so? I recollect," replied the king. "But which of the two is he, pray, My Lord—the tall or the short man?"

"The short man, please Your Majesty. Who the tall man is I don't know."

"Why, they are both odd-enough-looking figures," replied the king, "but the tall fellow is the greater oddity of the two. I never saw such a figure in my life;" and again Charles struggled to suppress the laugh which was racking him within. "Who in Heaven's name can he be? 'Od'sfish, My Lord, you must make me out who he is. I shall die of curiosity till I know. The foolish, dismal gravity of that man's face is beyond all endurance."

"If Your Majesty can only contrive to live for five minutes, your curiosity shall be gratified," replied the earl, "for I see

my friend the provost appears to be intimately acquainted with him, and he'll tell me all about him, I dare say."

Having said this, the earl stepped down from the elevated position he was in beside the throne and proceeded to thread his way toward the provost and his companion, the object of the king's curiosity. Both of these worthies, having had their eyes on the earl from the moment of his entering the audience-chamber with the king, marked his movements and took their measures accordingly.

"He's comin' noo—he's comin' noo, Johnny," said the provost on seeing the earl making toward him. "Cut oot o' the way as fast's ye can, and I'll meet ye at the stairfit whan a's owre."

Obedient to the hint of his master, Johnny slunk away amongst the crowd, and both believed that no danger from discovery need be apprehended, as the warning of the latter to get out of the way had been sufficiently timeous.

On the earl's approach, "Hoo are ye, My Lord? hoo are ye, My Lord?" said the provost, smirking and scraping the floor with his right foot. "Ye're very attentive—very attentive, I'm sure; and I'm a' ready for ye—a' ready for ye, My Lord."

"By and by, provost—by and by," replied the earl; "the proper moment for your presentation has not yet arrived. When it has, I will be with you. In the mean time, provost, I have come merely to inquire who the tall gentleman is with whom you were speaking a few moments ago."

"Me? me, My Lord? Wha, wha?" said the provost, in great confusion. "What tall gentleman, My Lord? what tall gentleman?"

"Why, the tall gentleman, provost, who was speaking with you an instant ago," replied the earl, in considerable surprise at the provost's embarrassment.

"Ou ay, ou ay, the lang man, My Lord—the lang man. Just an acquaintance—just an acquaintance; that's a'."

"Well, that's enough, provost," replied the earl, somewhat impatiently—"that's enough to enable you to tell me who and what he is. The truth is, provost, the king desires to know."

This was what the provost himself would call "waur and mair o't." If his embarrassment and uneasiness were great at the idea of Johnny's intrusion becoming known to the earl, they were infinitely more so at the prospect of that enormity's reaching the ear of the king, this being a result which he had never for an instant contemplated; and the consequence of its probability at this moment was to suggest to him certain vague but sufficiently unpleasant ideas of beheading, hanging or imprisonment for life—the least, he believed, he might now expect.

Under these awkward impressions, the provost laid his hand on the earl's arm and said,

"Weel, My Lord, weel, My Lord, I'll just tell ye the truth—I'll just tell ye the truth; but, as ye hae ony regard for me, dinna tell His Majesty o't: it micht lead me into muckle mischief. He is nae ither than my man Johnny Yuill."

"Your man, provost! Your servingman!" replied the earl, with the slow, distinct enunciation of overwhelming surprise. "Impossible, provost! impossible!"

"Na, faith, My Lord, it's true—it's owre true; it's just Johnny, I assure ye."

"Why, he's dressed like a lord," said the earl, who had now again got sight of and was looking hard at the unconscious culprit as he was stalking about the room.

"Ou ay, ou ay," replied the provost; "he's gayan weel put on, My Lord. Just the same as mysel', My Lord—just the same as mysel'."

"So I see," said the earl, smiling. "But pray, provost, what is the meaning of this strange affair? What is the purpose of it? And how did you get him past the guards and ushers? I thought you might not have passed yourself, provost, without sending for me, as I told you to do on your being stopped."

The provost answered all these queries, including another as to where and how Johnny had come by his fit-out, by detailing the whole circumstances of the case as already before the reader, concluding the whole by another most urgent and earnest entreaty that the earl would say nothing of the affair to "His Most Gracious Majesty." To this entreaty, however, the provost could obtain only an evasive and smiling reply. The joke was too good a one, the earl felt, to be concealed from the "Merry Monarch," whom it so much concerned, and he therefore determined that he should have it in full and unimpaired perfection.

Leaving the provost, therefore, in great trepidation, the earl returned to His Majesty, when the latter, inclining toward him, said in a whisper,

"Well, My Lord, have you made him out? Who on earth is he?"

"Why, Your Majesty, he is a person of very high degree, I assure you. And I rather wonder that Your Majesty, who is so quick-sighted in these matters, did not discover this in his bearing."

"A joke! a joke!" exclaimed the king, laughing. "Come now, My Lord, tell me the whole truth of the matter."

Thus conjured, the earl of Linlithgow informed the delighted monarch of Johnny's real standing in society, and of all the circumstances connected with his appearance in the presence-chamber.

"Od'sfish, what a couple of originals!" said Charles, now giving full swing to the mirth which the information he had just received had excited. "Secure them, My Lord—secure them both. We must have a private audience of them after the presentations are over. I would not miss it for a thousand pounds."

Having said this, the king addressed himself to the business before him, and the earl of Linlithgow hastened to rejoin the provost to prevent him suggesting the escape of Johnny, which he thought very probable, or to prevent its execution if already suggested. Nothing of the kind, however, had taken place, or even appeared to be contemplated, when the earl rejoined the chief magistrate of Starvieston; but Johnny had in the interim been made aware by the latter of the discovery that had taken place regarding his the said Johnny's identity, and it was therefore with a face ten times more grave and dismal than before that he stood beside his master, whose face was scarcely less serious than his own, awaiting the advance of the earl, whom both saw now approaching them with, as they were more than half inclined to believe, their death-warrants in his pocket. The earl, however, had nothing of the kind, but, on the contrary, a polite invitation from

the king to favor him with a private audience when the levee should have broken up.

"It's a' owre wi' us, provost—it's a' owre wi' us. I see hoo it is. We're gaun to be baith packed aff to the Tower, and 'll never be heard tell o' again," said Johnny.

"Tuts, you fool!" interposed the earl, laughing; "the king has no such intentions toward you. He means to treat you kindly. Why, man, I wouldn't be surprised if he made a knight of you too."

"The Lord forbid!" exclaimed Johnny, with great gravity and solemnity; "that wad be an awfu' misfortune."

"Well, well, we shall see by and by," said the earl.

On this event taking place, and when the king had retired to one of his own private apartments, the earl of Linlithgow, telling his two friends to be of good courage—a commodity which he saw both at this moment much lacked—and to follow him, conducted them to the chamber to which Charles had retired.

Being all three admitted by the ushers, "This, please Your Majesty," said the earl, addressing the king with an affected gravity which the latter was struggling as hard as he could to imitate—"this is my worthy friend Mr. David Clapperton, provost of Your Majesty's loyal burgh of Starvieston, North Britain, who craves the honor of being permitted to lay at Your Majesty's feet a congratulatory address from the said burgh on Your Majesty's happy restoration to the throne of these realms."

"Delighted to see Provost Starvieston," replied the monarch, presenting his royal hand with great condescension and familiarity to the worthy magistrate; "both himself and his mission are right welcome to me. But who is this gentleman, My Lord?" said the king, looking with well-affected ignorance of his quality at Johnny Yuill, who was standing quaking in every limb.

"That gentleman, please Your Majesty, is the provost's right trusty and well-beloved squire Mr. John Yuill, whom his master has been desirous of showing all that was worth seeing in Your Majesty's city of London, and amongst the rest the splendors of Your Majesty's court."

"Ah! so?" said Charles, whose gravity was sorely tried during the scene. "A native of Starvieston too, I presume?"

"Yes, sir—yes, Your Majesty," here interposed the provost, whose courage the king's familiar and condescending manners had by this time restored; "we're baith frae the same place—frae the same place, Your Majesty. An' a bonny place it is in summer, if Your Majesty wad but come doon an' see't. I'm sure we wad be a' blythe to see ye—baith the council and the inhabitants."

"Much obliged, provost—much obliged," replied the monarch. "In the mean time, provost, I will be glad to receive the dutiful address of our good town of Starvieston, with which you have been charged."

The provost pulled from his pocket, after some rather ungraceful fumbling, the required document, and, approaching the king with a constant succession of the bowing and scraping which he had practised at home, put it into the monarch's hands and again retired to a respectful distance. Having read the paper, the king returned a gracious answer, and immediately after intimated his intention of conferring the honor of knighthood on its bearer. On this intimation being

made, Johnny, who entertained some serious fears that it might be extended to him, edged behind his master, in order to be as much as possible out of harm's way. From these fears, however, he was soon relieved by the provost being called on to come forward and receive the honor alluded to at His Majesty's hands, while he himself was not named. In five minutes after, the provost of Starvieston was transformed into Sir David Clapperton, was graciously dismissed from the royal presence, and eventually returned in safety to Starvieston—to the great joy of his wife and his own no small gratification—a regular and indisputable knight.

JOHN MACKAY WILSON.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

PRIOR is supposed to have been born in 1664, at Winburn, in Dorsetshire, or, as some allege, in London. He furnishes no intelligence respecting his obscure origin. Shortly after leaving Westminster school, while residing with a relation in London, he attracted the notice of the earl of Dorset, who sent him to Cambridge. The publication, with Montague, of the "City Mouse and the Country Mouse," in ridicule of Dryden's "Hind and Panther," seems to have opened to the young poet the road of preferment. He obtained the secretaryship of the English embassy in the congress at The Hague in 1691. From this period till the end of the reign of Queen Anne he was employed by the government in high official situations. On the accession of the queen he had changed his politics; he became the intimate friend of Bolingbroke and Oxford, the chiefs of the Tory party. In 1712, at the conclusion of the Spanish Succession war, he acted under the English ambassador at the French court for the speedier arrangement of the peace between England and France, which the tardy conferences at Utrecht were slow in effecting. In 1713, on the return of the duke of Shrewsbury from France, Prior enjoyed till the following year the dignity of ambassador at Paris. The death of the queen leading to the fall of the Tory party, he was recalled, and shared in the hardships of impeachment and imprisonment with which their opponents visited the friends of Bolingbroke and Oxford. On his release, in 1717, he was in distressed circumstances, but he realized a considerable sum by the publication of his collected works, and the gratitude of Lord Oxford's son purchased an estate for his father's friend. He did not long enjoy the tranquillity of old age after his busy life. He died in 1721, at Wimpole, a seat of the earl of Oxford. He left five hundred pounds to build him a monument in Westminster.

Prior is a lively and graceful writer, sometimes far from pure in sentiment, never rising to passion or sublimity, but moving in a round of elegant and sparkling, though common, thought. "His diction," says Johnson, "is more his own than that of any among the successors of Dryden." "His diligence has justly placed him amongst the most correct of the English poets. His poems consist of epistles, humorous tales, fables, epigrams, odes in honor of his patrons William and Anne, songs, etc. His longer works are "Henry and Emma," a frigid paraphrase of the beautiful old ballad "The Nut-Brown

Maid;" "Solomon on the Vanity of the World," in heroic rhyme; and "Alma; or, The Progress of the Mind," a humorous philosophical piece of the style of Hudibras.

DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

GEORGE CRABBE was born in the year 1754. He is a writer whose most important works belong to our own age, and whose later style is materially affected by the impulse he contributed to give to the poetical literature of his period. He was the son of a collector of salt duties in Aldborough, in Suffolk. The poet was educated as carefully as the extremely narrow circumstance of his father would permit. He attempted the profession of a surgeon in his native place, but his failure urged him to direct his energies to London and to literature. He reached the metropolis in all the proverbial poverty of a poet, and vainly offered his verses to the booksellers. Reduced to the utmost distress, he was fortunate enough to obtain the protection and countenance of Edmund Burke, and ultimately the gruff though substantial notice of Chancellor Thurlow. Entering into holy orders, Burke's interest obtained for him the office of chaplain to the duke of Rutland, at Belvoir Castle. From this period the poet's prospects brightened. The universal success of *The Village* probably induced Thurlow —who, like Johnson's patron, Chesterfield, helped his literary protegés when they were becoming independent of his aid—to confer on the poet two small livings in the vicinity of Belvoir. These were afterward exchanged for two more lucrative, and the poet spent the remainder of his life in affluence and comfort; and few, from genuine Christianity, active benevolence and conscientious discharge of duty, ever deserved good fortune more.

Crabbe was of a childlike simplicity in character, gentle, affectionate, retiring and reserved, but shrewd, active and minute in observation. The descriptive parts of his poetry exhibit the latter quality in a very remarkable degree, while he manages so to combine minuteness with general effect that his pictures have no confusion and impress the mind distinctly as wholes. He is the poet of the poor; their sufferings, crimes, merits, households, are the regions where Crabbe is most at home. He walks among the shadows of human nature and conducts us amid its deepest darkness, but the great lessons of his poetry are benign and cheerful, and its aim is to teach mankind to be the friend of man. In his style Crabbe produces the poetical effect by means of language of the most naked simplicity, almost utterly divested of the conventional ornaments of poetry. His chief works, which range in date from 1783 to 1818, are *The Village*, *The Parish Register*, *The Borough*, *Tales in Verse*, *Tales of the Hall*. He died in 1832.

DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR.

ALVAN FISHER.

AMONG the earlier American painters, when American painters were few and owed little to that liberal art-education which Europe was even then providing for her students of painting, the subject of this sketch deserves honorable mention. Born in humble circumstances at Needham, Mass., on the 9th of August, 1792, Alvan Fisher received but a stinted and inadequate education. He

The Storm.

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ASTOR, LENOX

was some time in the employ of Penniman, an ornamental painter, and during this period he made many essays in landscape. It was not till the year 1824 that his merit was recognized, and in 1825 he was enabled by his friends to go to Paris, where he studied for a short time. On his return he settled in Boston, and devoted himself to landscape to gratify his personal taste, and to portrait-painting as a means of sustenance.

Fisher, after an uneventful life, died at Dedham on the 14th of February, 1863. In his later years he did not keep up with the splendid progress of art in the United States, but many of his earlier pieces were greatly admired and have been widely known from their engravings. Among the most celebrated of these are two pictures. The first is "The Storm," a work full of life and motion. It is one of those terrible cyclones which recur so frequently in this country. A traveller on horseback is caught in the forest while the wind is roaring and rending huge trees into fragments, and the lightning is filling the air with its zigzag darts. Both horse and rider show their great fright in the picture, and look as if beseeching the earth to give them shelter. The other picture, "The Freshet," is also a scene of devastation and destruction. The great floods are abroad upon the earth: it is a new diluvium, which aspires to rival that of Noah. Some who are saved crouch upon the bank and watch the struggles of those less fortunate. A horseman is dragging some from the fierce, rushing grasp of the flood, but one arm can do little, and so fear and humanity and hope are all swallowed up in the world of waters.

In 1832, Mr. Fisher painted a portrait of Spurzheim, the sketch of which was taken after death and the picture completed from memory. This is considered his best work in that field of art.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ROBERT HERRICK, who was born in 1591, was descended from an ancient Leicestershire family which called itself "Eyrick." He was the son of a goldsmith in Cheapside, obtained the degree of M.A. at Cambridge in 1620, and became in 1629 vicar of Deanbourn, in Devonshire. He was ejected by the Puritan government in 1648, and, taking up his residence in London, assumed the lay habit and applied himself to literary pursuits. During the twenty years of his vicarship he had produced a large number of love-verses, songs and epigrams, specimens of which had been printed from time to time in London. In 1648 these were collected and published in a thick octavo, with a dedication to the prince of Wales. The contents were arranged under the two heads of *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*.

Herrick ranks as one of our chief lyric-writers. He had a marvellously musical ear, and some of his metres are among the most exquisite in our language. His joyous outbursts of song and love and his verses to flowers, tearful and tender, are masterpieces of expression. At the same time, it must be owned that a large portion of his poetry is mere doggerel. The volume appears to have been made up of every scrap he could gather of his writings, good and bad. He said of his own book,

> "I write of hell; I sing—and ever shall—
> Of heaven, and hope to have it after all."

And, if ever poet won heaven for a song,
Herrick is there. He died in the year 1660.

R. O. MASSON.

EDMUND SPENSER.

SPENSER was one of the great men who from age to age mark out the general course of poetry, and who take a place among the few selected from the illustrious of every age whom we look up to as the instructors of all time. He claimed to be descended from a noble family, though the chief evidence of the truth of the assertion is that he took his place in Queen Elizabeth's court as a gentleman of birth. He was born in East Smithfield about the year 1553, in humble circumstances. In his sixteenth year he was entered as a sizar at Cambridge, where he continued seven years, and where he took the degree of A. M. After leaving Cambridge he obtained an introduction to Sir Philip Sidney, to whom he dedicated his first poem, "The Shepherd's Calendar," published in 1579. He seems to have been employed at court, much to his distaste, on various state missions, and experienced much of the discomfort of a hanger-on. In 1580, however, he was appointed secretary to the viceroy of Ireland, and six years afterward he obtained a grant of forfeited land in the county of Cork, where he fixed his residence in the old castle of Kilcolman. Here he brought home his wife, the "Elizabeth" of his sonnets, and here he wrote the greater part of his immortal poem the "Faery Queen." The first part was published in 1589, and met with an enthusiastic reception. Queen Elizabeth at once settled a pension of fifty pounds a year on the poet. In 1596 the second part of the "Faery Queen" issued from the press. It was intended to have been continued, but was never completed. But fortune, which had so long befriended him, now changed; the Tyrone rebellion broke out in 1598, his house was burned by the rebels, and his infant child perished in the flames. He had to flee with his wife to England in the greatest destitution, and, dejected and heartbroken, he died in the following year, in the forty-fifth year of his age, in a small lodging in London. His remains were laid beside those of Chaucer in Poet's Corner.

"The term 'faery' is used by Spenser to denote something existing in the regions of fancy, and the Faery Queen is the impersonation of glory; the knights of Faeryland are the twelve virtues, who are the champions of the queen."

ROBERT INGLIS.

THE MODEST MUSE.

HOW nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early kind paternal care appears
By chaste instruction of her tender years;
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best;
Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear:
Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

WENTWORTH DILLON
(Earl of Roscommon.)

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turned to take the last fond look
Of the valley and the village church and the cottage by the brook;
He listened to the sound so familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leaned upon his sword and wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage-porch a girl was on her knees;
She held aloft a snowy scarf which fluttered in the breeze;
She breathed a prayer for him—a prayer he could not hear;
But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot. Oh, do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart, though tears were on his cheek.
Go watch the foremost ranks in danger's dark career:
Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

TOM MOODY.

YOU all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well:
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell.
A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound
Through a country well known to him fifty miles round;
No hound ever opened with Tom near the wood
But he'd challenge the tone and could tell if 'twas good,
And all with attention would eagerly mark
When he cheered up the pack: "Hark to Rockwood! Hark! hark!"
And all with attention would eagerly mark
When he cheered up the pack: "Hark to Rockwood! Hark! hark!
High! wind him and cross him!
Now, Rattler boy, hark, hark!"

Six crafty earth-stoppers in hunter's green dressed
Supported poor Tom to an earth made for rest;
His horse—which he styled his Old Soul—next appeared,
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was reared;
Whip, cap, boots and spurs in a trophy were bound,
And here and there followed an old straggling hound.
Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,
Nor the wrekin resound his first burst in the chase
With "High over now! Press him! Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!"

Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath:
"Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
One favor bestow—'tis the last I will crave:
Give a rattling 'View hallo!' thrice over my grave,
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead."
Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent the sky,
For every voice joined in the "tally-ho!" cry.

Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent
the sky,
For every voice joined in the "tally-ho!" cry:
"Hark forward! High over! Tally-ho, tally-
ho, tally-ho!" ANON.

THE OLD VAGRANT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

WELL, in this ditch I reach at last,
Old, weak and tired, my closing day;
Folks say I'm drunk, then hurry past:
Good! there's no pity thrown away.
Yet some across their shoulders glance;
Others a mite or two have thrown.
Nay, hasten on! you'll miss the dance:
Old vagrant, I can die alone.

Yes, here, of age, they'll say I die;
For hunger never kills, of course.
How often for the workhouse I
Have sighed, as for a last resource!
But filled each hospital I found,
So poor the people now are grown.
Ne'er nurse had I but the cold ground:
Old vagrant, there I'll die alone.

In youth the artisans I prayed
For leave a useful craft to learn.
"We are but half employed," they said;
"With us thy bread thou canst not earn!"
Ye rich, who still "Go work!" repeat,
Scraps from your board you gave, I own;
Stretched on your straw my sleep was sweet;
I curse not, but I die alone.

I might have stolen, poor soul! 'tis true;
But no; I'll beg, and trust in God:
At most, the fruit I plucked that grew
Over the hedges on my road.
Yet twenty times, by statute-book,
They barred me in their prisons lone;
I owned but sunlight: *that* they took.
Poor vagrant, I can die alone.

Oh, can the poor a country have?
What are to me your corn and wine,
Your industry, your armies brave,
Your parliaments where statesmen shine?
When in your fields, seized by his power,
The stranger reaped what ye had sown,
Like a true fool my eyes did shower:
Old vagrant, I shall die alone.

Why, as mere noxious reptiles viewed,
Men, do you crush us 'neath your heel?
Instruct our minds in what is good:
We'll labor for the public weal.
Saved from the storm 'neath leafy screen,
The worm in time an ant has grown;
I too your brother might have been:
Your enemy, I die alone.

Translation of WILLIAM ANDERSON.

ADELGITHA.

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger;
But when he knelt to claim her glove,
"Seek not," she cried, "O gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

"For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arm should now have set me free;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead, or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"
He raised his vizor. At the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted:
It was indeed her own true knight!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WILLIE BAIRD.

'S two and thirty summers since I came
To school the village lads of Inverburn.
My father was a shepherd old and poor,
Who dwelling 'mong the clouds on norland hills,
His tartan plaidie on, and by his side
His sheep-dog running, reddened with the winds
That whistle sadly south from polar seas.
I followed in his footsteps when a boy
And knew by heart the mountains round our home;
But when I went to Edinglass to learn
At college there, I looked about the place
And heard the murmur of the busy streets
Around me in a dream, and only saw
The clouds that snow around the mountain-tops,
The mists that chase the phantom of the moon
In lonely mountain-tarns, and heard the while,
Not footsteps sounding hollow to and fro,
But winds sough-soughing through the woods of pine.
Time passed, and day by day those sights and sounds
Grew fainter, till they troubled me no more.

Oh, Willie, Willie, are you sleeping sound?
And can you feel the stone that I have placed
Yonder above you? Are you dead, my doo,
Or did you see the shining Hand that parts
The clouds above and becks the bonnie birds
Until they wing away, and human eyes
That watch them till they vanish in the blue
Droop and grow tearful? Ay, I ken, I ken,
I'm talking folly, but I loved the child:
He was the bravest scholar in the school;
He came to teach the very dominie—
Me, with my lyart locks and sleepy heart.

Oh, well I mind the day his mother brought
Her tiny trembling tot with yellow hair—
Her tiny poor-clad tot six summers old—
And left him seated lonely on a form
Before my desk. He neither wept nor gloomed,
But waited silently with shoeless feet
Swinging above the floor, in wonder eyed
The maps upon the walls, the big blackboard,
The slates and books and copies, and my own
Gray hose and clumpy boots, last, fixing gaze
Upon a monster spider's web that filled
One corner of the whitewashed ceiling, watched
The speckled traitor jump and jink about
Till he forgot my unfamiliar eyes,
Weary and strange and old. "Come here, my bairn!"
And timid as a lamb he seedled up.
"What do they call ye?"—"Willie," cooed the wean,
Up-peeping slyly, scraping with his feet.
I put my hand upon his yellow hair
And cheered him kindly; then I bade him lift

The small black bell that stands behind the door
And ring the shouting laddies from their play:
"Run, Willie!" And he ran and eyed the bell,
Stooped o'er it, seemed afraid that it would bite,
Then grasped it firm, and as it jingled gave
A timid cry; next laughed to hear the sound,
And ran full merry to the door and rang
And rang and rang, while lights of music lit
His pallid cheek, till, shouting, panting hard,
In ran the big rough laddies from their play.

Then, rapping sharply on the desk, I drove
The laddies to their seats and beckoned up
The stranger, smiling bade him seat himself
And hearken to the rest. Two weary hours
Buzz-buzz, boom-boom, went on the noise of school,
While Willie sat and listened open-mouthed
Till school was over and the big and small
Flew home in flocks; but Willie stayed behind.
I beckoned to the mannock with a smile,
And took him on my knee and cracked and talked.

First he was timid, next grew bashful, next
He warmed and told me stories of his home—
His father, mother, sisters, brothers, all,
And how, when strong and big, he meant to buy
A gig to drive his father to the kirk,
And how he longed to be a dominie—
Such simple prattle as I plainly see
You smile at; but to little children God
Has given wisdom and mysterious power
Which beat the mathematics. *Quærere Verum in sylvis Academi*, sir,
Is meet for men who can afford to dwell
For ever in a garden, reading books
Of morals and the logic. Good and well!
Give me such tiny truths as only bloom
Like red-tipt gowans at the hallanstone,
Or kindle softly, flashing bright at times,
In fuffing cottage fires.

The laddie still
Was seated on my knee when at the door
We heard a scrape-scrape-scraping. Willie pricked
His ears and listened, then he clapt his hands:
"Hey! Donald, Donald, Donald!" (See! the rogue
Looks up and blinks his eyes: he knows his name.)
"Hey, Donald, Donald!" Willie cried. At that
I saw beneath me, at the door, a dog—
The very collie dozing at your feet,
His nose between his paws, his eyes half closed.
At sight of Willie, with a joyful bark
He leapt and gambolled, eying me the while
In queer suspicion; and the mannock peeped
Into my face while patting Donald's back:
"It's Donald. He has come to take me home."

An old man's tale—a tale for men gray-haired
Who wear through second childhood to the grave:
I'll hasten on. Thenceforward Willie came
Daily to school, and daily to the door

Came Donald trotting, and they homeward went
Together, Willie walking slow but sure
And Donald trotting sagely by his side.
(Ay, Donald, he is dead. Be still, old man!)

What link existed, human or divine,
Between the tiny tot six summers old
And yonder life of mine upon the hills
Among the mists and storms? 'Tis strange, 'tis strange!
But when I looked on Willie's face, it seemed
That I had known it in some beauteous life
That I had left behind me in the North.
This fancy grew and grew, till oft I sat,
The buzzing school around me, and would seem
To be among the mists, the tracks of rain,
Nearing the hueless silence of the snow.
Slowly and surely I began to feel
That I was all alone in all the world,
And that my mother and my father slept
Far, far away in some forgotten kirk
Remembered but in dreams. Alone at nights
I read my Bible more and Euclid less;
For, mind you, like my betters, I had been
Half scoffer, half believer; on the whole,
I thought the life beyond a useless dream
Best left alone, and shut my eyes to themes
That puzzled mathematics. But at last,
When Willie Baird and I grew friends and thoughts
Came to me from beyond my father's grave,
I found 'twas pleasant late at e'en to read
My Bible—haply, only just to pick
Some easy chapter for my pet to learn;
Yet night by night my soul was guided on
Like a blind man some angel hand convoys.

I cannot frame in speech the thoughts that filled
This gray old brow, the feelings dim and warm
That soothed the throbbings of this weary heart;
But when I placed my hand on Willie's head,
Warm sunshine tingled from the yellow hair
Through trembling fingers to my blood within;
And when I looked in Willie's stainless eyes,
I saw the empty ether floating gray
O'er shadowy mountains murmuring low with winds;
And often when, in his old-fashioned way,
He questioned me, I seemed to hear a voice
From far away that mingled with the cries
Haunting the regions where the round red sun
Is all alone with God among the snow.

Who made the stars? and if within his hand
He caught and held one, would his fingers burn?
If I, the gray-haired dominie, was dug
From out a cabbage-garden such as he
Was found in; if, when bigger, he would wear
Gray homespun hose and clumsy boots like mine
And have a house to dwell in all alone,—
Thus would he question, seated on my knee,
While Donald (wheesht, old man!) stretched lyart limbs
Under my chair, contented. Open-mouthed
He hearkened to the tales I loved to tell
About Sir William Wallace and the Bruce,
And the sweet lady on the Scottish throne
Whose crown was colder than a band of ice,

Yet seemed a sunny crown whene'er she smiled;
With many tales of genii, giants, dwarfs,
And little folk that play at jing-a-ring
On beds of harebells 'neath the silver moon;
Stories and rhymes and songs of Wonderland—
How Tammas Ercildoune in Elfland dwelt,
How Galloway's mermaid combed her golden hair,
How Tammas Thumb stuck in the spider's web
And fought and fought, a needle for his sword,
Dyeing his weapon in the crimson blood
Of the foul traitor with the poisoned fangs.

And when we read the Holy Book, the child
Would think and think o'er parts he loved the best—
The draught of fish, the Child that sat so wise
In the great temple, Herod's cruel law
To slay the weans, or, oftenest of all,
The crucifixion of the good kind Man
Who loved the weans and was a wean himself.
He speired of death: and were the sleepers cold
Down in the dark wet earth? and was it God
That put the grass and flowers in the kirkyard?
What kind of dwelling-place was heaven above?
And was it full of flowers? and were there schools
And dominies there? and was it far away?
Then, with a look that made your eyes grow dim,
Clasping his wee white hands round Donald's neck,
"Do doggies gang to heaven?" he would ask;
"Would Donald gang?" and keeked in Donald's face,
While Donald blinked with meditative gaze,
As if he knew full brawly what we said
And pondered o'er it, wiser far than we.
But how I answered, how explained these themes,
I know not. Oft I could not speak at all.
Yet every question made me think of things
Forgotten, puzzled so, and when I strove
To reason puzzled me so much the more,
That, flinging logic to the winds, I went
Straight onward to the mark in Willie's way,
Took most for granted, laid down premises
Of faith, imagined, gave my wit the reins,
And oft on nights at e'en, to my surprise,
Felt palpably an angel's glowing face
Glimmering down upon me, while mine eyes
Dimmed their old orbs with tears that came unbid
To bear the glory of the light they saw.

So summer passed. Yon chestnut at the door
Scattered its burnished leaves and made a sound
Of wind among its branches. Every day
Came Willie, seldom going home again
Till near the sunset; wet or dry he came,
Oft in the rainy weather carrying
A big umbrella, under which he walked,
A little fairy in a parachute,
Blown hither, thither, at the wind's wild will.
Pleased was my heart to see his pallid cheeks
Were gathering rosy-posies—that his eyes

Were softer and less sad. Then, with a gust,
Old Winter tumbled shrieking from the hills,
His white hair blowing in the wind.

The house
Where Willie's mother lives is scarce a mile
From yonder hallan if you take a cut
Before you reach the village, crossing o'er
Green meadows till you reach the road again,
But he who thither goes along the road
Loses a reaper's mile. The summer long
Wee Willie came and went across the fields;
He loved the smell of flowers and grass, the sight
Of cows and sheep, the changing stalks of wheat,
And he was weak and small. When winter came,
Still, caring not a straw for wind or rain,
Came Willie and the collie, till by night
Down fell the snow and fell three nights and days,
Then ceased. The ground was white and ankle-deep;
The window of the school was threaded o'er
With flowers of hueless ice; Frost's unseen hands
Pricked you from head to foot with tinging heat;
The shouting urchins yonder on the green
Played snowballs. In the school a cheery fire
Was kindled every day, and every day
When Willie came he had the warmest seat,
And every day old Donald, punctual, came
To join us, after labor, in the lowe.

Three days and nights the snow had mistily fallen;
It lay long miles along the country-side,
White, awful, silent. In the keen cold air
There was a hush, a sleepless silentness,
And 'mid it all, upraising eyes, you felt
God's breath upon your face, and in your blood,
Though you were cold to touch, was flaming fire
Such as within the bowels of the earth
Burnt at the bones of ice and wreathed them round
With grass ungrown.

One day in school I saw,
Through threaded window-panes, soft, snowy flakes
Swim with unquiet motion, mistily, slowly,
At intervals; but when the boys were gone
And in ran Donald with a dripping nose,
The air was clear and gray as glass. An hour
Sat Willie, Donald and myself around
The murmuring fire, and then with tender hand
I wrapped a comforter round Willie's throat,
Buttoned his coat around him close and warm,
And off he ran with Donald, happy-eyed
And merry, leaving fairy prints of feet
Behind him on the snow. I watched them fade
Round the white curve, and, turning with a sigh,
Came in to sort the room and smoke a pipe
Before the fire. Here, dreamingly and alone,
I sat and smoked, and in the fire saw clear
The norland mountains, white and cold with snow
That crumbled silently and moved and changed,

When suddenly the air grew sick and dark
And from the distance came a hollow sound—
A murmur like the moan of far-off seas.

I started to my feet, looked out, and knew
The winter wind was whistling from the clouds
To lash the snow-clothed plain, and to myself
I prophesied a storm before the night.
Then, with an icy pain, an eldritch gleam,
I thought of Willie, but I cheered my heart:
"He's home and with his mother long ere this."
While thus I stood the hollow murmur grew
Deeper, the wold grew darker and the snow
Rushed downward, whirling in a shadowy mist.
I walked to yonder door and opened it.
Whirr! the wind swung it from me with a clang,
And in upon me with an iron-like crash
Swooped in the drift. With pinched sharp face I gazed
Out on the storm. Dark, dark was all. A mist—
A blinding, whirling mist—of chilly snow,
The falling and the driven, for the wind
Swept round and round in clouds upon the earth
And birmed the deathly drift aloft with moans
Till all was swooning darkness. Far above
A voice was shrieking like a human cry.

I closed the door and turned me to the fire
With something on my heart—a load, a sense
Of an impending pain. Down the broad lum
Came melting flakes that hissed upon the coal;
Under my eyelids blew the blinding smoke,
And for a time I sat like one bewitched,
Still as a stone. The lonely room grew dark,
The flickering fire threw phantoms of the snow
Along the floor and on the walls around;
The melancholy ticking of the clock
Was like the beating of my heart. But hush!
Above the moaning of the wind I heard
A sudden scraping at the door; my heart
Stood still and listened; and with that there rose
An awsome howl shrill as a dying screech,
And scrape-scrape-scrape, the sound beyond the door.
I could not think—I could not breathe; a dark,
Awful foreboding gript me like a hand
As, opening the door, I gazed straight out,
Saw nothing, till I felt against my knees
Something that moved and heard a moaning sound;
Then, panting, moaning, o'er the threshold leapt
Donald, the dog, alone and white with snow.

Down, Donald! Down, old man!—Sir, look at him.
I swear he knows the meaning of my words,
And, though he cannot speak, his heart is full.
See now! see now! he puts his cold black nose

Into my palm and whines. He knows, he knows!
Would speak, and cannot, but he minds that night.

The terror of my heart seemed choking me:
Dumbly I stared and wildly at the dog,
Who gazed into my face and whined and moaned,
Leaped at the door, then touched me with his paws,
And lastly gript my coat between his teeth
And pulled and pulled—whiles growling, whining whiles—
Till, fairly maddened, in bewildered fear,
I let him drag me through the banging door
Out in the whirling storm. Bareheaded, wild,
The wind and snowdrift beating on my face
Blowing me hither, thither, with the dog
I dashed along the road. What followed seemed
An eerie, eerie dream—a world of snow,
A sky of wind, a whirling, howling mist
Which swam around with hundred sickly eyes,
And Donald dragging, dragging, beaten, bruised,
Leading me on to something that I feared—
An awful something, and I knew not what.
On, on, and farther on, and still the snow
Whirling, the tempest moaning! Then I mind
Of groping, groping in the shadowy light,
And Donald by me burrowing with his nose
And whining; next a darkness blank and deep.
But then I mind of tearing through the storm,
Stumbling and tripping, blind and deaf and dumb,
And holding to my heart an icy load
I clutched with freezing fingers. Far away—
It seemed long miles on miles away—I saw
A yellow light; unto that light I tore,
And last remember opening a door
And falling, dazzled by a blinding gleam
Of human faces and a flaming fire,
And with a crash of voices in my ears
Fading away into a world of snow.

When I awakened to myself, I lay
In my own bed at home. I started up
As from an evil dream and looked around,
And to my side came one—a neighbor's wife,
Mother to two young lads I taught at school.
With hollow, hollow voice I questioned her,
And soon knew all—how a long night had passed
Since with a lifeless laddie in my arms
I stumbled, horror-stricken, swooning, wild,
Into a ploughman's cottage; at my side,
My coat between his teeth, a dog; and how,
Senseless and cold, I fell. Thence, when the storm
Had passed away, they bore me to my home.
I listened dumbly, catching at the sense;
But when the woman mentioned Willie's name
And I was 'feared to phrase the thought that rose,
She saw the question in my tearless eyes
And told me he was dead.

'Twould weary you
To tell the thoughts, the fancies and the dreams
That weighed upon me ere I rose in bed,
But little harmed, and sent the wife away—

Rose, slowly drest, took up my staff and went
To Willie's mother's cottage. As I walked,
Though all the air was calm and cold and still,
The blowing wind and dazzled snow were yet
Around about. I was bewildered-like.
Ere I had time to think I found myself
Beside a truckle-bed, and at my side
A weeping woman, and I clenched my hands
And looked on Willie, who had gone to sleep.

In death-gown white lay Willie fast asleep,
His blue eyes closed, his tiny fingers clenched,
His lips apart a wee as if he breathed,
His yellow hair kaimed back, and on his face
A smile, yet not a smile—a dim pale light
Such as the snow keeps in its own soft wings:
Ay, he had gone to sleep, and he was sound.
And by the bed lay Donald watching still,
And when I looked, he whined, but did not move.

I turned in silence with my nails stuck deep
In my clenched palms, but in my heart of hearts
I prayed to God. In Willie's mother's face
There was a cold and silent bitterness:
I saw it plain, but saw it in a dream,
And cared not; so I went my way as grim
As one who holds his breath to slay himself.
What followed that is vague as was the rest—
A winter day, a landscape hushed in snow,
A weary wind, a horrid whiteness borne
On a man's shoulder, shapes in black, o'er all
The solemn clanging of an iron bell,
And lastly me and Donald standing both
Beside a tiny mound of fresh-heaped earth,
And while around the snow began to fall,
Mistily, softly, through the icy air,
Looking at one another, dumb and cold.

And Willie's dead! that's all I comprehend.
Ay, bonnie Willie Baird has gone before;
The school, the tempest and the eerie pain
Seem but a dream, and I am weary-like.
I begged old Donald hard: they gave him me,
And we have lived together in this house
Long years with no companions. There's no need
Of speech between us. Here we dumbly bide,
But know each other's sorrow, and we both
Feel weary. When the nights are long and cold,
And snow is falling as it falleth now,
And wintry winds are moaning, here I dream
Of Willie and the unfamiliar life
I left behind me on the norland hills.
"Do doggies gang to heaven?" Willie asked,
And, ah! what Solomon of modern days
Can answer that? Yet here at nights I sit,
Reading the Book, with Donald at my side;
And, stooping with the Book upon my knee,
I sometimes gaze in Donald's patient eyes—
So sad, so human, though he cannot speak—
And think he knows that Willie is at peace
Far, far away beyond the norland hills,
Beyond the silence of the untrodden snow.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

WOLSEY. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened. Oh how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or woman have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?
CROM. I have no power to speak, sir.
WOL. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
CROM. How does Your Grace?
WOL. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me:
I humbly thank His Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor.
Oh, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
CROM. I am glad Your Grace has made that right use of it.
WOL. I hope, I have. I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
CROM. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
WOL. God bless him!
CROM. The next is that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
WOL. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in His Highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience, that his bones,

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When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em.
What more?

CROM. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed lord archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL. That's news indeed.

CROM. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel, and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

WOL. There was the weight that pulled me down. Oh, Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever;
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

CROM. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service, but my prayers,
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in—
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it,
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fallest, O Cromwell,
Thou fallest a blessed martyr. Serve the king;

And— Prythee, lead me in;
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe
And my integrity to Heaven is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick, led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

GRIF. How does Your Grace?

KATH. Oh, Griffith, sick to death;
My legs like loaden branches bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair.
So! Now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou leddest me,
That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

GRIF. Yes, madam, but I think Your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.

KATH. Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepped before me, happily,
For my example.

GRIF. Well, the voice goes, madam;
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

KATH. Alas, poor man!

GRIF. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honorably received him;
To whom he gave these words: "O father abbot,
An old man broken with the storms of state
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

KATH. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes—one that by suggestion
Tyed all the kingdom; simony was fair play,
His own opinion was his law; i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful;
His promises were, as he then was, mighty,

But his performance, as he is now, nothing,
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
GRIF. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please Your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?
KATH. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
GRIF. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And, though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford, one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him,
For then, and not till then, he felt himself
And found the blessedness of being little;
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
KATH. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him!
Patience; be near me still, and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHICH IS THE WIND?

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold?
The north wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The south-wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The east wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The west wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the west begins to blow.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

TEACHINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

FROM THE LATIN OF AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS.

LET a white stone of pure unsullied ray
Record, Macrinus, this thy natal day,
Which not for thee the less auspicious shines
That years revolve and closing life declines.
Haste, then, to celebrate this happy hour,
And large libations to thy genius pour.
With splendid gifts you ne'er will seek the shrine,
To tempt the power you worship as divine:
To venal nobles you consign the task
To wish in secret, and in secret ask;
Let them for this before the altar bow,
And breathe unheard the mercenary vow;
Let them for this upon the votive urn
Mute offerings make and midnight incense burn.
It ill might suit the selfish and the proud
Were the grand object of their lives avowed—
Were all the longings of their souls expressed.
No latent wish left lurking in the breast
When truth or virtue is the boon we seek,
We can distinctly ask and clearly speak;
But when the guilty soul throws off disguise,
Then whispered prayers and muttered vows arise:
"Oh, in his grave were my old uncle laid,
And at his tomb funereal honors paid!
Oh, Hercules, when next I rake the soil,
With a rich treasure recompense my toil!
Or might I, gods, to my young ward succeed,
Urge on his fate, nor Heaven condemn the deed."

To one plain question honestly reply:
What are your thoughts of him who rules the sky?
As all our judgments rest on what we know
And good is still comparative below,
Is there a man whom even as Jove you prize,
Like him believe beneficent and wise?
What! are you doubtful? Such may Staius be?
Who is the juster judge, or Jove or he?
But let me ask, To Staius did you say
One half of what you utter when you pray,
Would he not from you with abhorrence turn
And you and all your bribes indignant spurn?
But do you hope that Jove will lend an ear
To prayers which Staius would refuse to hear?
Do you believe that Heaven at you connived
Because its lightnings flew and you survived—
Because o'er you the thunder harmless broke,
While the red vengeance struck the blasted oak?
Do you conclude that you may mock your god
Because his mercy still hath spared the rod—

Because no silent grove's unhallowed gloom,
By mortals shunned, hath yet concealed your tomb,
Where, in last expiation of the dead,
The augur worshipped and the victim bled?
What are the bribes with which Jove's ear you win,
Excusing guilt and palliating sin?
Will prayer do this? Will vows your pardon gain
While entrails smoke and fatted lambs are slain?

You ask strong nerves, age that is fresh and hale.
'Tis well; go on. But how shall you prevail?
For were great Jove himself to give his nod,
Your feasts and revels would defeat the god.
You sigh for wealth, the frequent ox is slain,
And bribes are offered to the god of gain;
For flocks and herds to household gods you cry:
Why, then, you fool, do daily victims die?
Yet does this man the wearied gods assail,
And think by dint of offerings to prevail;
Now 'tis the field and now the fold which teems,
Hope rests on hope and schemes are built on schemes,
Until, at length, deserted and alone,
In the deep chest the last sad farthing groan.
If to you e'er a present richly wrought,
If silver cups and golden gifts, I brought,
Your eager hand would grasp at the decoy,
And your light heart would dance with hope and joy.
Hence to the shrine with splendid bribes you run,
In triumph carried, but by rapine won;
And now each brazen brother's power you know
In bringing fortune and averting woe.*
He who hath promised most is most revered,
And wears, in proof of skill, a golden beard.
Now gold hath banished Numa's simple vase,
And the plain brass of Saturn's frugal days;
Now do we see to precious goblets turn
The Tuscan pitcher and the vestal urn.

O grovelling souls which still to earth incline,
From mortal nature judging of divine,
Must man's corruption to the skies be spread
And godhead be by human passion led?
'Tis sense—gross sense—which clouds our mental sight
And wraps the soul of man in moral night.
This for mistaken grandeur bids us toil;
This steeps the cassia in the tainted oil;
This makes the fleece its native white forego,
With costly dyes and purple hues to glow;
This seeks the pearl upon the rocky shore
And strains the metal from the fusing ore;
This still by vice obtains its secret ends,
And this to earth the abject spirit bends;
But you, ye ministers of Heaven, declare
What gold avails in sacrifice and prayer:
Not more than dolls upon the altar laid,
To Venus offered by the full-grown maid.
Let me give that which wealth cannot bestow,
The pomp of riches nor the glare of show;
Let me give that which from their golden pot
Messala's proud and blear-eyed race could not.

* Supposed to be an allusion to some brazen statues which stood in the porch of Apollo's temple.

To the just gods let me present a mind
Which civil and religious duties bind,
A guileless heart which no dark secrets knows,
But with the generous love of virtue glows.
Such be the presents, such the gifts I make:
With them I sacrifice a wheaten cake.

Translation of SIR W. DRUMMOND.

ST. PIERRE TO FERRARDO.

[St. Pierre, having possessed himself of Ferrardo's dagger, compels him to sign a confession from his own lips of his villany.]

KNOW you me, duke? Know you the peasant-boy
Whom fifteen years ago, in evil hour,
You chanced to cross upon his native hills,
In whose quick eye you saw the subtle spirit
Which suited you, and tempted it? He took
Your hint and followed you to Mantua
Without his father's knowledge—his old father,
Who, thinking that he had a prop in him
Man could not rob him of, and Heaven would spare,
Blessed him one night ere he laid down to sleep,
And, wakening in the morning, found him gone.

[*Ferrardo tries to rise.*

Move not, or I shall move. You know me.
Oh yes! you trained me like a cavalier—
You did indeed! You gave me masters, duke,
And their instructions quickly I took up
As they did lay them down. I got the start
Of my contemporaries, not a youth
Of whom could read, write, speak, command a weapon
Or rule a horse with me. You gave me all—
All the equipments of a man of honor—
But you did find a use for me, and made
A slave, a profligate, a pander, of me.

[*Ferrardo rising.*

I charge you keep your seat!
Ten thousand ducats?
What, duke! Is such your offer? Give me, duke,
The eyes that looked upon my father's face,
The hands that helped my father to his wish,
The feet that flew to do my father's will,
The heart that bounded at my father's voice,
And say that Mantua were built of ducats
And I could be its duke at cost of these,
I would not give them for it. Mark me, duke!
I saw a new-made grave in Mantua
And on the headstone read my father's name:
To seek me, doubtless, hither he had come—
To seek the child that had deserted him—
And died here ere he found me.
Heaven can tell how far he wandered else!
Upon that grave I knelt an altered man,
And, rising thence, I fled from Mantua, nor had returned,
But tyrant Hunger drove me back again
To thee—to thee!—my body to relieve
At cost of my dear soul. I have done thy work:
Do mine, and sign me that confession straight;
I'm in thy power, and I'll have thee in mine.
There is the dial, and the sun shines on it,
The shadow on the very point of twelve.

My case is desperate; your signature
Of vital moment is unto my peace.
My eye is on the dial: pass the shadow
The point of noon the breadth of but a hair,
As can my eye discern, and, that unsigned,
The steel is in thy heart. I speak no more!

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

A WET DAY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF FRANCO SACCHETTI.

AS I walked, thinking, through a little grove
Some girls that gathered flowers kept passing me,
Saying, "Look here! look there!" delightedly.
"Oh, here it is!"—"What's that?"—"A lily, love."—
"And there are violets!"—
"Further for roses! Oh, the lovely pets,
The darling beauties! Oh, the nasty thorn!
Look here! my hand's all torn!"—
"What's that that jumps?"—"Oh, don't! it's a grasshopper!"—
"Come run, come run!
Here's bluebells!"—"Oh what fun!"—
"Not that way! Stop her!"—
"Yes, this way!"—"Pluck them, then!"—
"Oh, I've found mushrooms! Oh, look here!"—"Oh, I'm
Quite sure that farther on we'll get wild thyme."—

"Oh, we shall stay too long: it's going to rain!
There's lightning! oh, there's thunder!"—
"Oh, sha'n't we hear the vesper-bell, I wonder?"—
"Why, it's not nones, you silly little thing!
And don't you hear the nightingales that sing
'Fly away, O die away'?"—
"I feel so funny! Hush!"—
"Why, where? what is it, then?"—"Ah! in that bush!"
So every girl here knocks it, shakes and shocks it,
Till with the stir they make
Out skurries a great snake.
"O Lord! Oh me! Alack! Ah me! alack!"
They scream, and then all run and scream again,
And then in heavy drops down comes the rain.
Each running at the other in a fright,
Each trying to get before the other, and crying
And flying, stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right,
One sets her knee
There where her foot should be;
One has her hands and dress
All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;
And one gets trampled on by two or three.
What's gathered is let fall
About the wood and not picked up at all.
The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the ground,
And still as, screaming, hustling, without rest,
They run this way and that and round and round,
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.

I stood quite still to have a perfect view,
And never noticed till I got wet through.

Translation of D. G. ROSSETTI.

ALCANZOR AND ZAIDA.

FROM THE SPANISH.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure;
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro,
Stopping now, now moving forward,
Sometimes quick and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,
Oft he sighs with heartfelt care.
See, fond youth! to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain
When all silvery-bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove and plain;

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes
When, some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies;

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Steals, half seen, the beauteous maiden
Through the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
"Alla keep thee, lovely lady!
Tell me, am I doomed to die?

"Is it true, the dreadful story
Which thy damsel tells my page—
That, seduced by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

"An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along,
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

"If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not, then, from me the secret
Which the world so clearly knows."

Deeply sighed the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
"Ah, my lord, too true the story:
Here our tender loves must end.

"Our fond friendship is discovered,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury,
Storms of passion shake the house.

"Threats, reproaches, fears, surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart:
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

"Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why, then, did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

"Well thou knowst how dear I loved thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Though I feared my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

"Well thou knowst what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne—
What I've suffered here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

"I no longer may resist them;
All to force my hand combine,
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

"Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong:
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

"Farewell, then, my dear Alcanzor,
Farewell, too, my life with thee.
Take this scarf—a parting token;
When thou wearest it, think on me.

"Soon, loved youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth:
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth."

To him all-amazed, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart;
Deep he sighed, then cried, "Oh, Zaida,
Do not—do not break my heart.

"Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!
My curst rival too shall fall.

"Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
Oh, break forth, and fly to me:
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee;
These fond arms shall shelter thee."

"'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor:
Spies surround me, bars secure;
Scarce I steal this last dear moment
While my damsel keeps the door.

"Hark! I hear my father storming;
Hark! I hear my mother chide.
I must go. Farewell for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!"

Translation of THOMAS PERCY, D. D.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

ONE came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom;
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky with stars bedight
The jewelled robe around her,
And dazzling as the noontide light
The radiant zone that bound her;
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came. O'er her sweet face
A pensive shade was stealing,
Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
But the heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow, as snowdrop fair,
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre;
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one—
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it, then, be told!) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot
When one pert lady said,
"Oh, Landor, I am quite
Bewildered with affright:
I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head."

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round:
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WHAT! was it a dream? Am I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist! Ah! it was only the river's moan:
They have left me behind with the mangled slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!
We met, from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was all too dark to see his face,
But I heard his death-groans one by one,
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear
The words he said, for the cannons' roar,
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear:
O God! I had heard that voice before—

Had heard it before at our mother's knee
When we lisped the words of our evening prayer.
My brother, would I had died for thee!
This burden is more than my soul can bear.

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek
And begged him to show me, by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me: he could not speak,
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
And then for a while I forgot my pain,
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream, we stood alone
On a forest-path where the shadows fell,
And I heard again the tremulous tone
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years—long years—ago:
He wandered away to a foreign land;
And our dear old mother will never know
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

The soldiers who buried the dead away
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the judgment-day,
Heart folded to heart and face to face.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I WENT to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gate of this chapel was shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turned to the Garden of Love,
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

PUNISHMENT.

OH, if my love offended me
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be
I'd whip her with a feather.

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my pet a cross of pearl
And make her always bear it.

If still she tried to sulk and sigh
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly
And smother her with roses.

But should she clench her dimpled fists
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty golden fetters.

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arms her waist about
And punish her with kisses.

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

A TRAGIC STORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

"——'s war Einer, dem's zu Herzen gieng."

THERE lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore,
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found:
I'll turn me round." He turned him round,
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin.
In vain; it mattered not a pin:
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist and twirl and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

THE DECLARATION.

'TWAS late, and the gay company was gone,
And light lay soft on the deserted room
From alabaster vases, and a scent
Of orange-leaves and sweet verbena came
Through the unshuttered window on the air
And the rich pictures, with their dark old tints,
Hung like a twilight landscape, and all things
Seemed hushed into a slumber. Isabel—
The dark-eyed, spiritual Isabel—
Was leaning on her harp, and I had stayed
To whisper what I could not when the crowd
Hung on her look like worshippers. I knelt,
And with the fervor of a lip unused
To the cold breath of reason told my love.
There was no answer, and I took the hand
That rested on the strings, and pressed a kiss
Upon it unforbidden, and again
Besought her that this silent evidence
That I was not indifferent to her heart
Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
I kissed the small white fingers as I spoke,
And she withdrew them gently and upraised
Her forehead from its resting-place and looked
Earnestly on me. *She had been asleep!*

N. P. WILLIS.

ELOQUENCE SHOULD NOT SHIELD TREACHERY.

DEMOSTHENES' IMPEACHMENT OF ÆSCHINES.

ABOUT his voice it may be necessary to say something; for I hear that upon this also he very confidently relies, as if he can overpower you by his acting. I think, however, you would be committing a gross absurdity if, when he played the miseries of Thyestes and the men at Troy, you drove and hissed him off the boards and nearly stoned him to death, so that at last he desisted from his playing of third-rate parts, yet now that—not upon the stage, but in public and most important affairs of state—he has wrought infinity of evil, you should pay regard to him as a fine speaker. Heaven forbid! Do not you be guilty of any

folly, but consider: if you are making trial of a herald, you should see that he has a good voice, but if of an ambassador and undertaker of public duties, that he is honest, that he demeans himself with spirit as your representative, like a fellow-citizen toward you; as I (for example) had no respect for Philip, but respected the prisoners, delivered them and never flinched, whereas the defendant crouched before him and sang the pæans, but you he disregarded. Further, when you see eloquence or a fine voice or any other such accomplishment in a man of probity and honorable ambition, you should all rejoice at it and encourage its display, for it is a common advantage to you all; but when you see the like in a corrupt and base man who yields to every temptation of gain, you should discourage and hear him with enmity and aversion; as knavery, getting from you the reputation of power, is an engine against the state. You see what mighty troubles have fallen upon the state from what the defendant has got renown by. And other powers are tolerably independent, but that of speaking is crippled if you the hearers are unfavorable. Listen, then, to this man as to a venal knave who will not speak a syllable of truth.

Translation of CHARLES RANN KENNEDY.

ART IN ANTWERP.

IF commerce and wealth have departed from Antwerp, she inherits an imperishable glory in the fame of her art. The cradle of the Flemish school of painting, the home of Rubens, Vandyk and Teniers, Antwerp is still the repository of their choicest works, which attract visitors from all parts of Europe, who are, indeed, the chief support of the place. Its steamboats, its hotels, its innumerable commissioners and valets, all depend upon strangers for their employment.

The Descent from the Cross, the masterpiece of Rubens, hangs in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame, in which building are also preserved the Elevation of the Cross, the Assumption of the Virgin and the Resurrection, all by the same great master and marked by the boldness of conception and strength of coloring that characterized his genius. The Descent from the Cross involves in the position of the prominent figures some of the greatest difficulties of the art, which are admirably surmounted by the painter. The head hanging languidly on the shoulder and the sinking of the body on one side are the impersonation of the heaviness of death. But the Crucifixion, by Vandyk, preserved in the Museum, struck me most forcibly; I could not repress indignation, sorrow—even tears—as I gazed upon the image of the Crucified stooping meekly and yielding his bleeding back to the strokes of the scourge, while the blue marks of the thong verged into blackness and the dark blood trickled from the fearful wounds.

DR. J. P. DURBIN.

THE SAILOR-LOVER.

MY bark shall be our home;
The gale shall chant our bridal melodies;
The stars that light the angel-palaces
Of air, our lamps; our floor, the crystal deep
Studded with sapphires sparkling as we pass:
Our roof, all heaven. My beautiful, my own,
Never did sail more gladly glide to port
Than I to thee, my anchor in thy faith
And in thine eyes my haven!

E. L. BULWER.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

N the morning of the 8th of January, 1815, full six thousand expert sharpshooters, mostly from Tennessee under Coffee and Carroll, and from Kentucky under General Adair, lay behind Jackson's entrenchments almost wholly concealed from the enemy encamped on the plain that stretched away to the southward. Pakenham, who had twelve thousand effective men, had resolved to carry this line by storm, satisfied that his overwhelming numbers of regulars might easily crush the American militia gathered on both sides of the Mississippi. With about nine thousand troops he pressed forward for the purpose as soon as a heavy fog was dispersed, leaving the remainder as a reserve under General Lambert. An ominous silence prevailed along the American line until the enemy approached within a short cannon-range of Jackson's batteries. These were opened with terrible effect, cutting fearful lanes through the ranks of the British. Yet the invaders continued to advance steadily until they came within range of the American rifles, when volley after volley poured a deadly storm of lead upon the British. Whole platoons were mown down as with a scythe, but the gallant army continued to press forward until officer after officer was killed: and Pakenham himself fell, bleeding and dying, into the arms of the late Sir Duncan McDougall, his favorite aid, who performed a similar service for General Ross when he was mortally wounded, near Baltimore, a few months before. Very soon afterward the whole of the assailants broke and fled back across the plain of Chalmette in great confusion. Lambert, with the reserve, covered the retreat. On the west side of the Mississippi the assailants had also retreated. The slaughter and maiming before Jackson's lines had been fearful. The fugitives left seven hundred dead and fourteen hundred wounded on the field, and suffered a further loss by having five hundred of their companions made prisoners—a loss of twenty-six hundred. The Americans lost only eight killed and thirteen wounded. They were thoroughly protected by breastworks, while the invaders were exposed on an open plain. The bodies of the slain British officers were taken to Villere's plantation, where they were buried that night by torchlight, excepting those of Pakenham and three or four general officers, which were sent to England in casks of rum. The British troops under General Lambert stole noiselessly away on the night of the 19th across Lake Borgne in small transports and escaped to the fleet. They then besieged Fort Bowyer for two days, when Major Lawrence was compelled to surrender, and the victors were about to push on to Mobile, when they were arrested by tidings of peace. General Jackson, with the main body of his

army, entered New Orleans on the 21st of January, where the population, of all ages, greeted them as saviours.

Two days later that city was the theatre of an imposing spectacle at the front of the old cathedral in what is now Jackson Square. That day had been appointed by the apostolic prefect of Louisiana for the public offering, in the cathedral, of thanks to the Almighty for the great deliverance, and Jackson, with his staff, was to be in attendance. Preparations were made for the reception of the hero. In the public square was erected a triumphal arch supported by six Corinthian columns and festooned with evergreens and flowers. Beneath the arch stood two beautiful little girls, each upon a pedestal and holding in her hand a civic crown of laurel. Near them stood two damsels, one personifying Liberty; the other, Justice. From the arch to the cathedral, arranged in two rows, stood beautiful young maidens dressed in white, each covered with a blue gauze veil and having a silver star on her forehead. These personified the several States and Territories of the Union. Each carried a basket filled with flowers, and behind each was a lance stuck in the ground and bearing a shield with the name of the State she represented inscribed upon it.

Jackson and his staff passed on foot through the square between rows of soldiers, and as he stepped upon the slightly-raised platform of the arch the two little girls on the pedestals leaned gently forward and placed the laurel crown upon his head. At the same moment a charming Creole girl —Miss Kerr—as the representative of Louisiana, stepped forward and with great modesty in voice and manner spoke a few words to the honored chief, in which she expressed the profound gratitude of her people. To this address Jackson made a brief reply, and then passed on to the church with his pathway strewn with flowers. Therein he was seated near the great altar, and after the apostolic prefect delivered a patriotic discourse the *Te Deum Laudamus* was chanted by the choir and the people. When the ceremonies were ended, Jackson returned to the stern duties of a soldier.

The general was vigilant as well as brave, and he exercised martial law until official tidings of peace reached him. Martial and civil law clashed. An irate judge, whom the general had caused to be arrested and banished beyond the military jurisdiction, summoned Jackson before him to show cause why the general should not be punished for contempt of court. The hero obeyed. The court-room was crowded with citizens indignant at such treatment of the man who had saved their State from invasion and their city from plunder. The judge was alarmed in the presence of the public wrath.

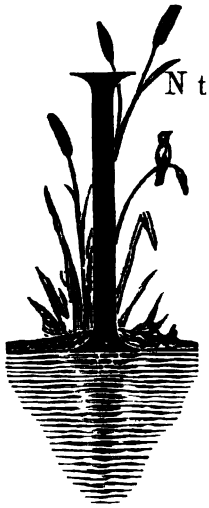
"Go on; I will protect you in your duty," said the brave general to the trembling judge.

The latter fined the hero a thousand dollars, for which amount the general drew a check before leaving the room. The populace bore him on their shoulders to a carriage in the street, and the citizens soon made up the amount of the fine and tendered it to Jackson. He ordered it to be distributed among the families of the soldiers who had fallen in the battle. Thirteen years afterward the people of the United States elected Andrew Jackson President of the republic.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE POET'S GUIDE TO THE INFERNO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE ALLIGHIERI.



IN the midway of this our mortal life
I found me in a gloomy wood astray,
Gone from the path direct; and e'en to tell
It were no easy task how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only my dismay
Renews in bitterness not far from death..
Yet, to discourse of what there good befell,
All else will I relate discovered there.

How first I entered it I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dulness in that instant weighed
My senses down when the true path I left;
But when a mountain's foot I reached, where closed
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,
I looked aloft and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.

Then was a little respite to the fear
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain
All of that night, so pitifully passed;
And as a man, with difficult short breath
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste and stands
At gaze, e'en so my spirit, that yet failed
Struggling with terror, turned to view the straits
That none hath passed and lived. My weary frame
After short pause recomforted, again
I journeyed on over that lonely steep,
The hinder foot still firmer. Scarce the ascent
Began, when, lo! a panther, nimble, light
And covered with a speckled skin, appeared,
Nor when it saw me vanished—rather strove
To check my onward going, that ofttimes
With purpose to retrace my steps I turned.

The hour was morning's prime, and on his way
Aloft the sun ascended with those stars
That with him rose when Love Divine first moved
Those its fair works; so that with joyous hope
All things conspired to fill me—the gay skin
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn
And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased,
And by new dread succeeded, when in view
A lion came, 'gainst me, as it appeared,
With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf
Was at his heels, who in her leanness seemed
Full of all wants, and many a land hath made

Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear
O'erwhelmed me, at the sight of her appalled,
That of the height all hope I lost. As one
Who with his gain elated sees the time
When all unwares is gone he inwardly
Mourns with heart-griping anguish, such was I,
Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
Who, coming o'er against me, by degrees
Impelled me where the sun in silence rests.

While to the lower space with backward step
I fell, my ken discerned the form of one
Whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech.
When him in that great desert I espied,
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
"Spirit or living man, whate'er thou be!"

He answered: "Now not man, man once I was,
And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was passed
Beneath the mild Augustus in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy
When the flames preyed on Ilium's haughty towers.
But thou—say wherefore to such perils past
Returnest thou? Wherefore not this pleasant mount
Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"—
"And art thou, then, that Virgil, that well-spring
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?" I with front abashed replied.
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train,
May it avail me that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conned it o'er, my master thou, and guide—
Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me. See the beast from whom I fled:
Oh, save me from her, thou illustrious sage,
For every vein and pulse throughout my frame
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw
That I was weeping, answered: "Thou must needs
Another way pursue if thou wouldst 'scape
From out that savage wilderness. This beast
At whom thou criest her way will suffer none
To pass, and no less hindrance makes than death,
So bad and so accursed in her kind
That never sated is her ravenous will,
Still after food more craving than before.
To many an animal in wedlock vile
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,
Until that greyhound come who shall destroy
Her with sharp pain. He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love,
Wisdom and virtue, and his land shall be
The land 'twixt either Feltro. In his might
Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,
For whose fair realm Camilla, virgin pure,
Nisus, Euryalus and Turnus fell.
He with incessant chase through every town

Shall worry, until he to hell at length
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.
I, for thy profit pondering, now devise
That thou mayst follow me, and I, thy guide,
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space
Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks and see
Spirits of old tormented, who invoke
A second death; and those next view who dwell
Content in fire for that they hope to come,
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
Into whose regions if thou then desire
To ascend, a spirit worthier than I
Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,
Thou shalt be left; for that almighty King
Who reigns above a rebel to his law
Adjudges me, and therefore hath decreed
That to his city none through me should come.
He in all parts hath sway, there rules, there holds
His citadel and throne. Oh, happy those
Whom there he chooses!" I to him in few:
"Bard, by that God whom thou didst not adore,
I do beseech thee—that this ill, and worse,
I may escape—to lead me where thou saidst
That I Saint Peter's gate may view, and those
Who, as thou tellest, are in such dismal plight."
Onward he moved; I close his steps pursued.

Now was the day departing and the air
Imbrowned with shadows, from their toils released
All animals on earth, and I alone
Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,
Both of sad pity and that perilous road
Which my unerring memory shall retrace.
O Muses, O high genius, now vouchsafe
Your aid! O mind that all I saw hast kept
Safe in a written record, here thy worth
And eminent endowments come to proof!

I thus began: "Bard, thou who art my guide,
Consider well if virtue be in me
Sufficient ere to this high enterprise
Thou trust me. Thou hast told that Silvius' sire,
Yet clothed in corruptible flesh, among
The immortal tribes had entrance, and was there
Sensibly present. Yet if heaven's great Lord,
Almighty foe to ill, such favor showed
In contemplation of the high effect,
Both what and who from him should issue forth,
It seems in reason's judgment well deserved.
Sith he of Rome and of Rome's empire wide
In heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire,
Both which, if truth be spoken, were ordained
And 'stablished for the holy place where sits
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.
He from this journey in thy song renowned
Learned things that to his victory gave rise
And to the papal robe. In after-times
The chosen vessel also travelled there
To bring us back assurance in that faith
Which is the entrance to salvation's way.
But I—why should I there presume? or who
Permits it? Not Æneas I, nor Paul,
Myself I deem not worthy, and none else
Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then

I venture, fear it will in folly end.
Thou, who art wise, better my meaning knowest
Than I can speak. As one who unresolves
What he hath late resolved, and with new thoughts
Changes his purpose, from his first intent
Removed—e'en such was I on that dun coast,
Wasting in thought my enterprise, at first
So eagerly embraced."—"If right thy words
I scan," replied that shade magnanimous,
"Thy soul is by vile fear assailed, which oft
So overcasts a man that he recoils
From noblest resolution like a beast
At some false semblance in the twilight gloom.
That from this terror thou mayst free thyself
I will instruct thee why I came, and what
I heard in that same instant when for thee
Grief touched me first. I was among the tribe
Who rest suspended, when a dame so blest
And lovely I besought her to command
Called me; her eyes were brighter than the star
Of day, and she with gentle voice and soft
Angelically tuned her speech addressed:
'O courteous shade of Mantua—thou whose fame
Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts—
A friend, not of my fortune, but myself,
On the wide desert in his road has met
Hindrance so great that he through fear has turned.
Now, much I dread lest he past help have strayed
And I be risen too late for his relief,
From what in heaven of him I heard. Speed now,
And by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,
And by all means for his deliverance meet,
Assist him. So to me will comfort spring.
I who now bid thee on this errand forth
Am Beatrice; from a place I come
Revisited with joy. Love brought me thence,
Who prompts my speech. When in my Master's sight
I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell.'

"She then was silent, and I thus began:
'O lady, by whose influence alone
Mankind excels whatever is contained
Within that heaven which hath the smallest orb,
So thy command delights me that to obey,
If it were done already, would seem late.
No need hast thou farther to speak thy will,
Yet tell the reason why thou art not loth
To leave that ample space, where to return
Thou burnest, for this centre here beneath.'

"She then: 'Since thou so deeply wouldst inquire,
I will instruct thee briefly why no dread
Hinders my entrance here. Those things alone
Are to be feared whence evil may proceed—
None else, for none are terrible beside.
I am so framed by God—thanks to his grace!—
That any sufferance of your misery
Touches me not, nor flame of that fierce fire
Assails me. In high heaven a blessed dame
Besides, who mourns with such effectual grief
That hindrance which I send thee to remove

That God's stern judgment to her will inclines,
To Lucia calling, her she thus bespake:
"Now doth thy faithful servant need thy aid,
And I commend him to thee." At her word
Sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe,
And, coming to the place where I abode
Seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,
She thus addressed me: "Thou true praise of God,
Beatrice, why is not thy succor lent
To him who so much loved thee as to leave
For thy sake all the multitude admires?
Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,
Nor mark the death which in the torrent flood
Swoln mightier than a sea him struggling holds?"
Ne'er among men did any with such speed
Haste to their profit, flee from their annoy,
As, when these words were spoken, I came here,
Down from my blessed seat, trusting the force
Of thy pure eloquence, which thee, and all
Who well have marked it, into honor brings.'

"When she had ended, her bright-beaming eyes
Tearful she turned aside, whereat I felt
Redoubled zeal to serve thee. As she willed,
Thus am I come: I saved thee from the beast
Who thy near way across the goodly mount
Prevented. What is this comes o'er thee, then?
Why, why dost thou hang back? why in thy breast
Harbor vile fear? why hast not courage there
And noble daring, since three maids so blest
Thy safety plan e'en in the court of heaven,
And so much certain good my words forebode?"

As florets by the frosty air of night
Bent down and closed, when day has blanched their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems,
So was my fainting vigor new-restored,
And to my heart such kindly courage ran
That I as one undaunted soon replied:
"Oh, full of pity she who undertook
My succor! and thou kind who didst perform
So soon her true behest! With such desire
Thou hast disposed me to renew my voyage
That my first purpose fully is resumed:
Lead on; one only will is in us both.
Thou art my guide, my master thou, and lord."

So spake I; and when he had onward moved,
I entered on the deep and woody way.

Translation of H. F. Cary.

THE TOO-EARLY-OPENING FLOWER.

From the Dutch of Jeremias de Decker.

NOT yet, frail flower, thy charms unclose;
Too soon thou venturest forth again,
For April has its winter rain
And tempest-clouds and nipping snows.
Too quickly thou uprearst thy head:
The northern wind may reach thee still,
And injure—nay, for ever kill—
Thy charming white and lovely red.

And thou perchance too late wilt sigh
  That at the first approach of spring
  Thou madst thy bud unfold its wing
And show its blush to every eye;
For March a faithless smile discloses.
  If thou wouldst bloom securely here,
  Let Phœbus first o'ertake the steer:
Thou'rt like the seaman who reposes
On one fair day, one favoring wind,
  Weighs anchor and the future braves,
  But sighs when on the ocean waves
For that calm port he leaves behind
As with an anxious eye he sees
  His shattered hull and shivered sail
  Borne at the mercy of the gale
Wherever winds and waters please,
And deems, as he is sinking fast
  The sands and brine and foam beneath,
  That every wave contains a death,
That every plunge will be his last.
Thou'rt like the courtier who, elate
  When greeted first by favor's ray,
  Begins to make a grand display;
But, ah! it is a fickle state.
A court is like a garden-shade:
  The courtiers and the flowers that rise
  Too suddenly 'neath changeful skies
Oft sink into the dust and fade.
In short, we all are like thy flower,
  And ever, both in weal and woe,
  With strange perverseness, we bestow
Our thoughts on time's swift-fleeting hour.
And 'tis the same with those who pine
  And deem that grief will never flee,
  And those who, bred in luxury,
Think the gay sun will always shine.
For every joy brings sorrow too,
  And even grief may herald mirth,
  And God has mingled life on earth
With bitterness and honey-dew.
Thus winter follows summer's bloom,
  And verdant summer winter's blight;
  Thus reign by turns the day and night:
Change is the universal doom.
Then, floweret, when thy charms have fled,
  All withered by a fate unkind,
  Call wisdom's proverb to thy mind:
"Soon green, soon gray; soon ripe, soon dead."

Translation of HARRY S. VAN DYK.

A HERMITAGE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined,
  I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while to shade my lowly cave
Embowering elms their umbrage wave,
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup unstained with wine,
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch—congenial guest—
The wren has wove her mossy nest:
From busy scenes and brighter skies
To lurk with innocence she flies,
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my 'customed round
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count
That trimly paints my blooming mount,
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve within yon studious nook
I ope my brass-embossèd book,
Portrayed with many a holy deed
Of martyrs crowned with heavenly meed,
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn,
And at the close the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropped with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away
To take my staff and amice gray,
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

THOMAS WARTON.

TILL WINTER DAYS ARE OVER.

THE heathery hills are covered with snow,
The flakes are floating, and falling slow,
The tame wee robin is cheeping low,
  Bare hedges give no cover;
The ice-pond chirps, the cold winds sweep;
I pity the poor little mountain-sheep;
So slumber, Baby, slumber and sleep
  Till winter days are over.

The bare trees creak, the woods deplore,
Long icicles hang the panes before;
I wonder what sound moves up to the door,
  Or who may be this rover?
Thou shivering snow-child, come to the heat:
I pity all poor little naked feet
That wander and tremble through snow and sleet
  Till winter days are over.

Now, Baby dearie, what think you
To clothe each poor cold foot in a shoe?
You need not crow, for yours will not do,
  My merry little lover;
Your one lost brother, my baby fair,
His shoes will never and never wear:
They'll be this little one's gladdening share
  Till winter days are over.

For swine are housed and kine are warm,
The dog by the fireside dreads no harm;
And, ah! to see Christ's child in the storm,
  A wanderer without cover!
'Tis sweet to have, but not all to keep,
And 'tis good sometimes to know to weep,
And I pity the heart that would slumber and sleep
  Till winter days are over.

DR. GEORGE SIGERSON.

AWAY FROM HOME.

SWIFTER far than swallow's flight
  Homeward o'er the twilight lea,
Swifter than the morning light
  Flashing o'er the pathless sea,
Dearest, in the lonely night
  Memory flies away to thee.
Stronger far than is desire,
  Firm as truth itself can be,
Deeper than earth's central fire,
  Boundless as the circling sea,
Yet as mute as broken lyre,
  Is my love, dear wife, for thee.
Sweeter far than miser's gain,
  Or than note of fame can be
Unto one who long in vain
  Treads the path of chivalry,
Are my dreams, in which again
  My fond arms encircle thee.

JAMES ALDRICH.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY was the son of Sir Henry Sydney of Penshurst, Kent. After receiving the best education which could be given at that date, upon leaving college he travelled in France, Germany and Italy. He came to be esteemed one of the most accomplished men of his day, and, being a statesman, a writer, a poet and a soldier, was regarded as one of the chief ornaments of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Possibly his grace as a courtier and favorite of the queen made him more highly regarded in his day as a poet than a dispassionate study of his poetry would seem to justify. Horace Walpole took special pains to depreciate Sydney's muse, but probably the opinions of Lord Orford circulate at a much smaller value in the present day than when he lived and wrote and affected to build. Certainly his criticism would not be accepted either to uphold or to pull down a literary fame.

In 1576 the queen despatched Sydney on a mission to the emperor Rudolph the object of which was to establish a league among the Protestant princes. When the duke of Anjou visited England, Sydney was conspicuous in the tournaments given in his honor. He accompanied the prince as far as Antwerp on his return to the Continent. When the Garter was conferred on the prince palatine, Sydney was selected to represent him by proxy at the installation, and was knighted by the queen on the occasion. In 1585 he and Sir Francis Drake projected an expedition against the Spaniards in South America, but Sydney was recalled from Plymouth, by the queen's special command, when upon the point of embarking. The crown of Poland was about to be offered to Sydney, when the queen again interposed, for fear (as Camden said) of losing "the jewel of her times." Sydney was made governor of Flushing and promoted to the command of the cavalry under his uncle, the earl of Leicester, general of the army sent into Holland to aid the Dutch against the Spaniards. On the 22d September, 1586, Sydney fell in with a convoy of the enemy, led by the marquis of Guisto, proceeding to the relief of Zutphen, over which his troops (though inferior in numbers) gained a signal victory, the marquis of Gonzaga being left on the field dead. The triumph, however, was dearly bought at the cost of Sydney's life. Having had one horse shot under him, he mounted another, and continued in the thick of the fight until a ball pierced his left thigh and inflicted a fatal wound. As he was being carried away from the field, exhausted with the loss of blood, he begged for a draught of water. On the water being lifted to his lips his eyes fell on a dying soldier looking eagerly at it. Sydney desired the water to be given to the soldier, saying, "This man's necessity is greater than mine." He lingered for a few

days, and died October 15. The body was brought over to England, and by the queen's command was buried with great state in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Sydney is described by writers of his time as the most accomplished man of his age. "Virtuous conduct, polite conversation, heroic valor and elegant erudition," says Hume, "all concurred to render him the ornament and delight of the English court; and, as the credit which he possessed with the queen and the earl of Leicester was wholly employed in the encouragement of genius and literature, his praises have been transmitted with advantage to posterity." Nothing that Sydney wrote was ever published in his lifetime. His chief poem is the "Arcadia"—or, as he called it, "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia"—and was dedicated to "Sydney's sister," the "fair, good and learned" countess whose fame was sung by Ben Jonson. The "Arcadia," published in 1590, was completed in 1593. His songs and sonnets, entitled *Astrophel and Stella*, appeared in 1591. In prose Sydney wrote his most celebrated work, *The Defence of Poesy*, published in 1595. Sydney's prose was the most flexible, harmonious and flowing that had as yet appeared in our language; and, notwithstanding the conceits into which it runs—characteristic of his age—it frequently rises into stateliness of expression and nobleness of feeling. J. C. M. BELLEW.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

BORN at Dublin in September, 1751, Sheridan was educated there, and afterward at Harrow. In his educational career he was looked upon as an "impenetrable dunce." He eloped with Miss Linley, an accomplished singer, and was secretly married to her in France, and again the ceremony was repeated by license on his return to England, in 1773. Between 1775 and 1779 he produced a series of sparkling comedies, of which the *School for Scandal* is best known, ranking as one of the finest wit-comedies in the language. His maiden-speech was delivered in the House on the 20th of November, 1780, when he was listened to with every mark of respect, but his appearance did not entirely satisfy his friends.

In February, 1783, Mr. Sheridan first came into direct contact with Mr. Pitt, who was then chancellor of the exchequer. Sheridan's Begum speech has always been famous as an extraordinary exhibition of eloquence. It was delivered in the House of Commons in 1787, in connection with the case of Warren Hastings. When the House of Commons resolved to impeach Warren Hastings, Sheridan was chosen as one of the managers. He was called upon to reproduce as far as possible his splendid oration of the preceding year.

Mr. Sheridan always lived and acted without any regular system for the government of his conduct, and for the last few years of his public life he seldom spoke in Parliament. He terminated his political career with a splendid proof of eloquence. This was in 1812, when the overtures for peace which had then recently been made by France were the subject of discussion.

Sheridan died in poverty and disgrace, deserted by all save one or two of his old friends, on Sunday, July 7, 1816, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

ROBERT COCHRANE.

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

THIS versatile writer was born in Cork, Ireland, in the month of November, 1830. After receiving an ordinary education there he went to Liverpool, where in 1853 he became connected with a newspaper. Later, repairing to London, he established himself as reporter of the House of Commons on the staff of the *Morning Star*. Appointed foreign editor of that paper in 1861, he so commended himself to the management that he was promoted to be editor-in-chief in 1864. He resigned this position in 1868 to travel in the United States. He remained in this country about three years, and visited thirty-five of the thirty-seven States of the Union. Besides many contributions of great freshness and value to the principal reviews and magazines, he wrote several novels, which are clever, but not remarkable. Among these are *A Fair Saxon*, *Lady Judith*, *Dear Lady Disdain* and *Miss Misanthrope*. He published a volume of essays entitled *Con Amore*, and one on *Prohibitory Legislation in the United States*, displaying the practical workings of the "liquor laws" in Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Iowa and other States. He is a radical, but at the same time a man of justice and judgment. Refusing at first to enter Parliament, he has since done so, and strengthened his party by his voice and vote. By far his greatest benefaction to his age is his *History of Our Own Time*, in which he records events not yet gathered for history, important to be known, but difficult to find. This work has had a very large circulation in England and America. For young people he has made an abridgment of it.

REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.

THIS noted clergyman was born at Campbeltown, Argyleshire, June 3, 1812. He studied at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and for some time acted as a private tutor. He was ordained pastor of the parish of Loudoun, Ayrshire, in 1838. He removed to Dalkeith in 1843, and to the Barony parish, Glasgow, in 1851. There he worked earnestly and unweariedly for the elevation of the people of his parish, taking a deep interest in both home and foreign missions. In 1854 he preached before the queen at Crathie. In 1860, at the request of Mr. Alexander Strahan, the well-known publisher, he undertook the editorship of *Good Words*, and some of his most popular works appeared in its pages. In 1867 he visited India as a deputation from the Church of Scotland, ostensibly to give a new impetus to mission work in India. On his return he delivered his memorable address on missions before the General Assembly. He died at his residence in Glasgow on Sunday, June 16, 1872, universally regretted by all classes of the community.

ROBERT COCHRANE.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

CHARLES DIBDIN was born at Southampton in 1745. His mother was in her fiftieth year, and he was her eighteenth child. He was educated at Winchester and intended for the Church, but his love of poetry and music was so marked that after studying a short time under the well-known Kent, organist of Winchester Cathedral, he was sent to London, and at sixteen produced an opera at Covent Garden Theatre called *The Shepherd's Artifice*. In 1778 he became musical

manager at Covent Garden, and in 1782 built the Surrey theatre. In 1789 he commenced those entertainments called "The Whim of the Moment," in which he introduced and performed his compositions. "Poor Jack" was one, and immediately established its author as a popular favorite. The charming ballad "Poor Tom Bowling" was written on the death of an elder brother, who was captain of an East Indiaman.

In 1796, Dibdin erected a theatre called the "Sans-Souci" in Leicester Square, but disposed of it in 1805 and withdrew into private life. He was never a provident man, and consequently had made little or no provision for declining years. His embarrassed circumstances being represented to the government, a pension of two hundred pounds per annum was granted. In 1813 he was attacked by paralysis, and finally sunk to rest in July, 1814.

As a ballad-writer and as a composer of sea-songs Dibdin has made himself a name which will last as long as English poetry is read; his fluency in composition was so great that he has left us nearly nine hundred. No man better knew how to please the popular taste.

J. C. M. BELLEW.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE gifted author of *The Christian Year*—known and read by all who speak the English tongue—was the son of a clergyman, the vicar of Coln St. Aldwyn, and was born at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, England, on St. Mark's day, April 25, 1792. He was educated at home, and was so thoroughly well taught that he was graduated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, with double first class honors, in 1810. In 1811 he gained an Oriel fellowship and received prizes for both a Latin and an English essay. He received deacon's orders in 1815, and was advanced to the priesthood the next year. He remained at Oxford, first as public examiner, and then as a tutor, from 1818 to 1823. During all these years, and until 1827, he had been composing, little by little, the beautiful poems which in the latter year were published in two small volumes entitled *The Christian Year*, containing a set of verses, in different metres, for every Sunday and holy day of the Church's calendar. The work, which supplied a real want in the most charming manner, became at once extremely popular. Poetical, harmonious, mystical and devout, it inculcates reverence, trust in God, home virtues and unsordid friendship. It finds its best illustrations in the experience of all, and leads devotion like simple household prayers. "Morning" and "Evening" have no rivals in the expression of sweet and simple piety. The success of *The Christian Year* caused his election, in 1831, to the professorship of poetry at Oxford, in which he succeeded Dean Milman, and which he held for ten years. The great *Tractarian*, or Anglo-Catholic, movement, which many high churchmen had been excogitating in secret, is said to have had its first manifestation in the university sermon of Keble on "national apostasy" delivered on the 14th of July, 1833. Of the *Tracts for the Times*, which stirred Protestant England to its depths, Keble wrote but four; they came to a violent end with "No. 90," written by John Henry Newman, who not long after went over to the Catholic Church.

In 1836, Keble became vicar of Hursley, where he remained during his life. His principal later works—very much less known than his *Christian Year*—are *Prælectiones Academicæ* (1844), *Lyra Innocentum* (1847), some volumes of simple *Parish Sermons*, and a *Life of Bishop Wilson* (1863). He died at Bournemouth on the 29th of March, 1866.

Keble College, at Oxford, inaugurated in 1870, is a living memorial of the pious poet founded and endowed by his friends and admirers; the memoir of his life was written in 1869 by his friend and fellow-scholar at Corpus Christi, Sir John T. Coleridge.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

FROM THE GREEK OF ST. LUKE.

A CERTAIN man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him. But when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight. I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and bring the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and make merry; for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry. Now, his elder son was in the field, and as he came and drew nigh to the house he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf because he hath received him safe and sound. But he was angry, and would not go in; and his father came out and entreated him. But he answered and said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine, and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends; but when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found.

REVISED TRANSLATION.

A CHINESE MILLENNIUM.*

FROM THE CHINESE CLASSICS.

YEN HWUY, by designation Tsze-yuen, was a native of Loo, the favorite of his master, Confucius, whose junior he was by thirty years, and whose disciple he became when he was quite a youth.

"After I got Hwuy," Confucius remarked, "the disciples came closer to me."

We are told that once, when he found himself on the Nung hill with Hwuy, Tsze-loo and Tsze-kung, Confucius asked them to tell him their different aims and he would choose between them.

Tsze-loo began; and when he had done, the master said,

"It marks your bravery."

Tsze-kung followed, on whose words the judgment was,

"They show your discriminating eloquence."

At last came Yen Yuen, who said,

"I should like to find an intelligent king and sage ruler whom I might assist. I would diffuse among the people instructions on the five great points, and lead them on by the rules of propriety and music, so that they should not care to fortify their cities by walls and moats, but would fuse their swords and spears into implements of agriculture. They should send forth their flocks without fear into the plains and forests. There should be no sunderings of families, no widows or widowers. For a thousand years there would be no calamity of war. Yew would have no opportunity to display his bravery, or Ts'ze to display his oratory."

The master pronounced,

"How admirable is this virtue!"

When Hwuy was twenty-nine, his hair was all white, and in three years more he died. He was sacrificed to, along with Confucius, by the first emperor of the Han dynasty. The title which he now has in the sacrificial canon—"Continuator of the Sage"—was conferred in the ninth year of the emperor, or, to speak more correctly, of the period, Kea-tsing, A. D. 1530.

Translation of JAMES LEGGE, D. D.

*Yen Hwuy, the favorite disciple of Confucius, was born about 521 B. C. His idea as to how he could bring about a millennium is remarkable, but, considering mankind at that age especially, Utopian.

SELECTION FROM THE PHILOSOPHER SEUN.

FROM THE CHINESE CLASSICS.

SEUN flourished about 270 B. C. He was an able reasoner, and taught that the nature of man is evil and that all propriety and righteousness, laws and regulations, are the artificial product of the sages.

MAN'S NATURE IS EVIL.

Mencius said, "Man has only to learn, and his nature becomes good," but I reply, It is not so. To say so shows that he had not attained to the knowledge of man's nature, nor examined into the difference between what is natural in man and what is factitious. The natural is what the constitution spontaneously moves to; it needs not to be learned, it needs not to be followed hard after. Propriety and righteousness are what the sages have given birth to. It is by learning that men become capable of them; it is by hard practice that they achieve them. That which

is in man, not needing to be learned and striven after, is what I call natural; that in man which is attained to by learning and achieved by hard striving is what I call factitious. This is the distinction between those two. By the nature of man the eyes are capable of seeing and the ears are capable of hearing, but the power of seeing is inseparable from the eyes and the power of hearing is inseparable from the ears. It is plain that the faculties of seeing and hearing do not need to be learned. Mencius says, "The nature of man is good, but all lose and ruin their nature, and therefore it becomes bad;" but I say that this representation is erroneous. Man being born with his nature, when he thereafter departs from its simple constituent elements he must lose it. From this consideration we may see clearly that man's nature is evil. What might be called the nature's being good would be if there were no departing from its simplicity to beautify it, no departing from its elementary dispositions to sharpen it. Suppose that those simple elements no more needed beautifying, and the mind's thoughts no more needed to be turned to good, than the power of vision, which is inseparable from the eyes, and the power of hearing, which is inseparable from the ears, need to be learned, then we might say that the nature is good, just as we say that the eyes see and the ears hear. It is the nature of man, when hungry, to desire to be filled; when cold, to desire to be warmed; when tired, to desire rest: these are the feelings and nature of man. But now a man is hungry, and in the presence of an elder he does not dare to eat before him: he is yielding to that elder. He is tired with labor, and he does not dare to ask for rest: he is working for some one. A son's yielding to his father and a younger brother to his elder, a son's laboring for his father and a younger brother for his elder,—these two instances of conduct are contrary to the nature and against the feelings, but they are according to the course laid down for a filial son and the refined distinctions of propriety and righteousness. It appears that if there were an accordance with the feelings and the nature there would be no self-denial and yielding to others. Self-denial and yielding to others are contrary to the feelings and the nature. In this way we come to see how clear it is that the nature of man is evil; the good which it shows is factitious.

An inquirer will ask, "If man's nature be evil, whence do propriety and righteousness arise?" I reply, All propriety and righteousness are the artificial production of the sages, and are not to be considered as growing out of the nature of man. It is just as when a potter makes a vessel from the clay: the vessel is the product of the workman's art, and is not to be considered as growing out of his nature. Or it is as when another workman cuts and hews a vessel out of wood: it is the product of his art, and is not to be considered as growing out of his nature. The sages pondered long in thought and gave themselves to practice, and so they succeeded in producing propriety and righteousness and setting up laws and regulations. Thus it is that propriety and righteousness, laws and regulations, are the artificial product of the sages, and are not to be considered as growing properly from the nature of man.

Translation of JAMES LEGGE.

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The Convert.

THE CONVERT.

IN Corbet's picture, of which we give an engraving, is presented a new illustration of death-bed repentance—always so difficult to trust and to establish. But yesterday and the vulpine instinct was his only religion, and a tender lamb the acceptable sacrifice to the cunning of his genius. Who could get the better of old Reynard? In all periods and in all languages, from Æsop to La Fontaine, his name was the synonym for astuteness and wily achievement; and even when, once, he lost his tail, he persuaded his fellow-quadrupeds that to wear a caudal appendage was vulgar. Perhaps the reader will recur to the true and typical stories of Uncle Remus, and wonder that in these latter days "Brer" Rabbit has changed places with "Brer" Fox in the domain of cunning and tricks him to his heart's content. This is but a stratagem of wit, of the nature of a burlesque, and in accordance with the law of reprisals. There is a piquancy in making the silly and timid hare exchange characters with the incarnation of animal cunning.

In the picture poor Reynard may well be pitied by his worst enemy. The sheep, who see him coming, take no note, indeed, of his lolling tongue, his shrunken flanks, his drooping tail. The guardian mother and her lamb, who have been left in rear by the rest, with Horace's "murrain on the hindmost," do not observe how his airy gallop has declined into a dragging trot as he labors across the brook on the fallen tree; but he hears in increasing volume of sound, nearer and nearer, the blare of the horns and the yelping of the hounds who are "running him to earth." He feels his rapidly-failing strength; he even sees the carrion-crow hovering over him and anticipating the banquet of his flesh. Do his sins crowd upon his memory, as the artist would wish us to believe? Does he declare to himself that if a miracle should compass his salvation he would never eat a lamb or rob a henroost as long as he should live—that he would found a monastery for foxes and repent in sackcloth and ashes?

The moral at least remains for men, and has been cleverly rendered in a distich:

> "When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
> When the Devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

THE CAPTIVE.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught, and, though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty—thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship—whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can

spot thy snowy mantle or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres —if it seem good unto thy divine providence —upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery, but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had he lifted up a hopeless eye toward the door, then cast it down, shook his head and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh; I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears: I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

LAURENCE STERNE.

THE VANITY OF EARTHLY THINGS.

(WRITTEN ABOUT 1505.)

THIS wavering warld's wretchedness,
The failing and fruitless business,
The misspent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ane pain.

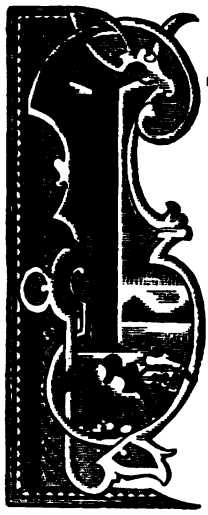
The sliding joy, the gladness short,
The feignèd love, the false comfòrt,
The sweir abade, the slightful train,
For to consider is ane pain.

The suggared mouths, with minds therefra,
The figured speech, with faces tway,
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain,
For to consider is ane pain.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

PAULINE MARCH.

SELECTED FROM "CALLED BACK."



IT is spring—the beautiful spring of Northern Italy. My friend Kenyon and I are lounging about in the rectangular city of Turin, as happy and idle a pair of comrades as may anywhere be met with. We have been here a week—long enough to do all the sight-seeing demanded by duty. After lingering at our hotel some hazy destination prompts us to cross the great square, past the frowning old castle, leads us up the Via di Seminario, and we find ourselves for the twentieth time in front of San Giovanni. I stop with my head in the air admiring what architectural beauties its marble front can boast, and as I am trying to discover them am surprised to hear Kenyon announce his intention of entering the building.

"But we have vowed a vow," I said, "that the interior of churches, picture-galleries and other tourist-traps shall know us no more."

"What makes the best men break their vows?"

"Lots of things, I suppose."

"But one thing in particular. Whilst you are staring up at pinnacles and buttresses and trying to look as if you knew architecture as well as Ruskin, the fairest of all sights, a beautiful woman, passes right under your nose."

"I understand. I absolve you."

"Thank you. She went into the church; I feel devotional, and will go too."

"But our cigars?"

"Chuck them to the beggars. Beware of miserly habits, Gilbert; they grow on one."

Knowing that Kenyon was not the man to abandon a choice Havana without a weighty reason, I did as he suggested, and followed him into the dim cool shades of San Giovanni.

No service was going on. The usual little parties of sightseers were walking about and looking much impressed as beauties they could not comprehend were being pointed out to them. Dotted about here and there were silent worshippers. Kenyon glanced round eagerly in quest of "the fairest of all sights," and after a while discovered her.

"Come this way," he said; "let us sit down and pretend to be devout. We can catch her profile here."

I placed myself next to him, and saw a few seats from us an old Italian woman kneeling and praying fervently, whilst in a chair at her side sat a girl of about twenty-two—a girl who might have belonged to almost any country. The eyebrows and cast-down lashes said that her eyes were dark, but the pure pale complexion, the delicate straight features, the thick brown hair, might under circumstances have been claimed by any nation, although, had I met her alone, I should have said she was Eng-

lish. She was well but plainly dressed, and her manner told me she was no stranger to the church. She did not look from side to side and up and down, after the way of a sightseer; she sat without moving until her companion had finished her prayers. So far as one could judge from her appearance, she was in church for no particular object, neither devotional nor critical. Probably she may have come to bear the old woman at her side company. This old woman, who had the appearance of a superior kind of servant, seemed, from the passionate appeals she was addressing to Heaven, to be in want of many things. I could see her thin lips working incessantly, and, although her words were inaudible, it was evident her petitions were heartspoken and sincere. But the girl by her side neither joined her in her prayers nor looked at her. Ever motionless as a statue, her eyes ever cast down, apparently wrapped in deep thought—and, I fancied, sad thought—she sat, showing us the while no more of her face than that perfect profile. Kenyon had certainly not overpraised her. Hers was a face which had a peculiar attractiveness for me, the utter repose of it not being the least of that charm. I was growing very anxious to see her full face, but, as I could not do so without positive rudeness, was compelled to wait until she might chance to turn her head.

Presently the old Italian woman appeared to think she had done her religious duty. Seeing she was preparing to cross herself, I rose and sauntered down the church toward the door. In a few minutes the girl and her companion passed me, and I was able to see her to better advantage as she waited whilst the old woman dipped her fingers in the holy water. She was undoubtedly beautiful, but there was something strange in her beauty. I made this discovery when for a moment her eyes met mine. Dark and glorious as those eyes were, there was a dreamy, far-away look in them—a look that seemed to pass over one and see what was behind the object gazed at. This look gave me a curious impression, but, as it was only for a second that my eyes met hers, I could scarcely say whether the impression was a pleasant or an unpleasant one.

The girl and her attendant lingered a few moments at the door; so that Kenyon and I passed out before them. By common consent we paused outside. The action may have been a rude one, but we were both anxious to see the departure of the girl whose appearance had so greatly interested us. As we came through the door of the church I noticed a man standing near the steps—a middle-aged man of gentlemanly appearance. He was rather round-shouldered and wore spectacles. Had I felt any interest in determining his station in life, I should have adjudged him to one of the learned professions. There could be no mistake as to his nationality: he was Italian to the backbone. He was evidently waiting for some one; and when the girl, followed by the old woman, came out of San Giovanni, he stepped forward and accosted them.

The old woman gave a little sharp cry of surprise; she took his hand and kissed it. The girl stood apparently apathetic. It was evident that the gentleman's business lay with the old servant. He spoke a few words to her; then, drawing her aside, the two walked away to some distance, under the shadow of the church, and to all appear-

ance were talking earnestly and volubly, but ever and anon casting a look in the direction of the girl. As her companion left her she walked on a few paces, then paused and turned, as though waiting for the old woman. Now it was that we were able to see her perfect figure and erect carriage to full advantage. Being some little way off, we could look at her without committing an act of rudeness or indiscretion.

"She is beautiful," I said, more to myself than to Kenyon.

"Yes, she is, but not so beautiful as I thought. There is something wanting, yet it is impossible to say what it is. Is it animation or expression?"

"I can see nothing wanting," I said, so enthusiastically that Kenyon laughed aloud.

"Do English gentlemen stare at their own countrywomen and appraise them in public places like this, or is it a custom adopted for the benefit of Italians?"

This impudent question was asked by some one close to my side. We turned simultaneously, and saw a tall man of about thirty standing just behind us. His features were regular, but their effect was not a pleasant one. You felt at a glance that a sneering mouth was curtained by the heavy moustache, and that those dark eyes and eyebrows were apt to frown with sullen anger. At present the man's expression was that of haughty arrogance—a peculiarly galling expression, especially so, I find, when adopted by a foreigner toward an Englishman. That he was a foreigner it was easy to see, in spite of his perfectly-accented English.

A hot reply was upon my lips, but Kenyon, who was a young man of infinite resource and well able to say and do the right thing in the right place, was before me. He raised his hat and made a sweeping bow so exquisitely graduated that it was impossible to say where apology ended and mockery began.

"Signor," he said, "an Englishman travels through your fair land to see and praise all that is beautiful in nature and art. If our praise offends, we apologize."

The man scowled, hardly knowing whether my friend was in jest or in earnest.

"If we have done wrong, will the signor convey our apologies to the lady? His wife? or shall I say his daughter?"

As the man was young, the last question was sarcastic.

"She is neither," he rapped out.

Kenyon bowed:

"Ah! then a friend? Let me congratulate the signor, and also congratulate him on his proficiency in our language."

The man was growing puzzled, Kenyon spoke so pleasantly and naturally.

"I have spent many years in England," he said, shortly.

"'Many years'! I should scarcely have thought so, as the signor has not picked up that English peculiarity which is far more important than accent or idiom."

Kenyon paused and looked into the man's face so innocently and inquiringly that he fell into the trap.

"And pray what may that be?" he asked.

"To mind one's own business," said Kenyon, shortly and sharply, turning his back to the last speaker, as if the discussion was at an end.

The tall man's face flushed with rage. I kept my eye upon him, fearing he would

make an assault upon my friend, but he thought better of it. With a curse he turned on his heel, and the matter ended.

While this conversation was in progress the old Italian woman had left her learned-looking friend, and, having rejoined the young girl, the two went upon their way. Our ill-conditioned Italian, after his discomfiture, walked across to the man who had been talking to the old servant, and, taking his arm, went with him in another direction. They were soon out of sight.

Kenyon did not propose to follow the steps of the first couple, and I, even had I wished to do so, was ashamed to suggest such a thing. Still, I am afraid that a resolution as to visiting San Giovanni again tomorrow was forming in my mind.

But I saw her no more. How many times I went to that church I dare not say. Neither the fair girl nor her attendant crossed my path again whilst in Turin. We met our impertinent friend several times in the streets and were honored by a dark scowl which passed unnoticed, but of that sweet girl with the pale face and strange dark eyes we caught no glimpse.

It would be absurd to say I had fallen in love with a woman I had seen only for a few minutes, to whom I had never spoken, whose name and abode were unknown to me; but I must confess that, so far as looks went, I was more interested in this girl than in any one I had ever seen. Beautiful as she was, I could scarcely say why I felt this attraction or fascination. I had met many, many beautiful women, yet for the slender chance of seeing this one again I lingered on in Turin until Kenyon my good-tempered friend's patience was quite exhausted—until he declared that unless I quitted it at once he would go away alone. At last I gave in. Ten days had passed by without the chance encounter I was waiting for. We folded up our tents and started for fresh scenes.

From Turin we went southward—to Genoa, Florence, Rome and Naples, and other minor places; then we went across to Sicily, and at Palermo, according to arrangement, were received on board a yacht belonging to another friend. We had taken our journey easily, staying as long as it suited us in each town we visited; so that by the time the yacht had finished her cruise and borne us back to England the summer was nearly over.

Many and many a time since leaving Turin I had thought of the girl I had seen at San Giovanni—thought of her so often that I laughed at myself for my folly. Until now I had never carried in my mind for so long a period the remembrance of a woman's face. There must for me have been something strangely bewitching in her style of beauty. I recalled every feature; I could, had I been an artist, have painted her portrait from memory. Laugh at my folly as I would, I could not conceal from myself that, short as the time was during which I had seen her, the impression made upon me was growing stronger each day, instead of fainter. I blamed myself for leaving Turin before I had met her again, even if for that purpose it had been necessary to linger there for months. My feeling was that by quitting the place I had lost a chance which comes to a man but once in a lifetime.

Kenyon and I parted in London. He was going to Scotland after grouse; I had

not yet quite settled my autumn plans, so resolved to stay—at any rate, for a few days—in town.

Was it chance or was it fate? The first morning after my arrival in London business led me to Regent street. I was walking slowly down the broad thoroughfare, but my thoughts were far away. I was trying to argue away an insane longing which was in my mind—a longing to return at once to Turin. I was thinking of the dim church and the fair young face I saw three months ago. Then as in my mind's eye I saw that girl and her old attendant in church; I looked up, and here, in the heart of London, they stood before me.

Amazed as I was, no thought of being mistaken entered my head. Unless it was a dream or an illusion, there came the one I had been thinking of so often, walking toward me with the old woman at her side. They might have just stepped out of San Giovanni. There was a little change in the appearance of the old woman: she was dressed more like an English servant; but the girl was the same. Beautiful, more beautiful than ever, I thought as my heart gave a great leap. They passed me; I turned impulsively and followed them with my eyes.

Yes, it was my fate. Now I had found her in this unexpected manner, I would take care not to lose sight of her again. I attempted to disguise my feelings no longer. The emotion which had thrilled me as I stood once more face to face with her told me the truth. I was in love—deeply in love. Twice—only twice—I had seen her, but that was enough to convince me that if my lot was ever linked with another's it must be with this woman's, whose name, home or country I knew not.

There was only one thing I could now do: I must follow the two women; so, for the next hour or more, wherever they went, at a respectful distance I followed. I waited whilst they entered one or two shops, and when their walk was resumed discreetly dogged their steps. I kept so far in the rear that my pursuit was bound to be unnoticed and could cause no annoyance. They soon turned out of Regent street and walked on until they came to one of those many rows of houses in Maida Vale. I marked the house they entered, and as I passed by it, a few minutes afterward, saw in the front window the girl arranging a few flowers in a vase. It was evident I had ascertained her abode.

It was Fate. I was in love and could only act as my passion impelled me. I must find out all about this unknown; I must make her acquaintance, and so obtain the right of looking into those strange but beautiful eyes; I must hear her speak. I laughed again at the absurdity of being in love with a woman whose voice I had never heard, whose native language was a matter of uncertainty. But then Love is full of absurdities. When once he gets the whip-hand, he drives us in strange ways.

I formed a bold resolve. I retraced my steps and walked up to the house. The door was opened by a tidy-looking servant.

"Have you any rooms to let?" I asked, having jumped at the conclusion that the unknown was only lodging at the house.

The servant replied in the affirmative, and upon my expressing a wish to see the vacant

rooms I was shown a dining-room and bedroom on the ground-floor.

Had these rooms been dungeons instead of airy, cheerful apartments, had they been empty and bare instead of comfortably furnished, had the rent been fifty pounds a week instead of the moderate sum asked, I should have engaged them. I was very easy to deal with. The landlady was summoned and the bargain struck at once. If that good person had known the state of my mind, she might have reaped a golden harvest from her ground-floor apartments. As it was, the only thing she was exacting in was in the matter of references. I named several; then I paid a month's rent in advance and received her permission, as I had just returned to England and wanted a home at once, to enter into possession that very evening.

"By the bye," I said, carelessly, as I left the house to get my luggage, "I forgot to ask if you have other lodgers. No children, I hope?"

"No, sir; only a lady and her servant. They are on the first floor. Very quiet people."

"Thank you," I said. "I dare say I shall be very comfortable. You may expect me about seven o'clock."

I had re-engaged my old rooms in Walpole street before the meeting with my unknown had changed my plans. I went back there, and after packing up all I wanted informed the people of the house that I was going to stay at a friend's for a few weeks. The rooms were to be kept for me all the same. At seven o'clock I was at Maida Vale and duly installed.

It was the hand of Fate had wrought this; who could doubt it? This morning I was almost on my way to Turin in search of my love; this evening I am beneath the same roof. As I sit here in my arm-chair and see all kinds of beautiful visions wreathed in the smoke curling from my cigar, I can scarcely believe that she is within a few feet of me—that I shall see her to-morrow, the next day, for ever and ever. Yes, I am hopelessly in love. I go to bed thinking I shall dream of her, but, probably owing to the strange quarters, my dreams are far less pleasant. All night long I dream of the blind man who walked into a strange house and heard such fearful sounds.

A week has passed by; I am more in love than ever. I am now satisfied as to the thoroughness of my passion—certain that this thorough love of mine will endure as long as my life, that it is no transient flush to fade away with time or absence. Whether my suit be successful or not, this woman will be my first and last love.

As yet I have made little progress in the furthering of my desire. I see her every day, because I watch for her coming and going, and every time I see her I find fresh charms in her face and graces in her figure. Yet Kenyon was right: hers is a peculiar style of beauty. That pale, pure face, those dark, dreamy, far-away eyes, are out of the common run of womanhood. It may be this accounts for the strange fascination she has for me. Her carriage is upright and graceful; she walks always at the same pace; her face is always grave, and it seems to me she seldom speaks to that old companion or servant, who never quits her side. I am beginning to look upon her as a riddle and wonder if the key will ever be mine.

I have found out some few things about her. Her name is Pauline—a sweet and suitable name—Pauline March. She is therefore English, although I sometimes hear her saying a few words in Italian to old Teresa, her servant. She seems to know no one, and, so far as I can learn, no one knows more about her than I do: I, at least, know she came from Turin, and that is more than my informants were aware of.

I still occupy my rooms, waiting my chance. It is tantalizing to live in the same house with the one you love and find no opportunity of even commencing the siege. That old Teresa guards her charge like a throughbred Spanish duenna. Her dark eyes glance quickly and suspiciously at me whenever I meet the two women and bid them the "Good-morning" or "Good-evening" which a fellow-lodger may venture upon. As yet I have got no farther than these cold civilities. Pauline's eyes and manner give me no encouragement. She acknowledges my salutation gravely, distantly and apathetically. It is clear to me that love at first sight is not bound to be reciprocal. I comfort myself by thinking that Fate must have something in store for me, or Pauline and I would never have been brought face to face again.

So all I can do is to lurk behind the thick red curtains of my window and watch my love, guarded by that old cat Teresa, go out and come in. I am obliged now to exercise due caution in this proceeding, as the duenna once caught sight of me, and now each time they pass I see her fierce eyes peering into my hiding-place. I am beginning to hate Teresa.

Yet if I have done little, I am in the same house, breathing the same air, as Pauline, and I am a patient man and can wait for my opportunity. It will be sure to come at last.

This is how it came. One evening I heard a fall, a clatter of china and a cry of distress. I ran out of my room and found Teresa lying on the stairs amid the ruins of the landlady's best tea-set and groaning earnestly. My chance had come. With the shameless hypocrisy of love I ran to her aid, as eager to help her as though she had been my mother. I endeavored in the most tender manner to raise her, but she sank back, wailing out something about "one of ze foots broke."

It was clear that Teresa's English was not her strong point; so I asked her in Italian what was the matter. She brightened up as she heard her own language, and I found that she had sprained her knee so severely that she was unable to rise. I told her that I would carry her to her room, and without more ado picked her up and bore her up stairs.

Pauline was standing on the landing. Her large dark eyes were opened wide, her whole appearance that of affright. I paused a moment and explained what had happened, then I took the old woman into the room which she occupied and laid her on the bed. The servant of the house was sent for a doctor, and as I retired Pauline thanked me quietly, but I fancied listlessly, for my kindness. Those dreamy eyes met mine, yet scarcely seemed to know it. Yes, I was obliged to confess it: my goddess was in manner apathetic. But then her beauty!—those refined regular features, the girlish but well-formed figure, the thick brown hair, even those strange dark eyes. Surely there was no woman in the world to compare with her.

She gave me her hand at parting—a small, well-formed, soft hand. I could scarcely refrain from pressing my lips to it; I could scarcely refrain from telling her then and there that for months I had thought of her, and her only; but, injudicious as such proceedings might have been at a first meeting, they would have been doubly so whilst old Teresa was lying and in spite of her pains with suspicious eyes watching every movement of mine, so I could only express a wish to be of further service to her and bow myself out discreetly. But the ice was broken; our hands had met. Pauline and I were strangers no longer.

Old Teresa's sprain, although not such a serious affair as she fancied, kept her in-doors for several days. I hoped this would enable me to improve my acquaintance with her mistress, but the result was not commensurate with the hope. For the first few days Pauline, so far as I knew, did not leave the house. Once or twice I met her on the stairs and, assuming a fictitious interest in the old woman, kept her in conversation for a minute or two. It seemed to me that she was painfully shy—so shy that the conversation I would fain have prolonged after a little while died a natural death. I was not conceited enough to attribute her shyness and reticence to the same cause which made me blush and stammer as I spoke to her.

At last, one morning I saw her leave the house alone. I took my hat and followed her. She was walking up and down the pavement in front of the house. I joined her, and after the usual inquiry for Teresa continued at her side. I must make an attempt to establish matters on a better footing between us.

"You have not been long in England, Miss March?" I said.

"Some time—some months," she replied.

"I saw you in the spring at Turin—in church, at San Giovanni."

She raised her eyes and met mine with a strange puzzled look.

"You were there with your old servant one morning," I continued.

"Yes; we often went there."

"You are English, I suppose? Your name is not an Italian one."

"Yes, I am English."

She spoke as though not quite certain about it, or as if it was a matter of complete indifference.

"Your home is here? You are not going back to Italy?"

"I don't know; I cannot tell."

Pauline's manner was very unsatisfying. I made many attempts to learn something about her habits and tastes. Did she play or sing? Was she fond of music, of pictures, of flowers, of the stage, of travelling? Had she many relations and friends? Directly or indirectly, I asked her all these questions. Her replies were unsatisfactory. Either she evaded the questions, as if determined I should know nothing about her, or she did not seem to understand them. Many of them I felt sure puzzled her. At the end of our little promenade she remained as great a mystery to me as before. The only comfort I could take was that she displayed no wish to shun me. We passed and repassed the house several times, but she did not suggest re-entering, as she might have done had she wished to get rid of me. There was no trace of coquetry in her manner: quiet and reserved as I found her, she was at least

simple and natural; and she was very beautiful, and I was very, very much in love.

It was not long before I discovered that old Teresa's black eyes were watching us from behind the blind of the drawing-room. She must have crept from her bed to see that her charge got into no mischief. I chafed at the espionage, but as yet it was too early to escape from it.

Before Teresa could hobble out of doors I had met Pauline more than once in the same way. She seemed, I was glad to believe, pleased when I joined her. The difficulty I labored under was to make her talk. She would listen to all I had to say without comment and without reply, save "Yes" or "No." If, by a rare chance, she asked a question or spoke a longer sentence than usual, the effort was never sustained. I attributed a great deal of this to shyness and to her secluded life, for the only person she had to speak to was that terrible old Teresa.

Although every word and action of Pauline's told me she was well educated and well bred, I was certainly surprised at her ignorance of literature. I quoted an author, mentioned a book by name; the remark passed unnoticed, or she looked at me as if puzzled by my allusion or distressed at her own ignorance. Although I had now seen her several times, I was not satisfied at the progress I had made. I knew I had not as yet struck the keynote of her nature.

As soon as the old servant, duenna, friend, or what she was, grew well, I heard some startling news. My landlady asked me if I could recommend her apartments to any friend of mine—such another as myself, she was good enough to say. Miss March was going to leave, and the landlady thought she would prefer taking a gentleman in her place.

I felt certain this was a countermove of that old hag Teresa's. She had cast venomous glances at me when we passed each other on the stairs—had responded surlily when I asked her if she had quite recovered from the effects of her accident; in a word, I knew she was my enemy, that she had discovered my feelings toward Pauline and was doing her best to keep us apart. I had no means of knowing the extent of her power or influence over the girl, but I had some time since ceased to regard her as nothing more than a servant. The intelligence that my fellow-lodgers were about to quit showed me that to bring my love for Pauline to a successful issue I must in some way make matters straight with this unpleasant old attendant.

That same evening, as I heard her coming down the stairs, I threw open my door and stood face to face with her.

"Signora Teresa," I said, with high-flown politeness, "will it please you to step into my room? I wish to speak to you."

She gave me a quick, suspicious glance, but nevertheless complied with my request. I closed the door and placed a chair for her.

"Your poor knee—is it quite well?" I asked, sympathetically and in Italian.

"It is quite well, signor," she replied, laconically.

"Will you take a glass of sweet wine? I have some here."

Teresa, in spite of our inimical relations, made no objection; so I filled a glass and watched her sip it approvingly.

"Is the signorina—Miss March—well? I have not seen her to-day."

"She is well."

"It is about her I wish to speak to you. You have guessed that?"

"I have guessed it." As she spoke Teresa gave me a sullen, defiant look.

"Yes," I continued, "your vigilant, faithful eyes have seen what I have no wish to conceal. I love the Signorina Pauline."

"She is not to be loved," said Teresa, sulkily.

"One so beautiful must be loved. I love her and will marry her."

"She is not to be married."

"Listen, Teresa. I say I will marry her. I am a gentleman and rich: I have fifty thousand lire a year."

The amount of my income, magnificent when reduced to her native coinage, was not without its expected effect. If her eyes, as they met mine, were as unfriendly as ever, their look of astonishment and increasing respect told me I was appealing to her tenderest feeling, cupidity.

"Now tell me why I should not marry the signorina. Tell me who her friends are; that I may see them and ask her in marriage."

"She is not for marriage."

This was all I could get from the old woman. She would tell me nothing about Pauline's family or friends; she would only reiterate that she was not for love or for marriage.

I had but one chance left. Teresa's eager look when I mentioned the income I possessed had impressed me. I must condescend to the vulgar act of direct bribery; the end would justify the means.

As I was so often travelling it was my habit to carry a large sum of money on my person. I drew out my pocketbook and counted out a hundred pounds in new crisp notes. Teresa eyed them hungrily.

"You know what these are worth?" I said.

She nodded. I pushed a couple of the notes toward her. Her skinny hand seemed twitching with the desire to grasp them.

"Tell me who Miss March's friends are and take these two notes; all the rest shall be yours on the day we are married."

The old woman sat silent for a while, but I knew temptation was assailing her. Presently I heard her murmuring, "Fifty thousand lire! fifty thousand lire a year!" The spell worked. At last she rose.

"Are you going to take the money?" I asked.

"I cannot. I dare not. I am bound. But—"

"But what?"

"I will write. I will say what you say to *il dottore*."

"Who is the doctor? I can write to him or see him."

"Did I say *il dottore?* It was a slip. No, you must not write. I will ask him, and he must decide."

"You will write at once?"

"At once."

Teresa, with a lingering glance at the money, turned to leave me.

"You had better take these two notes," I said, handing them to her.

She buttoned them in the bosom of her dress with feverish delight.

"Tell me, Teresa," I said, coaxingly, "tell me if you think—if the Signorina—Pauline—cares at all for me."

"Who knows," answered the old woman,

testily; "I do not know. But again I say to you she is not for love or marriage."

Not for love or marriage! I laughed aloud as I thought of the old woman's absurd and oft-repeated assertion. If on the earth there was one woman more than another made for love and marriage, it was my beautiful Pauline. I wondered what Teresa could mean; then, remembering the fervor with which she prayed in San Giovanni, I decided that, being an ardent Catholic, she wished Pauline to take the veil. This theory would explain everything.

Now that I had bought Teresa, I looked forward to the enjoyment of Pauline's society without espionage or interruption. The old woman had taken my money, and no doubt would do her best to earn more. If I could persuade the girl to let me pass several hours of each day in her company, I need fear no hindrance from Teresa. The bribe had been accepted, and, although I blushed at the expedient to which I had been compelled to resort, it had been successful.

I was obliged to defer any further attempt at love-making until the next evening, as an important piece of business had to be attended to in the morning. It kept me away from home for several hours; and when at last I returned to Maida Vale, I was thunderstruck to hear that my fellow-lodgers had left the house. The landlady had no idea whither they had gone. Teresa—who, it appears, always acted as purse-bearer—had paid her dues and had departed with her young mistress. There was nothing more to tell.

I threw myself into my chair cursing Italian guile, yet, as I thought of Italian cupidity, not altogether hopeless. Perhaps Teresa would write or come to me. I had not forgotten the eager looks she cast upon my money. But day after day passed without letter or message.

I spent those days, for the most part, wandering about the streets in the vain hope of encountering the fugitives. It was only after this second loss that I really knew the extent of my passion. I cannot describe the longing I had to see that fair face once more. Yet I feared the love was all on my side. If Pauline had felt even a passing interest in me, she could scarcely have left in this secret and mysterious manner. Her heart was yet to be won, and I knew that unless I won it no woman's love would to me be worth having.

I should have returned to my old lodging in Walpole street, had it not been that I feared to quit Maida Vale lest Teresa, if she should be faithful to her engagements, might miss me; so I lingered on there until ten days went slowly by. Then, just as I was beginning to despair, a letter came. It was written in a delicate pointed Italian style and signed "Manuel Ceneri." It simply said that the writer would have the honor of calling upon me about noon to-day. Nothing was hinted at as to the object of the visit, but I knew it could be connected with only one thing—the desire of my heart. Teresa, after all, had not played me false: Pauline would be mine.

I waited with feverish impatience until this unknown Manuel Ceneri should make his appearance. A few minutes after twelve he was announced and shown into my room. I recognized him at once. He was the middle-aged man with rather round shoulders who had talked to Teresa under the shade

of San Giovanni at Turin. Doubtless he was *il dottore* spoken of by the old woman as being the arbiter of Pauline's fate. He bowed politely as he entered, cast one quick look at me, as if trying to gather what he could from my personal appearance, then seated himself in the chair I offered him.

"I make no apology for calling," he said; "you will no doubt guess why I come." His English was fluent, but the foreign accent very marked.

"I hope I guess correctly," I replied.

"I am Manuel Ceneri; I am a doctor by profession. My sister was Miss March's mother. I have come from Geneva on your account."

"Then you know what the wish—the great wish—of my life is?"

"Yes, I know: you want to marry my niece. Now, Mr. Vaughan, I have many reasons for wishing my niece to remain single, but your proposal has induced me to reconsider the matter."

Pauline might have been a bale of cotton, so impassively did her uncle speak of her future.

"In the first place," he went on, "I am told you are well born and rich. Is that so?"

"My family is respectable. I am well connected, and may be called rich."

"You will satisfy me on the latter point, I suppose?"

I bowed stiffly, and, taking a sheet of paper, wrote a line to my solicitors asking them to give the bearer the fullest information as to my resources. Ceneri folded up the note and placed it in his pocket. Perhaps I showed the annoyance I felt at the mercenary exactness of his inquiries.

"I am bound to be particular in this matter," he said, "as my niece has nothing."

"I expect nothing or wish for nothing."

"She had money once—a large fortune; it was lost long ago. You will not ask how or where?"

"I can only repeat my former words."

"Very well. I feel I have no right to refuse your offer. Although she is half Italian, her manners and habits are English. An English husband will suit her best. You have not yet, I believe, spoken of love to her?"

"I have had no opportunity. I should no doubt have done so, but as soon as our acquaintance commenced she was taken away."

"Yes; my instructions to Teresa were strict. It was only on condition she obeyed her that I allowed Pauline to live in England."

Although this man spoke as one who had absolute authority over his niece, he had not said one word which evinced affection. So far as that went, she might have been a stranger to him.

"But now, I suppose," I said, "I shall be allowed to see her?"

"Yes—on conditions. The man who marries Pauline March must be content to take her as she is. He must ask no questions, seek to know nothing of her birth and family, nothing of her early days; he must be content to know that she is a lady, that she is very beautiful and that he loves her. Will this suffice?"

The question was such a strange one that even in the height of my passion I hesitated.

"I will say this much," added Ceneri: "she is good and pure; her birth is equal to

your own. She is an orphan, and her only near relative is myself."

"I am content," I cried, holding out my hand to seal the compact. "Give me Pauline; I ask no more."

Why should I not be content? What did I want to know about her family, her antecedents or her history? So madly did I long to call that beautiful girl mine that I believe had Ceneri told me she was worthless and disgraced among women I should have said, "Give her to me and let her begin life anew as my wife." Men do such things for love.

"Now, Mr. Vaughan," said the Italian, drawing his hand from mine, "my next question will astonish you. You love Pauline, and I believe she is not indifferent to you—"

He paused, and my heart beat at the thought.

"Will your arrangements permit of an early marriage—an immediate marriage? Can I upon my return to the Continent in a few days leave her future in your hands entirely?"

"I would marry her to-day if it were possible," I cried.

"We need not be so impetuous as that; but could you arrange for, say, the day after to-morrow?"

I stared at him; I could scarcely believe I heard correctly. To be married to Pauline within a few hours! There must be something in the background of such bliss. Ceneri must be a madman. Yet even from the hands of a madman how could I refuse my happiness?

"But I don't know if she loves me. Would she consent?" I stammered.

"Pauline is obedient, and will do as I wish. You can woo her after her marriage instead of before it."

"But can it be done on so short a notice?"

"I believe there are such things as special licenses to be bought? You are wondering at my suggestion. I am bound to return to Italy almost at once. Now, I put it to you: can I, under the present circumstances, leave Pauline here with only a servant to look after her? No, Mr. Vaughan; strange as it may seem, I must either see her your wife before I leave or I must take her back with me. The latter may be unfortunate for you, as here I have only myself to consider, whilst abroad there may be others to consult, and perhaps I must change my mind."

"Let us go to Pauline and ask her," I said, rising impatiently.

"Certainly," said Ceneri, gravely; "we will go at once."

Till now I had been sitting with my back to the window. As I faced the light I noticed the Italian doctor look very straightly at me:

"Your face seems quite familiar to me, Mr. Vaughan, although I cannot recall where I have seen you."

I told him he must have seen me outside San Giovanni whilst he was talking to old Teresa. He remembered the occurrence, and appeared satisfied. Then he called a cab and drove to Pauline's new abode. It was not so very far away. I wondered I had not encountered either Pauline or Teresa in my rambles. Perhaps they had both kept to the house to avoid the meeting.

"Would you mind waiting in the hall a

minute?" asked Ceneri as we entered the house. "I will go and prepare Pauline for your coming."

I would have waited a month in a dungeon for the reward in prospect; so I sat down on the polished mahogany chair and wondered if I was in my right senses.

Presently old Teresa came to me. She looked scarcely more amiable than before.

"Have I done well?" she whispered in Italian.

"You have done well; I will not forget."

"You will pay me and blame me for nothing. But listen—once more I say it: the signorina is not for love or marriage."

Superstitious old fool! Were Pauline's charms to be buried in a nunnery?

Then a bell rang, and Teresa left me. In a few minutes she reappeared and conducted me up stairs to a room in which I found my beautiful Pauline and her uncle. She raised her dark dreamy eyes and looked at me; the most infatuated man could not have flattered himself that the light of love was in them.

I fully expected that Dr. Ceneri would have left us to arrange matters alone, but no; he took me by the hand and in a stately manner led me to his niece:

"Pauline, you know this gentleman?"

She bowed:

"Yes, I know him."

"Mr. Vaughan," continued Ceneri, "does us the honor of asking you to be his wife."

I could not permit all my wooing to be done by proxy, so I stepped forward and took her hand in mine.

"Pauline," I whispered, "I love you—since first I saw you I have loved you. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, if you wish it," she replied, softly, but without even changing color.

"You cannot love me now, but you will by and by. Will you not, my darling?"

She did not respond to my appeal, but then she did not repulse me, neither did she strive to withdraw her hand from mine: she remained calm and undemonstrative as ever; but I threw my arm round her and in spite of Ceneri's presence kissed her passionately. It was only when my lips touched her own that I saw the color rise to her cheek and knew that she was moved. She disengaged herself from my embrace, glanced at her uncle, who stood impassive as if he had witnessed nothing out of the common, and then she fled from the room.

"I think you had better go now," said Ceneri; "I will arrange everything with Pauline. You must do, on your part, all that is necessary for the day after to-morrow."

"It is very sudden," I said.

"It is, but it must be so; I cannot wait an hour longer. You had better leave me now and return to-morrow."

I went away with my head in a whirl. I was uncertain what to do. The temptation to call Pauline my own in so short a time was great, but I could not deceive myself by thinking that she cared for me at all, as yet. But, as Ceneri said, I could do my wooing after marriage. Still, I hesitated. The hurried proceeding was so strange! Ardently as I desired to wed Pauline, I wished I could first have won her. Would it not be better to let her uncle take her to Italy, then to follow her and learn if she could love me? Against this prudent course came Ceneri's vague threat, that in such an

event his mind might be changed, and, more than all, I was desperately in love. Although it could only be for her beauty that I loved her, I was madly in love. Fate had thrown us together. She had escaped me twice; now, the third time, she was offered to me unreservedly. I was superstitious enough to think that if I rejected or postponed accepting the gift it would be withdrawn for ever. No; come what will, in two days' time Pauline shall be my wife.

I saw her the next day, but never alone; Ceneri was with us all the time. Pauline was sweet, silent, shy and languid. I had much to do—much to see to. Never was a wooing so short or so strange as mine. By the evening all arrangements were made, and by ten o'clock the next morning Gilbert Vaughan and Pauline March were man and wife; those two who had not in their lifetime even conversed for a time amounting, say, to three hours, were linked together for better or worse till death should part them.

Ceneri left immediately the ceremony was over, and, to my astonishment, Teresa announced her intention of accompanying him. She did not fail to wait on me for the promised reward, which I gave her freely and fully. My heart's desire was to wed Pauline, and by her aid it had been compassed.

Then, with my beautiful bride, I started for the Scottish lakes, to begin the wooing which should have been completed before the final step had been taken.

Was it sleep? Yes, because one must sleep in order to dream. Ah! if that dream were reality, life would be worth having. I dreamed that my wife was beside me, that she took my hand and pressed her lips to it passionately, that her cheek was almost touching mine, that I could feel her soft, sweet breath. So real did it seem that I turned on my hard rustic pillow toward the dream, and then, of course, it vanished.

I opened my eyes. In front of me stood Pauline, those grand dark eyes of hers no longer veiled by the lashes, but open and looking into mine. I saw them but for a second, but that was long enough for the look I had surprised to send the blood throbbing through my veins, to make me spring to my feet, to embolden me to take her suddenly and swiftly in my arms, to cover her sweet face with kisses, ejaculating the only words that one can find at such a time: "I love you! I love you! I love you!" for no man yet has seen in a woman's eyes the look I saw in Pauline's unless that woman loves him above all the world.

No words can describe the rapture of that moment—the revulsion of my feelings. She was mine—my own—for ever. I knew it; I could feel it every time my lips touched hers. The bright blush which spread from her cheek to her neck proclaimed it; her suffering without resistance my passionate caresses confirmed it. But let me hear it from those sweet lips.

"Pauline, Pauline," I cried, "do you love me?"

A trembling which I knew was of joy passed over her.

"Do I love you? *Love* you!" she said, and hid her blushing face on my shoulder.

The words, the action, were enough, but presently she raised her head and pressed her lips to mine:

"I love you—yes, I love you, my husband."

"When did you know? When did you remember?"

For a moment she answered not. She broke from my embrace, then, opening the bosom of her dress, drew forth a blue ribbon which hung round her neck. Upon it were threaded the two rings. They seemed to sparkle with joy in the bright sun. She detached them and held them toward me:

"Gilbert, my love, my husband, if you will that I shall be your wife, if you think me worthy of it, take them and place them where they should be."

Our wooing may close with these words; let all the rest be sacred. The trees around alone know what passed between us as their kindly shade fell on us where we sat and interchanged our words of love whilst hour after hour of our second and real wedding-day slipped by. At last we rose, but lingered yet a while, as though loth to leave the spot where happiness had come to us. We looked round once more and bade farewell to hill and valley and stream; we gazed long in each other's eyes; our lips met in a passionate kiss; then we went forth together to the world and the new sweet life awaiting us.

HUGH CONWAY.

A STORY OF ROMAN DISCIPLINE.

FROM THE LATIN OF TITUS LIVIUS LIVY.

IN consultation it was mentioned that if ever strictness in command had been enforced in any war, it was then particularly requisite that military discipline should be brought back to the ancient model. Attention was the more strongly directed to this point by the consideration that the enemies with whom they had to deal were the Latines—people who used the same language, and who had the same manners, the same kind of arms, and, what was more than all, the same military institutions, as themselves, who had been intermixed with them in the same armies, often in the same companies, soldiers with soldiers, centurions with centurions, tribunes with tribunes, as comrades and colleagues. Lest, in consequence of this, the soldiers might be betrayed into any mistake, the consuls issued orders that no person should fight with any of the enemy except in his post.

It happened that among the other commanders of the troops of horsemen which were despatched to every quarter to procure intelligence, Titus Manlius, the consul's son, came with his troop to the back of the enemy's camp, so near as to be scarcely distant a dart's throw from the next post, where some horsemen of Tusculum were stationed, under the command of Geminius Metrius, a man highly distinguished amongst his countrymen both by his birth and conduct. On observing the Roman horseman and the consul's son, remarkable above the rest, marching at their head (for they were all known to each other, particularly men of any note), he called out,

"Romans, do you intend with one troop to wage war against the Latines and their allies? What employment will the two consuls and their armies have in the mean time?"

Manlius answered,

"They will come in due season, and with them will come one whose power and strength

are superior to either—Jupiter himself, the witness of those treaties which you have violated. If at the lake of Regillus we gave you fighting until you were weary, I will answer for it that we shall in this place also give you such entertainment that for the future it will not be extremely agreeable to face us in the field."

To this Geminius, advancing a little from his men, replied,

"Do you choose, then, until that day arrives, when with such great labor you move your armies, to enter the lists yourself with me, that from the event of a combat between us two it may immediately be seen how much a Latine horseman surpasses a Roman?"

Either anger or shame of declining the contest or the irresistible power of destiny urged on the daring spirit of the youth; so that, disregarding his father's commands and the edict of the consuls, he rushed precipitately to a contest in which whether he was victorious or vanquished was of no great consequence to himself. The other horsemen moved to some distance, as if to behold a show; and then, in the space of clear ground which lay between them, the combatants spurred on their horses against each other, and on their meeting in fierce encounter the point of Manlius's spear passed over the helmet of his antagonist, and that of Metrius across the neck of the other's horse. They then wheeled their horses round, and Manlius, having with greater quickness raised himself in his seat to repeat his stroke, fixed his javelin between the ears of his opponent's horse. The pain of the wound made the animal rear his forefeet on high and toss his head with such violence that he shook off his rider, whom, as he endeavored to raise himself after the severe fall by leaning on his javelin and buckler, Manlius pierced through the throat, so that the steel came out between his ribs and pinned him to the earth. Then, collecting the spoils, he rode back to his men, and together with his troop, who exulted with joy, proceeded to the camp, and so on to his father, without ever reflecting on the nature or the consequences of his conduct or whether he had merited praise or punishment.

"Father," said he, "that all men may justly attribute to me the honor of being descended of your blood, having been challenged to combat, I bring these equestrian spoils, taken from my antagonist, whom I slew."

Which when the consul heard, turning away instantly from the youth in an angry manner, he ordered the assembly to be called by sound of trumpet; and when the troops had come together in full numbers, he spoke in this manner:

"Titus Manlius, forasmuch as you, in contempt of the consular authority and of the respect due to a father, have, contrary to our edict, fought with the enemy out of your post, as far as in you lay subverted the military discipline by which the power of Rome has to this day been supported, and have brought me under the hard necessity either of overlooking the interests of the public or my own and those of my nearest connections,—it is fitter that we undergo the penalty of our own transgressions than that the commonwealth should expiate our offences, so injurious to it. We shall afford a melancholy example, but a profitable one, to the youth of all future ages. For my part, I own, both the natural affection of a parent and the instance which you have shown of bravery misguided by a false notion of honor

affect me deeply. But, since the authority of a consul's orders must either be established by your death or by your escaping with immunity be annulled for ever, I expect that even you yourself, if you have any of our blood in you, will not refuse to restore by your punishment that military discipline which has been subverted by your fault.—Go, lictor; bind him to the stake."

Shocked to the last degree by such a cruel order, each looking on the axe as if drawn against himself, all were quiet through fear rather than discipline. They stood therefore for some time motionless and silent; but when the blood spouted from Titus's severed neck, then, their minds emerging, as it were, from the stupefaction into which they had been plunged, they all at once united their voices in free expressions of compassion, refraining not either from lamentations or execrations; and, covering the body of the youth with the spoils, they burned it on a pile erected without the rampart, with every honor which the warm zeal of the soldiers could bestow on a funeral.

From thence "Manlian orders" were not only then considered with horror, but have been transmitted as a model of austerity to future times. The harshness of this punishment, however, rendered the soldiery more obedient to their commander, while the guards and watches and the regulation of the several posts were thenceforth attended to with greater diligence; this severity was also found useful when the troops, for the final decision, went into the field of battle.

The war being brought to a conclusion, Titus Manlius, after distributing rewards and punishments according to the merits and demerits of each, returned to Rome. On his arrival there it appeared that none but the aged came out to meet him, and that the young, both then and during the whole of his life, detested and cursed him.

Translation of RICHARD BAKER.

FICTION.

THE attention of young persons may be seduced by well-selected works of fiction from the present objects of the senses and the thoughts accustomed to dwell on the past, the distant or the future, and in the same proportion in which this effect is in any instance accomplished "the man," as Dr. Johnson has justly remarked, "is exalted in the scale of intellectual being." The tale of fiction will probably be soon laid aside with the toys and rattles of infancy, but the habits which it has contributed to fix and the powers which it has brought into a state of activity will remain with the possessor, permanent and inestimable treasures, to his latest hour.

Nor is it to the young alone that these observations are to be exclusively applied. Instances have frequently occurred of individuals in whom the power of imagination has at a more advanced period of life been found susceptible of culture to a wonderful degree. In such men what an accession is gained to their most refined pleasures! What enchantments are added to their most ordinary perceptions! The mind, awakening as if from a trance to a new existence, becomes habituated to the most interesting aspects of life and of nature; the intellectual eye "is purged of its film," and things the most familiar and unnoticed disclose charms invisible before. The same objects and events

which were lately beheld with indifference occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul, the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked-for an acquisition. What Gray has so finely said of the pleasures of vicissitude conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man who, after having lost in vulgar occupations and vulgar amusements his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth.

> "The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening Paradise."
>
> DUGALD STEWART.

WASHINGTON'S MORAL CHARACTER.

HIS moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct, and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object than they were to guard the sanctity of conscience. No instance can be adduced in which he was actuated by a sinister motive or endeavored to attain an end by unworthy means. Truth, integrity and justice were deeply rooted in his mind, and nothing could rouse his indignation so soon or so utterly destroy his confidence as the discovery of the want of these virtues in any one whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions, he could forgive, but subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot, rarely pardoned. He was candid and sincere, true to his friends and faithful to all, neither practising dissimulation, descending to artifice nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized. His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence; but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was in part the effect of discipline, yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power to a degree which has been denied to other men.

A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his successes to the beneficent agency of the supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son and brother he was tender and affectionate. Without vanity, ostentation or pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests. As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others by standing on an elevation which none could hope to attain. If he had one passion more strong than another, it was love of his country. The purity and ardor of his patriotism were commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty, and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

JARED SPARKS.

POVERTY AND LOVE.—He travels safe and not unpleasantly who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

GREECE.

SHRINE of the gods, mine own eternal Greece,
When shall thy weeds be doffed, thy mourning cease,
The gyves that bind thy beauty rent in twain,
And thou be living, breathing Greece again?
Grave of the mighty—hero, poet, sage—
Whose deeds are guiding-stars to every age,
Land unsurpassed in glory and despair,
Still in thy desolation thou art fair.
Low in sepulchral dust lies Pallas' shrine,
Low in sepulchral dust thy fanes divine,
And all thy visible self; yet o'er thy clay
Soul, beauty, linger, hallowing decay.
Not all the ills that war entailed on thee,
Not all the blood that stained Thermopylæ,
Not all the desolation traitors wrought,
Not all the woe and want invaders brought,
Not all the tears that slavery could wring
From out thy heart of patient suffering,
Not all that drapes thy loveliness in night,
Can quench thy spirit's never-dying light;
But, hovering o'er the dust of gods enshrined,
It beams a beacon to the march of mind,
An oasis to sage and bard forlorn,
A guiding-light to centuries unborn.

SARAH ANNA LEWIS.

MY PICTURE.

WHEN age hath made me what I am not now
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
Of Time hath furrowed, when an ice shall flow
Through every vein and all my head be snow,
When Death displays his coldness in my cheek
And I myself in my own picture seek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was,
In doubt which to believe, this or my glass,—
Yet, though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame
And first complexion; here will still be seen
Blood on the cheek and down upon the chin;
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy lip and hair of youthful dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose shadow is less given to change than he!

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

ON JOHN FLETCHER.

I NEED not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who to secure their reign
Must have their brothers, sons and kindred slain.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

VALOR.

TEMPER the will by day and night
Flexile as Arab cimeter,
Yet rough as Saxon mace to smite.
Burnish it fondly; leave no blur:
Pendragon's blade of fate arose
From mythic depths of character.
Wise Merlin's scrolls perforce disclose
Their wizard meanings to his eyes;
He knows by valor what he knows.
Love draws the sword, and saints are wise
To seize a timely bolt of fire
And storm the gates of Paradise.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

RURAL PLEASURES.

SHEPHERD, wouldst thou here obtain
Pleasure unalloyed with pain,
Joy that suits the rural sphere?
Gentle shepherd, lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales and fountains bright,
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo, tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose
In the simplest bud that blows,
Go, forsake thy plain and fold;
Join the crowd and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
Banish each tumultuous joy—
All but love, for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine;
Yet ere thou the reins resign,
Hear what Reason seems to say—
Hear attentive, and obey.

Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
But beneath them lurks a thorn,
Fair and flowery is the brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

Think not she whose empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb deride,
Think not she who, light and vain,
Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

Artless deed and simple dress
Mark the chosen shepherdess,
Thoughts by decency controlled,
Well conceived and freely told,

Sense that shuns each conscious air,
Wit that falls ere well aware,
Generous pity prone to sigh
If her kid or lambkin die.

Let not lucre, let not pride,
Draw thee from such charms aside;
Have not those their proper sphere?
Gentle passions triumph here.

See! to sweeten thy repose
The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
All that milk and fruits afford.

Seek no more; the rest is vain:
Pleasure ending soon in pain,
Anguish lightly gilded o'er;
Close thy wish and seek no more.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

THIS IS NOT MY HOME.

OH, this is not my home!
I miss the glorious sea,
Its white and sparkling foam
And lofty melody.

All things seem strange to me:
  I miss the rocky shore
Where broke so sullenly
  The waves with deafening roar;

The sands that shone like gold
  Beneath the blazing sun,
O'er which the waters rolled,
  Soft chanting as they run;

And oh, the glorious sight!—
  Ships moving to and fro
Like birds upon their flight,
  So silently they go.

I climb the mountain's height
  And sadly gaze around:
No waters meet my sight,
  I hear no rushing sound.

Oh, would I were at home
  Beside the glorious sea,
To bathe within its foam
  And list its melody!

CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

A WORDLESS PRAYER.

I HEARD the sob of music as
  I stood within the great church door
And caught the sound of solemn vows;
  Then wept as I had not wept before
For five long years—since I, the bride
  Of one short year, stood on the strand
One wintry morn, my babe and I,
  A stranger in a foreign land,
Saved after days of storm at sea
  From off a wreck all tempest-tossed,
Told by the missing, silently,
  My husband was among the lost.

I drew my child's hand in my own—
  The bride or groom I could not see—
And leaned against a pillared stone
  To wait until they passed by me;
I did not know their names or why
  I lingered on my homeward way
This bridal company to see,
  Or why I wept and longed to pray,
Or why I thought about myself.
  I was not old, but pain and care
Had left their shadow on my face
  And scattered silver in my hair.

I heard the murmur of the crowd,
  And saw in robe of fleecy white,
That clung about her fragile form
  And coiled beneath in waves of light,
The girlish bride: her hair was wound
  In golden bands about her head;
Her face was fair as folded flowers,
  Her lips like dewy roses red.
And he upon whose arm she leaned—
  A shudder ran through all my frame;
For he was not her king, but mine:
  She had no right to bear his name.

My heart stood still, my lips were dumb;
  With frenzied grasp I clasped my boy;
I saw it all at one swift glance—
  His love for her, their mingled joy.
He thought me dead and little dreamed
  That I could utter one low cry
And turn their golden fruit to dust,
  Their happiness to misery.
I would not, but I breathed a prayer
  More deep than when beside the sea
I sang a requiem for the dead;
  Now he was more than lost to me.

I saw their carriage roll away,
  Then looked into my sweet child's face;

His great dark eyes were all ablaze,
  And oh how plainly I could trace
His father's image!—there the same
  Sweet smile and lofty brow, the same
Unconquered air and heart of fire,
  Crowned by the same untarnished name.
With silent pain I clung to him:
  My lost, lost king lived in my boy;
Then wrung from out my wounded heart
  A wordless prayer: "God give them joy!"

ADA P. REYNOLDS.

MOTHER EGYPT.

DARK-BROWED she broods with weary lids
Beside her Sphynx and pyramids,
With low and never-lifted head.
If she be dead, respect the dead;
If she be weeping, let her weep;
If she be sleeping, let her sleep;
For, lo! this woman named the stars;
  She suckled at her tawny dugs
Your Moses while you reeked in wars
  And prowled your woods nude, painted thugs.

Then back, brave England—back in peace—
To Christian isles of fat increase!
Go back! else bid your high priests take
Your great bronze Christs and cannon make;
Take down the cross from proud St. Paul's
And coin it into cannon-balls.
Your tent not far from Nazareth,
  Your camp spreads where His child-feet strayed:
If Christ had seen this work of death,
  If Christ had seen these ships invade,

I think the patient Christ had said,
"Go back, brave men! Take up your dead;
Draw down your great ships to the seas;
Repass the Gates of Hercules;
Go back to wife with babe at breast,
And leave lorn Egypt to her rest."
Is Christ, then, dead as Egypt is?
  Ah, Mother Egypt, torn in twain,
There's something grimly wrong in this,
  So like some gray, sad woman slain.

What would you have your mother do?
Hath she not done enough for you?
Go back; and when you learn to read,
Come read this obelisk. Her deed
Like yonder awful forehead is
Disdainful silence like to this.
What lessons have you raised in stone
  To passing nations that shall stand?
Like years to hers will leave you lone
  And yellow as yon yellow sand.

St. George, your lions—whence are they?
From awful, silent Africa.
This Egypt is the lion's lair:
Beware, young Albion, beware!
I know the very Nile shall rise
To drive you from this sacrifice;
And if the seven plagues should come,
  The Red Sea swallow sword and steed,
Lo! Christian lands stand mute and dumb
  To see thy more than Moslem deed.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

BLUE-EYED ANN.

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,
  And ocean's billows cease to roll;
When Libyan sands are bound in frost,
And cold to Nova Zembla's lost;
When heavenly bodies cease to move,—
My blue-eyed Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,
Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,
Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,
Nor parching heats the dogstar bring,
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-eyed Ann I cease to love.

Nor more shall joy in hope be found,
Nor pleasures dance their frolic round,
Nor Love's light god inhabit earth,
Nor beauty give to passion birth,
Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
When blue-eyed Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range;
When lavish May no more shall bloom,
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When Nature from her sphere shall start,—
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before.
Arm! arm! It is—it is the cannon's opening roar.

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and trembling of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
And near the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star,
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each clansman's ears.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's teardrops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning braves—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array.
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng

Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song,
And his was of the bravest; and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honored but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

LORD BYRON.

MAN.

O MAN, thy fabric's like a well-formed state:
Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the great;
Passions plebeians are which faction raise;
Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze;
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise;
Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies;
That ruler once deposed, wisdom and wit
To noise and folly place and power submit;
Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tost,
Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.

The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns too late effects of sordid care;
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employed;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed;
For this, he griped the poor and alms denied,
Unfriended lived and unlamented died.
Yet smile, grieved shade, when that unprosperous store
Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more—
Smile at thy heir, beholding in his fall
Men once obliged like him ungrateful all.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS.

MARTIAL was born at Bilbilis, in Spain, A. D. 43. In the year 60 he came to Rome, where he resided to the close of the century, when he returned to his native place. There he married a lady called Marcella, on whose property he lived until his death, which occurred about four years afterward. At Rome he became famous as a wit and poet, and received the patronage of the emperors Titus and Dominican.

A FOP.

FROM THE LATIN OF MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS.

They tell me, Cotilus, that you're a beau;
What this is, Cotilus, I wish to know.
"A beau is one who with the nicest care
In parted locks divides his curling hair;
One who with balm and cinnamon smells sweet,
Whose humming lips some Spanish air repeat,
Whose naked arms are smoothed with pumice-stone
And tost about with graces all his own.
A beau is one who takes his constant seat
From morn till evening where the ladies meet,
And ever, on some sofa hovering near,
Whispers some nothing in some fair one's ear,
Who scribbles thousand billets-doux a day,
Still reads and scribbles, seals and sends away.
A beau is one who shrinks if nearly prest
By the coarse garment of a neighbor-guest,
Who knows who flirts with whom, and still is found
At each good table in successive round.
A beau is one none better knows than he
A race-horse and his noble pedigree."
Indeed? Why, Cotilus, if this be so,
What teasing, trifling thing is called a beau!

Translation of HAYS.

THE ELEPHANT.

FROM THE LATIN OF OPPIAN OF LESSER ASIA (A. D. 211).

FIERCE and untamed amidst the shady wood,
But mild with men and of a gentle mood,
When 'midst the flowery lawns and hills he roves,
The beeches, olive trees and palmy groves
Are crashed beneath him as he sways around
His tusky cheeks and roots them from the ground.
But man's strong hands the furious beast reclaim,
Lost in his anger, and his heart is tame;
He bears the yoke, his lips the curb obey,
Boys stride his back and point his onward way.
The elephantine tribe, as fame has told,
With vocal organs murmured converse hold;
Not every ear the brutish voice can learn:
Alone the tamer may its sound discern.
This rumor too a miracle I deem—
That strongest elephants with prescience teem,
And in their minds prophetical await
Approaching death and unresisted fate.
Not 'midst the birds alone with last sad strain
The swans, prophetic of their end, complain:
This thoughtful tribe of beasts on nature's verge
Themselves with conscious bodings groan their dirge.

Translation of JONES.

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

FROM THE SPANISH.

OUR horse is faint, my king, my lord—your gallant horse is sick;
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;
Mount, mount on mine, oh mount apace, I pray thee—mount and fly,
Or in my arms I'll lift Your Grace: their trampling hoofs are nigh.

"My king, my king. you're wounded sore: the blood runs from your feet:
But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your seat.—
Mount, Juan, for they gather fast; I hear their coming cry.
Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy: I'll save you though I die.

"Stand, noble steed! This hour of need be gentle as a lamb;
I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth: thy master dear I am.—
Mount, Juan, mount! whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,
And plunge the rowels in his side. My horse shall save my king.

"Nay, never speak; my sires, lord-king, received their land from yours,
And joyfully their blood shall spring so be it thine secures:
If I should fly, and thou, my king, be found among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my gray head?

"Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,
And say, 'There's one that ran away when our good lords were slain.'
I leave Diego in your care: you'll fill his father's place;
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare! God's blessing on Your Grace!"

So spake the brave Montañez: Butrago's lord was he;
And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee;
He flung himself among them as they came down the hill:
He died, God wot! but not before his sword had drunk its fill.

Translation of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

IMMORTALITY.

IT must be so! Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes, must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works—he must delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.
[*Laying his hand upon his sword.*
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age and Nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me,
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppressed and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favor her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight
Renewed in all her strength and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

DAVID'S GRIEF FOR HIS CHILD.

I.

'TWAS daybreak, and the fingers of the dawn
Drew the night's curtain and touched silently
The eyelids of the king, and David woke
And robed himself and prayed. The inmates, now,
Of the vast palace were astir, and feet
Glided along the tessellated floors
With a pervading murmur, and the fount
Whose music had been all the night unheard
Played as if light had made it audible,
And each one, waking, blessed it unaware.
The fragrant strife of sunshine with the morn
Sweetened the air to ecstasy; and now
The king's wont was to lie upon his couch
Beneath the sky-roof of the inner court,
And, shut in from the world, but not from heaven,
Play with his loved son by the fountain's lip;
For with idolatry confessed alone
To the rapt wires of his reproofless harp
He loved the child of Bathsheba. And when

The golden selvedge of his robe was heard
Sweeping the marble pavement, from within
Broke forth a child's laugh suddenly, and words—
Articulate, perhaps, to his heart only—
Pleading to come to him. They brought the boy—
An infant cherub, leaping as if used
To hover with that motion upon wings
And marvellously beautiful. His brow
Had the inspired uplift of the king's,
And kingly was his infantine regard,
But his ripe mouth was of the ravishing mould
Of Bathsheba's—the hue and type of love,
Rosy and passionate; and oh, the moist
Unfathomable blue of his large eyes
Gave out its light as twilight shows a star,
And drew the heart of the beholder in;
And this was like his mother.

David's lips
Moved with unuttered blessings, and a while
He closed the lids upon his moistened eyes,
And with the round cheek of the nestling boy
Pressed to his bosom sat as if afraid
That but the lifting of his lids might jar
His heart's cup from its fulness. Unobserved,
A servant of the outer court had knelt
Waiting before him, and a cloud the while
Had rapidly spread o'er the summer heaven,
And as the chill of the withdrawing sun
Fell on the king he lifted up his eyes
And frowned upon the servant; for that hour
Was hallowed to his heart and his fair child,
And none might seek him. And the king arose
And with a troubled countenance looked up
To the fast-gathering darkness, and, behold,
The servant bowed himself to earth and said,
"Nathan the prophet cometh from the Lord."
And David's lips grew white, and with a clasp
Which wrung a murmur from the frighted child
He drew him to his breast and covered him
With the long foldings of his robe, and said,
"I will come forth. Go now." And lingeringly,
With kisses on the fair uplifted brow,
And mingled words of tenderness and prayer
Breaking in tremulous accents from his lips,
He gave to them the child and bowed his head
Upon his breast with agony. And so
To hear the errand of the man of God
He fearfully went forth.

II.

It was the morning of the seventh day;
A hush was in the palace, for all eyes
Had woke before the morn, and they who drew
The curtains to let in the welcome light
Moved in their chambers with unslippered feet
And listened breathlessly. And still no stir!
The servants who kept watch without the door
Sat motionless; the purple casement shades
From the low windows had been rolled away
To give the child air, and the flickering light
That all the night within the spacious court
Had drawn the watcher's eyes to one spot only
Paled with the sunrise and fled in.

And hushed
With more than stillness was the room where lay
The king's son on his mother's breast. His locks
Slept at the lips of Bathsheba unstirred,
So fearfully, with heart and pulse kept down,
She watched his breathless slumber. The low moan
That from his lips all night broke fitfully
Had silenced with the daybreak, and a smile—
Or something that would fain have been a smile—
Played in his parted mouth; and, though his lids
Hid not the blue of his unconscious eyes,
His senses seemed all peacefully asleep,
And Bathsheba in silence blessed the morn,
That brought back hope to her. But when the king
Heard not the voice of the complaining child,
Nor breath from out the room, nor foot astir,
But morning there so welcomeless and still,
He groaned and turned upon his face. The nights
Had wasted and the mornings come and days
Crept through the sky unnumbered by the king
Since the child sickened, and without the door,
Upon the bare earth prostrate, he had lain,
Listening only to the moans that brought
Their inarticulate tidings, and the voice
Of Bathsheba, whose pity and caress,
In loving utterance all broke with tears,
Spoke as his heart would speak if he were there
And filled his prayer with agony. O God!
To thy bright mercy-seat the way is far!
How fail the weak words while the heart keeps on!
And when the spirit mournfully at last
Kneels at thy throne, how cold, how distantly,
The comforting of friends falls on the ear,
The anguish they would speak to gone to thee!

But suddenly the watchers at the door
Rose up, and they who ministered within
Crept to the threshold and looked earnestly
Where the king lay. And still, while Bathsheba
Held the unmoving child upon her knees,
The curtains were let down, and all came forth,
And, gathering with fearful looks apart,
Whispered together.

And the king arose
And gazed on them a moment, and with voice
Of quick, uncertain utterance he asked,
"Is the child dead?" They answered, "He is dead!"
But when they looked to see him fall again
Upon his face and rend himself and weep—
For while the child was sick his agony
Would bear no comforters and they had thought
His heartstrings with the tidings must give way—
Behold! his face grew calm, and, with his robe
Gathered together like his kingly wont,
He silently went in.

And David came,
Robed and anointed, forth, and to the house
Of God went up to pray. And he returned,
And they set bread before him, and he ate;
And when they marvelled, he said, "Wherefore mourn?
The child is dead, and I shall go to him,
But he will not return to me."

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

PICTURE OF WAR.

SPIRIT of light and life, when battle rears
Her fiery brow and her terrific spears,
When red-mouthed cannon to the clouds uproar
And gasping thousands make their beds in gore,
While on the billowy bosom of the air
Roll the dread notes of anguish and despair,
Unseen thou walkst upon the smoking plain,
And hearst each groan that gurgles from the slain.

List! War-peals thunder on the battle-field,
And many a hand grasps firm the glittering shield,
As on, with helm and plume, the warriors come,
And the glad hills repeat their stormy drum.
And now are seen the youthful and the gray
With bosoms firing to partake the fray;
The first, with hearts that consecrate the deed,
All eager rush to vanquish or to bleed,
Like young waves racing in the morning sun,
That rear and leap with reckless fury on.

But mark yon war-worn man who looks on high
With thought and valor mirrored in his eye:
Not all the gory revels of the day
Can fright the vision of his home away—
The home of love and its associate smiles,
His wife's endearment and his baby's wiles.
Fights he less brave through recollected bliss,
With step retreating or with sword remiss?
Ah, no! remembered home's the warrior's charm,
Speed to his sword and vigor to his arm;
For this he supplicates the god afar,
Fronts the steeled foe and mingles in the war.

The cannon's hushed; nor drum nor clarion sound;
Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the ground;
Horseman and horse lie weltering in their gore;
Patriots are dead and heroes dare no more;
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain
And lights the lurid features of the slain.

And see on this rent mound, where daisies sprung,
A battle-steed beneath his rider flung;
Oh, nevermore he'll rear with fierce delight,
Roll his red eyes and rally for the fight.
Pale on his bleeding breast the warrior lies,
While from his ruffled lids the white swelled eyes
Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies.

Afar, with bosom bared unto the breeze,
White lips and glaring eyes and shivering knees,

A widow o'er her martyred soldier moans,
Loading the night-wind with delirious groans.
Her blue-eyed babe—unconscious orphan he,
So sweetly prattling in his cherub glee—
Leers on his lifeless sire with infant wile,
And plays and plucks him for a parent's smile.

But who upon the battle-wasted plain
Shall count the faint, the gasping and the slain?
Angel of Mercy, ere the blood-fount chill
And the brave heart be spiritless and still,
Amid the havoc thou art hovering nigh
To calm each groan and close each dying eye,
And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore
Where war's loud thunders lash the winds no more.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

IS LOVE DEAD?

RING out your bells, let mourning shows be spread,
For Love is dead.
All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain,
Worth, as naught worth, rejected,
And Faith fair scorn doth gain.
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us.

Weep, neighbors, weep! Do you not hear it said
That Love is dead?
His deathbed peacock's folly,
His winding-sheet is shame,
His will false-seeming holy,
His sole exec'tor blame.

Let dirge be sung and trentals* rightly read,
For Love is dead;
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My mistress' marble heart,
Which epitaph containeth,
"Her eyes were once his dart."

Alas! I lye; Rage hath this error bred:
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatchèd mind,
Where she his council keepeth
Till due deserts she find.
Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

EDMUND WALLER.

* A service of thirty masses for the repose of the soul of some one dead, repeated on thirty successive days.

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

APOLLONIUS, who was born about 235 B. C., was a native of Naucratis, in Egypt, and resided at Alexandria, but migrated to Rhodes, where he opened a school of rhetoric, and where he recited in public his poem on the Argonauts, which was rewarded by the Rhodians with the freedom of their city. Hence he acquired the surname of "Rhodius." He was recalled by Ptolemy Euergetes, and succeeded Callimachus as keeper of the Alexandrian Library. He wrote treatises on the "Origin of Alexandria" and on "Cnidos," and other works, which are lost.

If the sublime be the characteristic of Homer, the romantic is that of Apollonius, and in nature and tenderness he needs not shun a comparison even with Homer. No poet has ever excelled the Rhodian in the refined display of female character, in the gay amenities, the modest reserves, the delicate artifices, the conflicting uncertainties and the poignant sensibilities of female love. Dido is but a feeble copy of the interesting and impassioned Medea. Elegance of style, picturesqueness of imagery, delicacy of imagination, Apollonius Rhodius may at least dispute with Virgil, and he possesses also that fresh and vigorous simplicity which may be said to be almost peculiar to the poets of Greece.

MEDEA GIVES JASON THE DRUG.

FROM THE GREEK OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

So said the youth, with admiration high
Gilding his speech, but she, her eyes cast down,
Smiled with enchanting sweetness: all her soul
Melted within her, of his words of praise
Enamored. Then she fixed full opposite
Her eyes upon him, at a loss what word
She first should speak, yet wishing in a breath
To utter all her fond impetuous thoughts,
And with spontaneous act she took the drug
From forth her fragrant girdle's folds, and he
Received it at her hands elate with joy;
And she had drawn the spirit from her breast,
Had he but asked it, sighing out her soul
Into his bosom. So from Jason's head,
Waving with yellow locks, Love lightened forth
A lambent flame and snatched the darted rays
That trembled from his eyes. Her inmost soul
Floating in bliss, she all dissolved away
As dew on roses in the morning's beams
Evaporating melts. So stood they both,
And bent in bashfulness their eyes on earth,
Then glanced them on each other, while their brows
Smiled joyous in serenity of love.

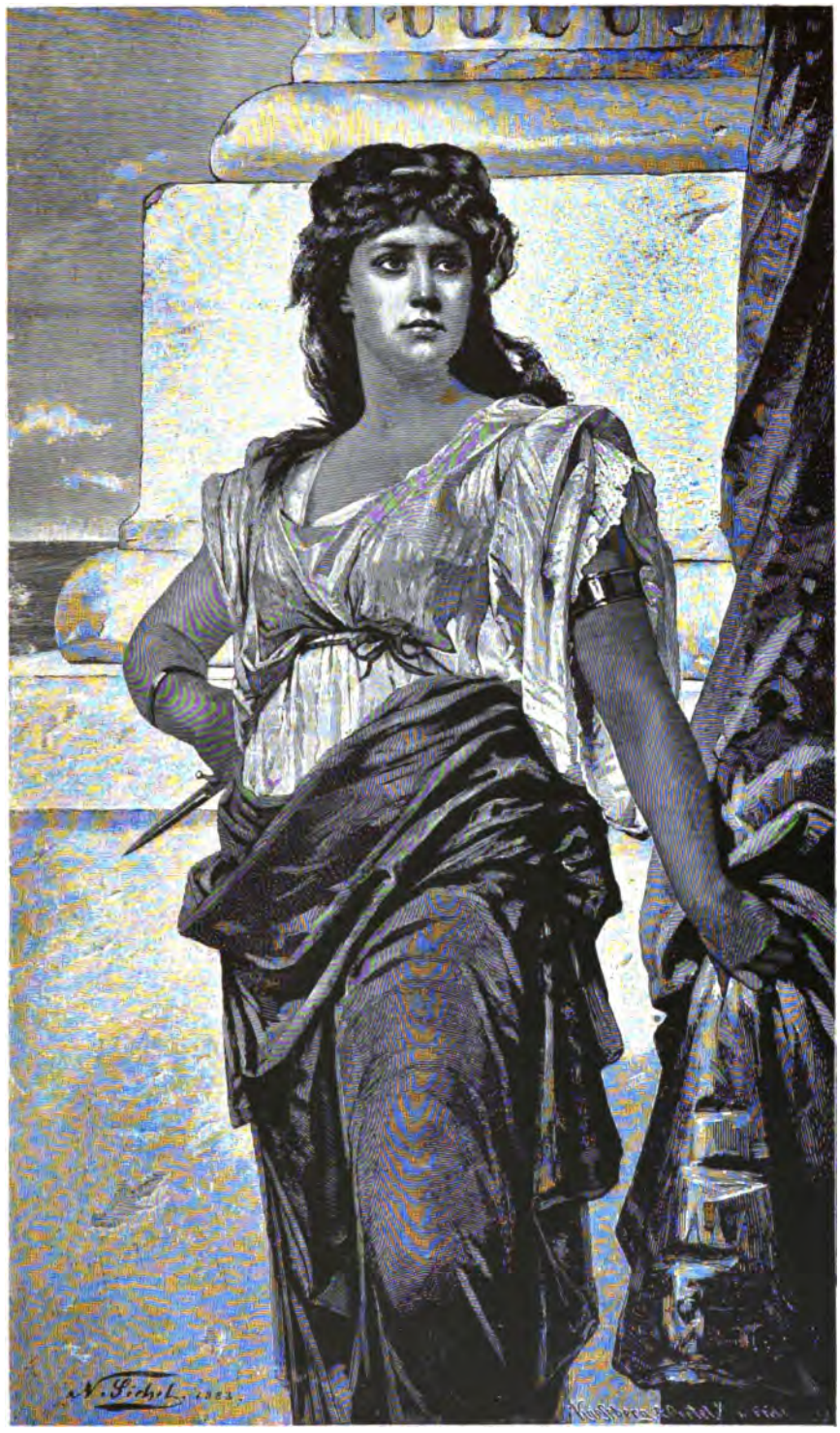
Translation of E. F. PRESTON.

EPITAPH.

FROM THE GREEK OF ERINNA.

PILLARS of death! carved Syrens! tearful urns!
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
To him that near my tomb his footstep turns,
Stranger or Greek, bid hail! and say a maid
Rests, in her bloom, below: her sire the name
Of Myrtis gave, her birth and lineage high,
And say her bosom-friend Erinna came,
And on this marble graved her elegy.

Translation of BLAND.



MEDEA.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY N. SICHEL.

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

UP AT THE CHURCH.

UP the hill, our faces red
With the bloom that overspread
All the west, while trailing back
Lay our shadows, lean and black—

Up to where the village spire
Warms its grays, its cross of fire
Flaming gold till all below
Grows the color of the crow.

Often in the sunset's flame
To the churchyard thus we came,
Whence outspread we could behold
Half the county, wood and wold.

And no time but there we found,
Resting upon stone or mound,
One whose back was like a hoop,
Rounded with the labor-stoop.

Many years the man had known—
Sixty since his beard had grown;
Snow his locks, his visage dun,
Blackened under many a sun.

Yet his eyes had gleam and shoot
Bright as eyes of eft or newt,
Socket deep with brows o'erhung,
Like a cavern ivy-swung.

Never word to us he spoke;
We to-night the silence broke.
"Ever here," we lightly said—
"Ever here among the dead?"

"Ever here," he muttered low;
But we were not answered so:
"Come you hither to behold
Half the county, wood and wold?"

"All the county that I crave
Stretches round me, grave on grave."
"Then you covet death?" we said;
"You are envious of the dead?"

"No," he answered, and still "No;
I have more of joy than woe,
God be praised! though, man and boy,
I had more of woe than joy.

"Want dried up my mother's breast;
Hunger was our household guest—
Endless work and want and woe:
God, they said, would have it so.

"Every spring the plough was driven,
Every summer harvest given,
But no blessing reached us thence:
That, they said, was Providence.

"All my youth I bore this lot;
Manhood came: I murmured not
Till the night my wife lay dead
And my children moaned for bread.

"'Twas the devil, surely, then
Came and whispered, 'Other men
Eat their fill and take their ease:
Is there other God for these?

"'Separate Gods do men adore—
God of rich and God of poor?'
'No!' still 'No!' my answer ran;
'This is not of God, but man.'

"Clear in all my hungry youth—
All my days—I read the truth,
Though my mind was dull and dense:
'This is man, not Providence.'

"From that moment all my life
Was a sense of wrong and strife—
Right and order overthrown,
Evil triumphing alone.

"Scorn of God and hate of men
Filled my heart to bursting then;
Fiercest scorn and bitterest hate
Left my being desolate.

"Still I was the laboring hind,
But I mixed not with my kind;
At their worth the great I prized
And my fellow-men despised.

"So till on a day a thought
Sudden help and comfort brought:
'Wherefore life?' my soul had cried;
'Wherefore death?' the clue supplied.

"Death! As in a flash I saw
God's great compensating law:
Death! defying wealth's behest;
Death! consoling the oppressed.

"None escape the common doom;
All are equal in the tomb.
God avenges thus the poor—
This their solace evermore.

"Read upon this tomb: 'Here lies—'
There My Lord—a hard one—dies,
And My Lady in her pride
Crumbles by his crumbling side.

"Thus among the tombs I tread,
I alive, my betters dead—
I alive and they but dust:
Oh, be certain God is just!

"In this place that truth I found,
Hence I deem it holy ground,
Over-worth, a thousand-fold,
All the county, wood and wold."

So the feeble murmurs died;
We in Christian words replied,
Speaking in our measured scope
Of a purer faith and hope,

Of the gospel of the poor,
But he answered us no more,
Quickened by one thought alone,
Else his ears were ears of stone.

So we left him. Still o'erhead
Glowed the spire-point flaming red,
But the hill and all below
Lay the color of the crow.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THE FALLING OF THE APPLE.

AS I stood in meditation
'Neath the orchard trees at night,
Where the moon and stars of autumn
Bathed the earth in pallid light,

Lo! the cricket hushed his music
  At the dull, unwonted sound
Of the ripened mellow apple
  Falling softly to the ground.

All the days of rain or sunshine
  Here had made their work complete
Since the blossom dropped in springtime
  Till the fruit fell at my feet,
Loosened by the hand of Nature
  With a touch that made no sound,
From the Father's hand of bounty
  Falling softly to the ground.

Men have watched or men have slumbered,
  Counted days or laughed or wept,
But the upward flow of juices
  God's great calendar have kept,
And the great machine of Nature
  Onward moves without a sound,
Till we, startled, mark its fruitage
  Falling softly to the ground.

Then my heart was dark and heavy
  As I saw an iron hand
Moving in a sweep resistless
  Through the air and sea and land,
Ripening its plans gigantic,
  Holding all things helpless, bound,
Till the full-grown curse or blessing
  Falls as fruitage to the ground.

But the silver autumn splendor
  Shone about my waiting feet,
Glistened on the golden fruitage,
  Sending up an odor sweet;
And I read a sweeter lesson
  In the harvest spread around
Of a God of patience ever
  Showering blessings o'er the ground.

A. T. WORDEN.

THE SQUIRE.

THEY are busy at work in the Park—
  Half the men of the village,
  Drawn from herding and tillage,
  Building with loppings of trees,
Gnarled and mossed and still in the bark,
  A lodge for the squire's ease,
    Rustic and quaint in style
      Yet the while
  Fashioned his every whim to please,
    Whether he plays,
    Or sleeps or prays,
Or wastes in indolent lounging glorious summer days.

Hard is the toil, for the day is hot,
  And, raining upon the spot,
  The sun has the heat of fire;
    But the squire,
From under the limes, where the shadows lurk,
    Smiles on the work,
  Or flung on the shaven turf reposes,
  Or down where the garden's planned
    Strolls by the damask roses,
    And idly, whip in hand,
  Goes flicking at bloom and bud,
    Till you see around
    On grass and ground
  The red leaves spilt like blood.

They have toiled until they ache
  Through each knot of the straining back,
  And tongues are parched and lips are black
With the thirst they cannot slake;
  Yet the labor is not done:
  There are hours to the setting sun;
And the squire—what is it to him,
  Strolling, placidly grim,

Under his limes and among his flowers,
Cursing the lagging hours
And fretting as best he may
Their golden lengths away?

Do they curse the indolent squire?
Curse him! They hold him higher
Than any of mortal birth
To their souls so dark and dim.
Never diviner god
Purple Olympus trod:
They love, they worship him,
As a being scarcely of earth.
They are his toiling hinds
With sealed-up minds,
With bodies wasted and lank,
Round of back and feeble of shank,
And to labor is their lot.
Find them with work, and they murmur not;
Work from bed to bed,
They give the day for the daily bread—
A ready price for the life
Of self and child and wife.

It is well, no doubt; it is good—
At least, it is understood
That the sentence did not fall
An equal brand upon all.
But that some should share it in work,
And some in pleasure
Should fill the measure
Of the curse that none may shirk.
And the squire would raise his eyes,
Bloodshot in fierce surprise,
Did I question—not his right
To the wealth that is his delight,
His virtue, wisdom, grace,
Nor the power that makes him absolute
Over man as over brute,
But that which of all his idle race,
Not one, or sire or son,
Has held as theme of question or dispute,
God's clear decree
Setting them free
From aught of service or of suit—
From aught
In act or thought with human profit fraught,
Or that to any end
Of glory or of good or usefulness might tend.

It is well, no doubt—it is good—
When once it is understood;
But I hold that if God require
At the hands of one of these
More of labor and less of ease,
It is of the idle squire;
For he who by patent of wealth or birth
Grinds men to earth.
He who darkens and dwarf and blinds
Immortal minds,
Keeps men drawers of water, hewers of wood,
Till each one feeds
Mere animal needs,
With never a sense of higher good—
He on his individual soul
Must take the whole,
Must stand for each wasted soul's ideal
Crushed 'neath the real,
For its aspirations by him debased,
Its powers laid waste,
For all
Lost to the ignorant thrall
That might to life a higher impulse give
Or to God's glory live.

This is the cost
Of the rank and the gold and the land
Held in a single hand,

Of power to raise and bless
Used to depress;
For do not doubt that for each brother lost,
Each Abel slain,
There is required of Cain
The meted measure and perfect span
Of the good that brother had yielded man.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

A VISION.

ONCE on a time, when all was still,
When midnight mantled vale and hill,
And over earth the stars were keeping
Their lustrous watch, it has been said,
A poet on his couch lay sleeping
As passed a vision through his head.
It may be rash—it can't be wrong—
To pencil what he saw in song;
And if we go not far amiss,
'Twas this, or something like to this:

Firstly, through parting mists his eye
The snowy mountain-peaks explored,
Where in the dazzling gulfs of sky
The daring eagle wheeled and soared;
And, as subsiding lower, they
Owned the bright empire of the day,
Softly arrayed in living green,
The summits of the hills were seen,
On which the orient radiance played,
Girt with their garlands of broad trees,
Whose foliage twinkled in the breeze
And formed a lattice-work of shade;
And darker still, and deeper still,
As widened out each shelving hill,
Dispersing placidly, they showed
The destined plains for man's abode,
Meadow and mount and champaign wide,
And sempiternal forests where
Wild beasts and birds find food and lair,
And verdant copse by river-side,
Which threading these—a silver line—
Was seen afar to wind and shine
Down to the mighty sea that wound
Islands and continents around,
And like a snake of monstrous birth
In its grim folds encircled earth.

Then wider as awoke the day
Was seen a speck, a tiny wing,
That from the sward drifting away
Rose up at heaven's gate to sing
A matin hymn melodious. Hark!
That orison! It was the lark,
Hailing the advent of the sun,
Forth like a racer come to run
His fiery course; in brilliant day
The vapors, vanishing away,
Had left to his long march a clear
Cloud-unencumbered atmosphere,
And glowed as on a map unfurled
The panorama of the world.

Fair was the landscape—very fair;
Yet something still was wanting there—
Something, as 'twere, to lend the whole
Material world a type of soul.
The dreamer wist not what might be
The thing a-lacking, but while he
Pondered in heart the matter over,
Floating between him and the ray
Of the now warm refulgent day,
What is it that his eyes discover?
As through the fields of air it flew
Larger it loomed, and fairer grew
That form of beauty and of grace
Which bore of grosser worlds no trace,

Until, as earth's green plains it neared,
Confest, an angel's self appeared.

Eye could not gaze on shape so bright,
Which from its atmosphere of light
And love and beauty shed around,
  From every winnow of her wings,
Upon the fainting air perfumes
  Sweeter than thought's imaginings,
And at each silent bend of grace
The dreamer's raptured eye could trace—
Far richer than the peacock's plumes—
A rainbow shadow on the ground,
As if from out elysium's bowers,
  From brightest gold to deepest blue,
  Blossoms of every form and hue
Had fallen to earth in radiant showers.

Vainly would human words convey
Spiritual music or portray
Seraphic loveliness, the grace
Flowing like glory from that face,
  Which, as 'twas said of Una's, made,
  Where'er the sinless virgin strayed,
A sunshine in the shady place:
The snowdrop was her brow; the rose
  Her cheek; her clear full gentle eye
  The violet in its deepest dye;
The lily of the Nile her nose;
Before the crimson of her lips
Carnations waned in dim eclipse;
And downward o'er her shoulders white,
  As the white rose in fullest blow,
Her floating tresses took delight
  To curl in hyacinthine flow;
Her vesture seemed as from the blooms
  Of all the circling seasons wove
With magic warp in fairy looms,
  And tissued with the woof of love.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

THE LITTLE GRAVES.

'TWAS autumn, and the leaves were dry
  And rustled on the ground,
And chilly winds went whistling by
  With low and pensive sound.

As through the graveyard's lone retreat,
  By meditation led,
I walked with slow and cautious feet
  Above the sleeping dead,

Three little graves, ranged side by side,
  My close attention drew;
O'er two the tall grass bending sighed,
  And one seemed fresh and new.

As, lingering there, I mused a while
  On death's long, dreamless sleep
And morning life's deceitful smile
  A mourner came to weep.

Her form was bowed, but not with years;
  Her words were faint and few,
And on those little graves her tears
  Distilled like evening dew.

A prattling boy some four years old
  Her trembling hand embraced,
And from my heart the tale he told
  Will never be effaced.

"Mamma, now you must love me more,
  For little sister's dead;
And t'other sister died before,
  And brother too, you said.

"Mamma, what made sweet sister die?
  She loved me when we played.
You told me if I would not cry
  You'd show me where she's laid."

"'Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground;
No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound."

"Mamma, why can't we take her up
And put her in my bed?
I'll feed her from my little cup,
And then she won't be dead.

"For sister'll be afraid to lie
In this dark grave to-night,
And she'll be very cold, and cry
Because there is no light."

"No, sister is not cold, my child;
For God, who saw her die
As he looked down from heaven and smiled,
Called her above the sky.

"And then her spirit quickly fled
To God, by whom 'twas given;
Her body in the ground is dead,
But sister lives in heaven."

"Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat?

"Papa must go and carry some:
I'll send her all I've got;
And he must bring sweet sister home.
Mamma, now must he not?"

"No, my dear child, that cannot be;
But if you're good and true,
You'll one day go to her, but she
Can never come to you.

"'Let little children come to me,'
Once our good Saviour said,
And in his arms she'll always be,
And God will give her bread."

SEBA SMITH.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE VEDAS, OR SACRED BOOKS OF INDIA.

THE oldest, and nominally the most weighty, authorities of the Brahmans for their religion and institutions are the *Vedas*, of which works four are usually enumerated —the *Rich*, or *Rig-Veda*; the *Yajush*, or *Yajur-Veda*; the *Sáman*, or *Sáma-Veda*; and the *Atharvana*, or *Atharva-Veda*. Many passages are to be found in Sanskrit writings, some in the *Vedas* themselves, which limit the number to three, and there is no doubt that the fourth, or *Atharva-Veda*, although it borrows freely from the *Rich*, has little in common with the others in its general character or in its style; the language clearly indicates a different and later era. It may therefore be allowably regarded rather as a supplement to three than as one of the four *Vedas*.

Of the other three *Vedas*, each has its peculiar characteristics, although they have much in common, and they are apparently of different dates, although not separated, perhaps, by any very protracted interval. The *Rig-Veda* consists of metrical prayers or hymns, termed *Súktas*, addressed to different divinities, each of which is ascribed to a *Rishi*, a holy or inspired author. These hymns are put together with little attempt at methodical arrangement, although such as are dedicated to the same deity sometimes follow in a consecutive series. There is not much connection in the stanzas of which they are composed, and the same hymn is sometimes addressed to different divinities. There are in the *Veda* itself no directions for the use and application of the *Súktas*, no notices of the occasions on which they are to be employed or of the ceremonies at which they are to be recited: these are pointed out by subsequent writers in *Sútras*, or precepts relating to the ritual; and even for the reputed authors of the hymns and for the deities in whose honor they are composed we are for the most part indebted to independent authorities, especially to an *Anukramaniká*, or index, accompanying each *Veda*.

The *Yajur-Veda* differs from the *Rich* in being more particularly a ritual or a collection of liturgical formulæ. The prayers or invocations, when not borrowed from the *Rich*, are mostly brief and in prose, and are applicable to the consecration of the utensils and materials of ceremonial worship as well as to the praise and worship of the gods. The *Sáma-Veda* is little else than a recast of the *Rich*, being made up, with very few exceptions, of the very same hymns, broken into parts and arranged anew for the purpose of being chanted on different ceremonial occasions. As far, also, as the *Atharva-Veda* is to be considered as a *Veda*, it will be found to comprise many of the hymns of the *Rich*. From the extensive manner, then, in which the hymns of the *Rig-Veda* enter into the composition of the other three, we must naturally infer its priority to them and its great-

er importance to the history of the Hindu religion. In truth, it is to the *Rig-Veda* that we must have recourse principally, if not exclusively, for correct notions of the oldest and most genuine forms of the institutions, religious or civil, of the Hindus.

These remarks apply to what are termed the *Sanhitás* of the *Vedas*—the aggregate assemblage in a single collection of the prayers, hymns and liturgic formulæ of which they are composed. Besides the *Sanhitás*, the designation *Veda* includes an extensive class of compositions, entitled collectively *Bráhmana*, which all Brahmanical writers term an integral portion of the *Veda*. According to them, the *Veda* consists of two component parts, termed severally *Mantra* and *Bráhmana*, the first being the hymns and formulæ aggregated in the *Sanhitá*, the second a collection of rules for the application of the *Mantras*, directions for the performance of particular rites, citations of the hymns or detached stanzas to be repeated on such occasions, and illustrative remarks or narratives explanatory of the origin and object of the rite. Of the *Bráhmana* portions of the *Rig-Veda*, the most interesting and important is the *Aitareya Bráhmana*, in which a number of remarkable legends are detailed highly illustrative of the condition of Brahmanism at the time at which it was composed. The *Aitareya A'ranyaka*, another *Bráhmana* of this *Veda*, is more mystical and speculative than practical or legendary; of a third, the *Kausítaki*, little is known. The *Bráhmana* of the *Yajur-Veda*, the *S'at'apatha*, partakes more of the character of the *Aitareya Bráhmana;* it is of considerable extent, consisting of fourteen books, and contains much curious matter. The *Bráhmanas* of the *Sáma* and *Atharva Vedas* are few and little known, and the supplementary portions of these two *Vedas* are more especially the metaphysical and mystical treatises termed *Upanishads*, belonging to an entirely different state of the Hindu mind from that which the text of the *Vedas* sprang from and encouraged. Connected with and dependent upon the *Vedas* generally also are the treatises on grammar, astronomy, intonation, prosody, ritual and the meaning of obsolete words called the *Vedángas;* but these are not portions of the *Veda* itself, but supplementary to it, and in the form in which we have them are not, perhaps, altogether genuine, and with a few exceptions are not of much importance. Besides these works, there are the *Prátisákhyas*, or treatises on the grammar of the *Veda*, and the *Sútras*, or aphorisms inculcating and describing its practices, the whole constituting a body of Vaidik literature the study of which would furnish occupation for a long and laborious life.

The worship which the *Súktas* describe comprehends offerings, prayer and praise. The former are chiefly oblations and libations—clarified butter poured on fire and the expressed and fermented juice of the *Soma* plant presented in ladles to the deities invoked, in what manner does not exactly appear, although it seems to have been sometimes sprinkled on the fire, sometimes on the ground, or rather on the *Kusa*, or sacred grass, strewed on the floor; and in all cases the residue was drunk by the assistants. The ceremony takes place in the dwelling of the worshipper, in a chamber

appropriated to the purpose and probably to the maintenance of a perpetual fire, although the frequent allusions to the occasional kindling of the sacred flame are rather at variance with this practice. There is no mention of any temple or any reference to a public place of worship, and it is clear that the worship was entirely domestic. The worshipper, or *Yajamána*, does not appear to have taken of necessity any part personally in the ceremony, and there is a goodly array of officiating priests—in some instances seven; in some, sixteen—by whom the different ceremonial rites are performed, and by whom the *Mantras*, or prayers or hymns, are recited. That animal victims were offered on particular occasions may be inferred from brief and obscure allusions in the hymns of the first book, and it is inferable from some passages that human sacrifices were not unknown, although infrequent, and sometimes typical; but these are the exceptions, and the habitual offerings may be regarded as consisting of clarified butter and the juice of the *Soma* plant.

The *Súkta* almost invariably combines the attributes of prayer and praise; the power, the vastness, the generosity, the goodness, and even the personal beauty, of the deity addressed are described in highly laudatory strains and his past bounties or exploits rehearsed and glorified, in requital of which commendations, and of the libations or oblations which he is solicited to accept, and in approval of the rite in his honor, at which his presence is invoked, he is implored to bestow blessings on the person who has instituted the ceremony, and sometimes, but not so commonly, also on the author or reciter of the prayer. The blessings prayed for are for the most part of a temporal and personal description—wealth, food, life, posterity, cattle, cows and horses, protection against enemies, victory over them, and sometimes their destruction, particularly when they are represented as inimical to the celebration of religious rites, or, in other words, people not professing the same religious faith. There are a few indications of a hope of immortality and of future happiness, but they are neither frequent nor, in general, distinctly announced, although the immortality of the gods is recognized and the possibility of its attainment by human beings exemplified in the case of the demigods termed *Ribhus*, elevated for their piety to the rank of divinities. Protection against evil spirits (*Rákshasas*) is also requested, and in one or two passages Yama and his office as ruler of the dead are obscurely alluded to. There is little demand for moral benefactions, although in some few instances hatred of untruth and abhorrence of sin are expressed, a hope is uttered that the latter may be repented of or expiated, and the gods are in one hymn solicited to extricate the worshipper from sin of every kind. The main objects of the prayers, however, are benefits of a more worldly and physical character. The tone in which these are requested indicates a quiet confidence in their being granted as a return for the benefits which the gods are supposed to derive from the offerings made to them in gratifying their bodily wants, and from the praises which impart to them enhanced energy and augmented power; there is nothing, however, which denotes any particular potency in the prayer or hymn, so as to compel the gods to comply with the desires of the worshipper—nothing of that

enforced necessity which makes so conspicuous and characteristic a figure in the Hindu mythology of a later date, by which the performance of austerities for a continued period constrains the gods to grant the desired boon, although fraught with peril, and even destruction, to themselves.

The chief deities of the *Veda* are Agni and Indra. The former comprises the element of fire under three aspects: first, as it exists on earth, not only as culinary or religious fire, but as the heat of digestion and of life and the vivifying principle of vegetation; second, as it exists in the atmosphere or mid-heaven, in the form of lightning; and third, as it is manifested in the heavens, as light, the sun, the dawn and the planetary bodies. The sun, it is true, is acknowledged and hymned as a divinity, the soul of all movable and immovable beings, and his manifestations are already known as *A'dityas.*

Indra is a personification of the phenomena of the firmament, particularly in the capacity of sending down rain. This property is metaphorically described as a conflict with the clouds, which are reluctant to part with their watery stores until assailed and penetrated by the thunderbolt of Indra. As in all allegories, the language of fact and fiction is apt to be blended and confounded in the description of this encounter, and the cloud, personified as a demon named Ahi, or Vritra, is represented as combating Indra with all the attributes of a personal enemy, and as suffering in the battle mutilation, wounds and death. In the versions of the conflict found in later works and in the heroic poems and *Purânas* the original allegory is lost sight of altogether, and Vritra becomes a real personage—an *Asura*, or king of *Asuras*, who wages a doubtful war with the king of the gods. This contest with the clouds seems to have suggested to the authors of the *Súktas* the martial character of Indra on other occasions, and he is especially described as the god of battles, the giver of victory to his worshippers, the destroyer of the enemies of religious rites, and the subverter of the cities of the *Asuras.* A popular myth represents him also as the discoverer and rescuer of the cows, either of the priests or of the gods, which had been stolen by an *Asura* named Pani, or Vala. Like Agni, he is the possessor and bestower of riches and the granter of all temporal blessings when devoutly worshipped and when propitiated by the *Soma* juice, which seems to be more especially appropriated to him, and which has the effect of inspiring him with animation and courage. Some of his attributes are obviously allegorical references to the locality of the firmament, as when he is said to have elevated the sun and fixed the constellations in the sky, to be more vast than heaven and earth, and to have sundered them when originally united; of another, which refers to him in the guise of a ram, no very satisfactory explanation is given, although the metamorphosis suggests some analogy between him and Jupiter Ammon. His taking part in the wars of tribes and princes and ensuring the triumph of those he befriends belongs to the poetical part of the personification, and arises, no doubt, from that character for personal valor derived from his metaphorical defeat of Vritra, and the real instrumentality of the electricity of the atmosphere in the descent of fertilizing showers.

H. H. WILSON
(Member of the Royal Asiatic Society).

TRYPHIODORUS.

THIS poet was an Egyptian, and is supposed to have lived in the fifth century; but some writers regard him as more ancient than Virgil. The style of his poem "The Sack of Troy" is elegant, and is evidently formed on the classic models. The siege of Troy is supposed to have occurred about 1184 B. C.

CASSANDRA'S WARNING.

FROM THE GREEK OF TRYPHIODORUS.

"Why lead ye thus, O senseless men of Troy,
O mad of brain, the steed your death-snare and decoy?
Soon, wretches, will your wars indeed be o'er
In night without a morn, in sleep that wakes no more!
The martial pageant is the gift of foes;
Lo! Hecuba's dark dreams and boding throes!
Lo! the protracting year its circle bends;
The time is full, the lingering warfare ends!
The wile of Grecian princes is at hand:
Through gloomiest night an armor-gleaming band
Start from the courser's womb; an iron birth,
In battles bred, they touch the trampled earth.
No woman hasting in the hour of need
Shall ease the birth-pangs of that laboring steed,
But she who knit the frame assistant stand,
The mighty midwife, with portentous hand!
Yea! city-razing Pallas opes the womb
With a shrill shout, the sign of Ilium's doom.
It rolls within our walls, a purple flood,
A surge of slaughter and a sea of blood.
I see the twisted manacles that gall
Our women's wrists; one misery levels fall.
Wombed in the steed the slumbering embers glow;
Woe, woe is me, my native country, woe!
A heap of dust, Laomedon, thy wall;
The heaven-built towers heave tottering to their all.
For thee, O Priam, fatally secure,
O father, mother, what must ye endure!
Father, thy pitiable death is nigh:
Soon at Jove's altar thou in blood shalt lie;
Mother of goodly sons, to thee has Heaven
For these sons dead a dog's fierce frenzy given.
And thee, O dear Polyxena, my eyes
In pity weep—thee, slain in sacrifice
In thy loved country's sight; and would to me
That death might come when this has fallen on thee!
For what avails it that I draw my breath
Reserved for still more miserable death,
My grave a stranger's land? What mistress there
Shall lord it o'er me when, a monarch's share,
I take my captive lot—for warlike toil
When Agamemnon claims me as a spoil?
Hear, all ye Trojans! hear, reflect and know;
Shake off the mist of madness and of woe.
Break with sharp axe the steed's capacious frame
Or let it moulder in the burning flame;
Destroy its ambush-hiding cave with fire
And heap the Greeks on one consuming pyre.
Then spread me banquets; then your dances ply,
And crown the cup in lovely liberty!"
So spake the maid, but wild her words appear,
By Phœbus' curse a true but slighted seer.

Translation of MERRICK.

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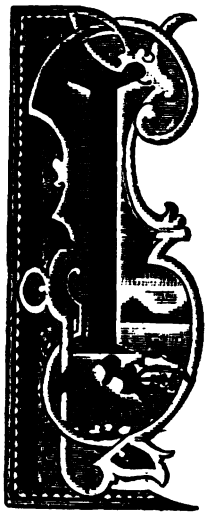
The Temple and Tower of Gingee.

THE RIG-VEDA.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL SANSCRIT.



HYMN TO AGNI.

GLORIFY Agni, the high priest of the sacrifice, the divine, the ministrant, who presents the oblation (to the gods), and is the possessor of great wealth.

May that Agni who is to be celebrated by both ancient and modern sages conduct the gods hither!

Through Agni the worshipper obtains that affluence which increases day by day, which is the source of fame and the multiplier of mankind.

Agni, the unobstructed sacrifice of which thou art on every side the protector, assuredly reaches the gods.

May Agni, the presenter of oblations, the attainer of knowledge, he who is true, renowned and divine, come hither with the gods.

Whatever good thou mayest, Agni, bestow upon the giver (of the oblation), that verily, Angiras, shall revert to thee.

We approach thee, Agni, with reverential homage in our thoughts, daily, both morning and evening.

The radiant, the protector of sacrifices, the constant illuminator of truth, increasing in thine own dwelling.

Agni, be unto us easy of access as is a father to his son; be ever present with us for our good.

TO INDRA.

Indra, the slayer of Vritra, has been augmented in strength and satisfaction by (the adoration of) men: we invoke him in great conflicts as well as in little; may he defend us in battles!

For thou, hero, Indra, art a host; thou art the giver of much booty; thou art the exalter of the humble; thou bestowest (riches) on the worshipper who offers the oblations, for abundant is thy wealth.

When battles arise, wealth devolves on the victor; yoke thy horses, humblers of the pride (of the foe), that thou mayest destroy one and enrich another: place us, Indra, in affluence.

Mighty through sacrifice, formidable (to foes), partaking of the sacrificial food, Indra has augmented his strength; pleasing in appearance, having a handsome chin and possessing (bright) coursers, he grasps the iron thunderbolt in his contiguous hands for (our) prosperity.

He has filled the space of earth and the firmament (with his glory); he has fixed the constellations in the sky: no one has been ever born, nor will be born, Indra, like to thee: thou hast sustained the universe.

May Indra, the protector, who returns to the giver (of oblations) the food that is fit for mortals, bestow (such food) on us: dis-

* We give an illustration of the temple and castellated tower of Gingee, a town of India, eighty miles south-west of Madras.

tribute thy wealth, which is abundant, so that I may obtain (a portion) of thy riches.

The upright performer of (pious) acts is the donor of herds of cattle to us, when receiving frequent enjoyment (from our libations): take up, Indra, with both hands, many hundred (sorts) of treasure; sharpen (our intellects), bring us wealth.

Enjoy along with us, O hero, the suffused libation for (the increase of our) strength and wealth: we know thee (to be) the possessor of vast riches, and address to thee our desires; be, therefore, our protector.

These, thy creatures, Indra, cherish (the oblation) that may be partaken of by all; thou, lord of all, knowest what are the riches of those men who make no offerings: bring their wealth to us.

Translation of H. H. WILSON
(Member of the Royal Asiatic Society).

THE SÁMA-VEDA.

THE Sanhitá of the Sáma-Veda consists of an arranged series of verses directed to be sung especially at the Somayága, or moon-plant sacrifice. The praises of the different deities who are supposed to honor the ceremony with their presence, and prayers for the prosperity of the worshippers and those connected with them, form the principal subject of those verses. Some of them are supposed to have the powers of consecrating the fire into which the oblation is cast, and others the Soma juice, of which it principally consists.

THE OBLATIONS OFFERED AT THE SOMAYAGA.

The following particulars relative to the Somayága may be gathered from this Veda and its commentary. When any one has determined to perform the moon-plant sacrifice, he invites Brahmans of the three principal classes—Rig-Vedi, Sáma-Vedi and Yajur-Vedi Brahmans. The Atharva-Vedi are not admissible, because, it is said, their profession being to destroy enemies, their presence would be inauspicious. The first thing to be done is to collect the moon-plant (*Sarcostema viminalis*) and the arani-wood for kindling the sacred fire (*Premna spinosa*), and this must be done in the moonlight night and from the table-land on the top of a mountain. The moon-plants must be plucked up from the roots, not cut down, and after being stripped of their leaves the bare stems are to be laid on a cart drawn by two rams or he-goats, and by them to be brought to the house of the Yajamána, the institutor of the sacrifice, for whose especial benefit and at whose expense all the ceremonies are performed. The stems of the plants are now deposited in the hall of oblation. Although the caul of the ram must form part of the oblation, I find nothing in the Veda about killing the animal, but I am told it is the practice to kill both of the rams. In the Abhangs of Tuka Ráma, a sage who flourished in the Deccan about three hundred years ago, the muzzling of the ram and the beating of it to death by the fists of the Brahmans are spoken of as necessary parts of this rite. His verses are to the following effect:

"'Beat to death the ram you've muzzled,
And offer Soma with sacred song;'
So they say, but yet I'm puzzled,
And half suspect such worship wrong,
For rites like these are at best but scurvy,
That turn religion topsy-turvy."

Should the animal, during the above-men-

tioned operation, utter the least sound, the omen is most inauspicious. I am told that after flaying the ram and separating the caul the flesh is cut into small pieces and cooked, being made into meat balls with flour. One Brahman informant told me that they swallow these balls whole; another, that they simply apply them to the tip of their tongue. In the Matsya Purána eleven or thirteen kinds of flesh are ordered to be used at the feast to the manes of a Brahman's ancestors. In the Bháshya of this Veda, Kravyáda ("eater of flesh") is conditionally used as the appellation of a holy Brahman; so that there is no innate improbability in the account I have given, though merely on hearsay authority. From the Bháshya it clearly appears that the Vaspá forms a part of the oblation to the gods. It is explained by all the learned Brahmans I have met with as the caul or peritoneum, resembling, as they describe it, a piece of silk paper. All the refuse is collected in a bull's hide (*to-twach*) and buried at the conclusion of the ceremonies. This is done by express command, as recorded in the Rig-Veda.

The moon-plant stalks, when brought into the hall of oblation, are bruised by the Brahmans with stones and then put between two planks of wood, that they may be thoroughly squeezed and the juice expressed. The stalks, with their expressed juice, are then placed over a strainer made of goat's hair, sprinkled with water and squeezed by the fingers of the officiating Brahmans, one or two of which must be adorned with flat gold rings. The juice, mixed with water, now makes its way through the strainer and drops into the Drona Kalasa, the receiving-vessel placed below, and situated at that part of the Yajnyavedi called the Yoni, or womb—a name, I conjecture, given sometimes to the vessel itself, though properly belonging to the place where it rests. The juice, already diluted with water, is in the Drona Kalasa further mixed with barley, clarified butter, and the flour of a grain called by the Maráthas *wari*, the Sanscrit names of which are *nívára* and *trinadhánya*. It is now allowed to ferment till a spirit is formed, after which it is drawn off for oblations to the gods in a scoop called *sruch*, and in the ladle called *chamasa* for consumption by the officiating Brahmans. The vessel, scoop and ladle are all made of the wood of the catechu tree (*Mimosa catechu*). Nine days are mentioned in the Bháshya as required for the purificatory rites. There are three oblations offered daily—one early in the morning, one at noon and one at night. The Soma, when properly prepared, is a powerful spirit: it is said in this Veda to have intoxicated Sukra, to have made even Indra's face turn all awry while he was drinking it, and by its exhilarating principle to have furnished him with that might without which he could not have subdued the enemies of the gods.

THE SACRED FIRE.

The sacred fire ought always to be kept burning in a Brahman's house. The stricter sort accordingly always keep one fire burning, and some who are rich maintain three. The fire kept alive by all rigid Brahmans is called the Gárhapati, or, "household guardian." It is fed with the palás wood (*Butea frondosa*), and no other should be used. Twenty-one pieces, each a cubit long, are directed to be got ready against a sacrifice.

At the commencement of the Somayága fire is transferred from the Gárhapati to the Dakshina Agni, or "southern fire," and to the Ahavaníya, or "oblation-receiving fire," which is the most easterly of the three. Fire from heaven, obtained either from lightning or from the sun, though by what process is not said, should also be added, and fire procured from the arani-wood is to be joined to the other two; so that there are three different kinds of fire in each Kunda, or fireplace. The process by which fire is obtained from wood is called churning, as it resembles that by which butter in India is separated from milk. The New Hollanders obtain fire from wood by a similar process. It consists in drilling one piece of arani-wood into another by pulling a string tied to it with a jerk with the one hand, while the other is slackened; and so on alternately till the wood takes fire. The fire is received on cotton or flax held in the hand of an assistant Brahman.

THE HALL OF OBLATION.

The common Yajnyasálá is a room in the inner part of a Brahman's house; it has a serpentine wall of between two and three feet high running through it, called the Yajnyavedi.

THE AUSTERITIES THAT ACCOMPANY THE SINGING OF THE SÁMA-VEDA.

The treatise called the Brahmana of the Sáma-Veda is chiefly taken up in pointing out the austerities that must be practised before commencing and during the singing of this Veda. It is evidently, from its style, a modern work, compared with the ancient hymns that form the Sanhitá, yet probably it is founded on ancient traditions. The first austerity mentioned is the Krichchhra Práyaschitta, which requires for its performance twelve days. During the first three the devotee eats only once, and that during the day; during the next three he eats once, but during the night; for the next three days he eats only provided that some one has given him food without his asking for it; and for the last three days he fasts entirely.

There is next the Atikrichchhra Práyaschitta, corresponding to the above, only the penitent eats on no one day more than a single mouthful; and, as if this were not a sufficient trial of Brahmanical endurance, there is next the Krichchhra Krichchhra, during nine days of which life is sustained by once drinking water, while on the three last even this simple beverage is denied. The singing of various sacred verses is to accompany these fasts. The first of these penances purifies, it is said, from common sins; the second, from deadly sins; and the third makes a man pure even as the gods. Such is the initiatory rite of this book of austerities, but it is a trifle to the concluding one, in the performance of which the devotee is commanded to live on milk during four months; then, having gone to the jungle and having built for himself a shed, he is to enter it with his Kamandalu, or vessel for bathing, and fast twenty-one days without even drinking water. Should such voluntary abstinence be indeed possible, our physiologists will require to remodel their systems. Since the English occupation of the Marátha country the Somayága has been three times performed within its boundaries —once at Násik, once at Puna and once at

Sáttara. The Brahmana declares that without austerities the sacred verses lose all their power; and, since it is hardly to be supposed that privations like those above recorded were on these occasions submitted to or are ever again likely to be endured, the votaries of Hindooism have a ready answer for those who ask why their sacred rites are not now attended with the effects ascribed to them in ancient times. As each of the penances mentioned in the Brahmana has a different object, it is probable that during the Somayága a selection may be made, and that the whole are not required.

CONCLUSION OF THE SOMAYÁGA.

The moon-plant sacrifice is not considered perfect unless there be a feast, and a distribution of presents to Brahmans at its conclusion. The viands of which the feast is composed are rice, sour curds mixed with barley-flour, cakes made with butter and sugar, along with potations of the moon-plant beverage. Cows, gold, horses and provisions are the principal gifts mentioned as necessary to be given to the officiating Brahmans.

THEOLOGY OF THIS VEDA.

The theology of this Veda differs considerably in detail from the modern systems of Hindooism, while yet its basis is the same. Soma, identified with the uncreated spirit, holds the place of Brahmá in the more modern Vedanta; he is said to be Indra, Agni and all the gods. All the gods perish, it is said, at the great Pralaya; Soma alone remains, and becomes the originator of a new world. At the Pralaya it is said that the womb of Ocean contains all the gods. From these and similar expressions, however, nothing definite can be learned about the particular scheme of Hindoo philosophy taught in the Vedas. Vishnu's Vámana Avatára is several times alluded to or mentioned, but none of the rest. Vishnu is but the younger brother of Indra, and inferior to him. Agni, the god of fire, Indra, the personified firmament, Mitra, the sun, and Váyu, the wind, are the principal deities worshipped. After these come Vishnu; then the sun, under the names Varuna, Púshá, Áditya, etc.; Varuna, as god of ocean; Yama, god of the infernal regions; the Aswini Kumáras—*i. e.*, Beta and Gamma Arietis; the female divinities, Aditi, Saraswatí, Yamuna—*i. e.*, the river Jumna, called Ansumatí; the waters generally; the wife and sisters of Agni; the Ribhu, deified Brahmans; the deified eagle, Garuda; the genii of various sacrificial vessels and utensils and the genius of sin. There is no mention of Brahmá, the creator, and none of Siva, unless, as the author of the Bháshya is inclined to think, Siva is but a form of Agni, to whom the name of Rudra is given in the Vedas. So greatly has the system of Hindooism been modified since these ancient hymns were composed that the divinities adored as primary in them have sunk down into a secondary rank, and others inferior or unknown in those ancient times have been raised to the place they once held.

USE OF THE RIK IN THE SÁMA-VEDA.

The Rig-Veda is a collection of ancient hymns arranged according to their authors; the Sáma appears to be a collection of verses arranged according to their subjects. I am of opinion that most of the verses, if not

the whole, are taken from the Rik. The commentator for about two-thirds of the first part mentions the author. I have searched in the Rik for all the verses ascribed to Madhuchhanda, Jetá and Sunahsepha, and found the whole. I feel persuaded that a similar search would have given the same result in regard to the others, as I have throughout the whole found verses I recognized as having seen in the Rig-Veda.

THE AGE AND AUTHORS OF THE VEDAS.

It may be asked, What light do these hymns throw on the age and authors of the Veda? On the general subject of Hindoo chronology they throw but little light, only the age of man is spoken of as being limited by about one hundred years. Comparatively, however, Yayáti and Turvasa, who stand near the top of the list in the Soma dynasty, were ancients when some of the verses were written. Colebrooke's conclusion also as regards the authors is confirmed; for not only do we find the names of the Rishis prefixed to the texts, but in some instances introduced into the sacred Mantra itself. Viswámitra, Vasishtha and the other names famous in Indian history then were the authors of the Vedas. They lived before the time of Ráma Chandra; so that if Bentley's calculations approximate anything near to the truth, we may say that some of the principal parts of these hymns were composed between one thousand and twelve hundred years before the Christian era. It is not till all the mysterious records of Hindooism have been brought to light that we shall be able to take a comprehensive view of the Brahmanical system as a whole.

REV. J. STEVENSON, D. D.

ADHYÁYA OF THE SÁMA-VEDA.

FROM THE ORIGINAL SANSCRIT.

O PURIFYING SOMA, the all-pervading, beloved, heaven-descended, milky streams of juice are being produced over the receiving-vessel, and the creative priests purify thee, so that thy large drops fall down through mid-air, O thou who art the portion of the Rishis! The life-preserving streams of the unchangeable purifier proceed in all directions to both the worlds, when the green plant is purified in the holy place, and sit on the receiving-vessel over the spirit-generating womb. O beholder of all things, the mighty beams of thee, the ever-increasing, proceed on all sides to the universal mansion (the bodies of the gods); whilst thou, O all-pervading Soma, art in thy indestructible juice poured forth pure and reignest supreme over every land.

The purifier, sprung from heaven all-wondrous like a flash of lightning, appears in a mighty flame called Vaiswánara (the friend of all men). O brilliant purifier, the Rákshasa-dispelling, inebriating esssence of thy juice is flowing down purified through the goat's-hair strainer. The happiness-conferring, shining juice of thee, our purifier, displays its splendor, and thou, the seer of all things, spreadest thy light all abroad.

As cows cheerfully go (to the cow-house), so do these quick-moving, shining, ever-advancing moon-plants, stript of their black skins, (go to their place). We praise the Rákshasa-restraining, difficultly-obtained, enduring, inebriation-generating, bark-divested stalks of the present excellent moon-plants. The voice of the mighty purifier is heard descending like a shower of rain, and his rays shine in the heavens. O Soma, strain

out pure for us abundance of food, joined with abundance of cows, of gold, of horses and heroic sons. Do thou, O beholder of all things, distil out pure for us thy juice, and satisfy the two extended worlds, as the Sun by his rays distils the morning. O Soma, do thou with thy golden streams encompass us on all sides as the earth is encompassed on all sides with water.

O Soma, possessed of an exalted mind, having assumed thy body, beloved by the gods, go on all sides, saying, "(I go) wherever the gods are." Consecrating the unconsecrated and providing food for the people, send down showers of rain from heaven. He who moves with speed to the highest heavens distils floods of water while seated in the holy place. When pressed, thou comest quickly into thy holy state, accompanied with thy might, possessed of radiance, seeing all things and enlightening (the gods). When pressed, whether near or at a distance, (Soma), enveloping, protects us. The honeyed Soma is being strained out pure for Indra's drinking.

The everywhere-going sister-consorts (the fingers), desirous of the mighty work (of bruising the plants), thrust (under the stones) the magnanimous lord, the mighty (moon-plant) Indu. O purified divinity, who shinest with ray after ray, when pressed for the gods, do thou bring among us all thy treasures. O purifier, pour down on us rain worthy of our praises, to enable us to serve the gods, and let it come gathering around us to provide for us food.

The preserver of men, the ever-watchful Agni, the possessor of wonderful might, was produced to cause prosperity anew to the worshippers, and the pure and shining god, lighted up by the priests with clarified butter, shines with an intense heaven-embracing flame. O Agni, Angiras Rishi found thee out when concealed as in a cave under the cover of every tree in the forest, and thou camest forth on being churned by his mighty strength. Hence, O emitter of heat, thou hast been called the Son of Strength. The priests cause thee, Agni, the lighter up of the sacrifice, the first-born, who of old wast placed in thy sacred recess, and travellest with thy chariot in the same line with Indra and the gods, to shine forth in the mirthful assembly. Let, then, (Agni), the herald of the gods, and the prosperer of our religious acts, sit down on the sacred grass to partake of the sacrifice.

O Mitra and Varuna, prosperers of sacrificial rites, these moon-plants have been pressed for you; therefore in this sacrifice hear my invocation. O possessors of radiance, without hate, immovable, most excellent, who enter the hall of assembly, which has a thousand supporting pillars, (come hither). They two, the universal monarchs, whose food is melted butter and moon-plant juice, sons of Aditi, the givers of wealth, serve the guileless (performers of sacrifice).

Indra, who utters not a word against his worshippers, slew with the bones of the Rishi Dadhícha ninety times nine of his foes. Desirous of the Rishi's horse-head, which had its locality among the mountains, he there discovered it in a lake. When the time of the departure of the ever-moving sun arrives, the light proceeds to take up its abode in the mansion of the moon.

This copious song of praise was produced

by the hymning (Vashistha) for you, O Indra and Agni, and falls thick as the showers of rain from heaven. O Indra and Agni, do ye two hear the invocation of the chanter and accept of his praises. O ye our rulers, give us the full reward of our religious services. O ye heroes, Indra and Agni, do not give us over to disgrace, nor to be the song of our enemies, nor to reproach.

Translation of REV. J. STEVENSON, D. D.

WILLY'S GRAVE.

THE frosty wind was wailing wild across
the wintry wold;
The cloudless vault of heaven was bright
with studs of gleaming gold;
The weary cotter's heavy lids had closed
with closing day,
And on his silent hearth a tinge of dying
firelight lay.

The ancient hamlet seemed asleep beneath
the starry sky;
A little river sheathed in ice came gliding
gently by;
The gray church in the graveyard where the
rude forefathers lay
Stood like a mother waiting till her children
came from play.

No footstep trod the tiny town; the drowsy
street was still
Save where the wandering night-wind sang
its requiem wild and shrill;
The stainless snow lay thick upon those
quaint old cottage-eaves,
And wreaths of fairy frost-work hung where
grew last summer's leaves.

Each village home was dark and still, and
closed was every door,
For gentle Sleep had twined her arms around
both rich and poor,
Save in one little cot, where by a candle's
flickering ray
A childless mother sighing sat and combed
her locks of gray.

Her husband and her children all were in
the last cold bed,
Where one by one she'd laid them down and
left them with the dead,
Then toiling on toward her rest, a lonely
pilgrim she,
For God and poverty were now her only
company.

Upon the shadowed window-sill a well-worn
Bible lay;
Against the wall a coat had hung for many
a weary day;
And on the scanty table-top with crumbs of
supper strewn
There stood beside a porringer two little
empty shoon.

The fire was waning in the grate, the spinning-wheel at rest,
The cricket's song rang loudly in that lonely
woman's nest,
As with her napkin thin and worn, and wet
with many a tear,
She wiped the little pair of shoon her darling used to wear.

Her widowed heart had often leaped to hear
his prattle small;
He was the last that she had left, the dearest of them all;

And as she rocked her to and fro, while tears came drooping down,
She sighed and cried, "Oh, Willy love, these little empty shoon!"

With gentle hand she laid them by, she laid them by with care,
For Willy he was in his grave, and all her thoughts were there;
She paused before she dropped the sneck that closed her lambless fold:
It grieved her heart to bar the door and leave him in the cold.

A threadbare cloak she wrapped around her limbs so thin and chill;
She left her lonely cot behind whilst all the world was still,
And through the solitary night she took her silent way
With weeping eyes toward the spot where little Willy lay.

The pale, cold moon had climbed aloft into the welkin blue;
A snow-clad tree across the grave its leafless shadow threw;
And as that mournful mother sat upon a mound thereby
The bitter wind of winter sighed to hear her wailing cry:

"My little Willy's cowd and still: he's not a cheep for me;
Th' last leaf has dropt, th' last tiny leaf, that cheered this withered tree.
Oh, my poor heart! my comfort's gone; aw'm lonely under th' sky:
He'll never clip my neck again an' tell me not to cry.

"Nipt, nipt i' th' bud, an' laid i' th' dust, my little Willy's dead,
And o' that made me cling to life lies in his frosty bed.
He's gone! He's gone! My poor bare neest! What's o' this world to me?
My darlin' lad, aw'm lonely neaw; when mun aw come to thee?

"He's crept into his last dark nook an' left me pinin' here,
An' nevermore his two blue e'en for me mun twinkle clear;
He'll never lisp his prayers again at his poor mammy's knee:
Oh, Willy, oh, aw'm lonely neaw; when mun aw come to thee?"

The snow-clad yew tree stirred with pain to hear that plaintive cry;
The old church listened, and the spire kept pointing to the sky;
With kindlier touch the bitter wind played in her locks of gray,
And the queenly moon upon her head shone with a softened ray.

She rose to leave that lonely bed: her heart was grieving sore;
One step she took, and then her tears fell faster than before;
She turned and gave another look—one lingering look she gave—
Then, sighing, left him lying in his little wintry grave.

EDWIN WAUGH.

ZEAL is the fire of love,
Active for duty, burning as it flies.

WILLIAMS.

LAMENT OF MEGARA, THE WIFE OF HERCULES.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

"WHY dost thou vex thy spirit, mother mine?
Why fades thy cheek? at what dost thou repine?
Because thy son must serve a popinjay
As though a lion did a fawn obey?
Why have the gods so much dishonored me?
Why was I born to such a destiny?
Spouse of a man I cherished as mine eyes,
For whom heart-deep my vowed affection lies,
Yet must I see him crossed by adverse fate,
Of mortal men the most misfortunate,
Who with the arrows which Apollo—no!
Some Fate or Fury—did on him bestow,
In his own house his own sons raging slew:
Where in the house was not the purple dew?
I saw them slain by him; I—I, their mother—
Did see their father slaughter them. None other
Had e'er a dream like this. To me they cried,
"Mother, save us!" What could I do? They died.
As when a bird bewails her callow young,
O'er whom, unfeathered yet, she fondly hung,
Which now a fierce snake in the bush devours,
Flies round and round, shrieks, cannot help them, cowers,
Nor nearer dares approach her cruel foe,
Thus I, most wretched mother, to and fro
Rushed madly through the house, my children dear,
My dead, dead children, 'wailing everywhere.
Would that I too had with my children died,
The poisoned arrow sticking in my side!
Then with fast tears my mother and my sire
Had laid me with them on the funeral pyre,
And to my birth-land given, on their return,
Our mingled ashes in one golden urn;
But they in Thebes, renowned for steeds, remain,
And still they farm their old Aonian plain;
But in steep Tiryns I must dwell apart,
With many sorrows gnawing at my heart.
Mine eyes are fountains which I cannot close;
I seldom see him, and but brief repose
My hapless husband is allowed at home:
By sea or land he must for ever roam;
None but a heart of iron or of stone
Could bear the labors he has undergone.
Thou, too, like water meltest still away,
For ever weeping every night and day.
None of my kin is here to comfort me,
For they beyond the piny isthmus be;
There's none to whom I may pour out my woes,
And like a woman all my heart disclose,
But sister Pyrrha; but she too forlorn
For her Iphicles, thine and hers, doth mourn.
Unhappiest mother thou, in either son,
Twin stamps of Zeus and of Amphitryon."

And while she spoke from either tearful well
The large drops faster on her bosom fell,
While she her slaughtered children called to mind,
And parents in her country left behind.
With tear-stained cheek and many a groan and sigh
Alcmena to her son's wife made reply:

"Why, hapless mother, with this train of thought
Dost thou provoke the grief that comes unsought?
Why dost thou talk these dreadful sorrows o'er,
Now wept by us as we have wept before?
Are not the new griefs that we look to see
From day to day enough for you and me?
Lover of dole were he who would recount
Our tale of woes and find their whole amount;
Take heart and bear those ills we cannot cure,
But by the will of Heaven we must endure.
And yet I cannot bid thee cease to grieve,
For even joy to spend itself has leave.
For thee I wail; why wert thou doomed—oh, why?—
To be a partner in our misery?
I mourn that Fate with ours thy fortune blends
Under the woe that over us impends.
Ye by whose names unpunished none forswear,
Persephona and dread Demeter, hear!
I love thee, sweetest, as an old-age child
That has beyond hope on its mother smiled:
Thou knowest this; then say not, I implore,
I love thee not or foster sorrow more,
Or in my grief I careless am of thee,
Though I weep more than e'er wept Niobe;
No blame is due to her with anguish wild
Who hapless weeps for her unhappy child.
New toils now task him in a foreign plain:
Oh, shall I ever see my son again?
Besides, an awful vision of the night,
Scaring my sleep, hath filled me with affright,
And much I fear, when I my dream recall,
Lest some untoward thing my sons befall.
Methought, aside his cloak and tunic laid,
My Hercules with both hands grasped a spade,
And round a cultured field a mighty dyke
He delved, as one that toils for hire belike;
But when the dyke around the vineyard run,
And he was just about—his task now done,
The shovel thrown on the projecting rim—
With his attire again to cover him,
Sudden above the bank a fire burst out
Whose greedy flames enclosed him round about;
He to the flames with rapid flight did yield,
Holding the spade before him as a shield,
And here and there he turned his anxious eye,
If he might shun his scorching enemy.
High-souled Iphicles, I remember well
As it meseemed, rushing to help him, fell,
Nor could he raise himself from where he rolled,
But helpless lay there like some weak man old
Tript up by joyless age against his will;
Stretched on the ground he was, and seeming still
Hopeless of rising, till a passer-by
In pity raised the hoar infirmity.
Thus hapless lay the warrior brave in fight,
And I did weep to see that sorry sight—
This son stretched feeble, that engirt with flame—
Till sleep forsook me and the day-dawn came.
Such frightful visions on my sleep did fall;
Ye gods, on curst Eurystheus turn them all!
Oh, be this presage true my wish supplies,
And may no god ordain it otherwise!"

Translation of M. J. CHAPMAN.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

T was St. Mary's Eve, and all poured forth
As to some grand solemnity. The fisher
Came from his islet, bringing o'er the waves
His wife and little one; the husbandman
From the Firm Land, along the Po, the Brenta,
Crowding the common ferry, all arrived,
And in his straw the prisoner turned and listened,
So great the stir in Venice. Old and young
Thronged her three hundred bridges; the grave Turk,
Turbaned, long vested, and the cozening Jew
In yellow hat and threadbare gaberdine,
Hurrying along. For, as the custom was,
The noblest sons and daughters of the state,
They of patrician birth, the flower of Venice,
Whose names are written in the Book of Gold,
Were on that day to solemnize their nuptials.

At noon a distant murmur through the crowd,
Rising and rolling on, announced their coming,
And never, from the first, was to be seen
Such splendor or such beauty. Two and two,
The richest tapestry unrolled before them,
First came the brides in all their loveliness,
Each in her veil and by two bridesmaids followed,
Only less lovely, who behind her bore
The precious caskets that within contained
The dowry and the presents. On she moved,
Her eyes cast down and holding in her hand
A fan that gently waved, of ostrich-feathers.
Her veil, transparent as the gossamer,
Fell from beneath a starry diadem,
And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,
Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst,
A jewelled chain, in many a winding wreath,
Wreathing her gold brocade.

Before the church—
That venerable structure now no more—
On the sea-brink another train they met,
No strangers, nor unlooked for ere they came,
Brothers to some, still dearer to the rest,
Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume,
And, as he walked, with modest dignity
Folding his scarlet mantle. At the gate
They join, and, slowly up the bannered aisle
Led by the choir, with due solemnity
Range round the altar. In his vestments there
The patriarch stands, and while the anthem flows
Who can look on unmoved, the dream of years
Just now fulfilling? Here a mother weeps,
Rejoicing in her daughter. There a son

Blesses the day that is to make her his,
While she shines forth through all her ornament,
Her beauty heightened by her hopes and fears.

At length the rite is ending. All fall down—
All, of all ranks—and, stretching out his hands,
Apostle-like, the holy man proceeds
To give the blessing. Not a stir, a breath,
When, hark! a din of voices from without,
And shrieks and groans and outcries as in battle,
And, lo! the door is burst, the curtain rent,
And armèd ruffians, robbers from the deep,
Savage, uncouth, led on by Barbaro
And his six brothers in their coats of steel,
Are standing on the threshold. Statue-like,
A while they gaze on the fallen multitude,
Each with his sabre up, in act to strike,
Then, as at once recovering from the spell,
Rush forward to the altar, and as soon
Are gone again, amid no clash of arms,
Bearing away the maidens and the treasures.

Where are they now? Ploughing the distant waves,
Their sails outspread and given to the wind,
They on their decks triumphant. On they speed,
Steering for Istria their accursed barks:
Well are they known, the galliot and the galley;
Freighted, alas! with all that life endears,
The richest argosies were poor to them.

Now hadst thou seen along that crowded shore
The matrons running wild, their festal dress
A strange and moving contrast to their grief,
And through the city, wander where thou wouldst,
The men half armed and arming, everywhere
As roused from slumber by that stirring trump—
One with a shield, one with a casque and spear,
One with an axe severing in two the chain
Of some old pinnace. Not a raft, a plank,
But on that day was drifting. In an hour
Half Venice was afloat. But long before,
Frantic with grief and scorning all control,
The youths were gone in a light brigantine
Lying at anchor near the arsenal,
Each having sworn, and by the holy rood,
To slay or to be slain.

And from the tower
The watchman gives the signal. In the east
A ship is seen, and making for the port,
Her flag St. Mark's. And now she turns the point,
Over the waters like a sea-bird flying.
Ha! 'tis the same—'tis theirs; from stern to prow
Green with victoriòus wreaths, she comes to bring
All that was lost. Coasting, with narrow search,
Friuli, like a tiger in his spring
They had surprised the corsairs where they lay
Sharing the spoil in blind security
And casting lots, had slain them, one and all—
All, to the last—and flung them far and wide
Into the sea, their proper element,

Him first, as first in rank, whose name so long
Had hushed the babes of Venice, and who yet,
Breathing a little, in his look retained
The fierceness of his soul.

Thus were the brides
Lost and recovered. And what now remained
But to give thanks? Twelve breastplates and twelve crowns
By the young victors to their patron saint
Vowed in the field—inestimable gifts
Flaming with gems and gold—were in due time
Laid at his feet; and ever to preserve
The memory of a day so full of change
From joy to grief, from grief to joy again,
Through many an age, as oft as it came round,
'Twas held religiously. The doge resigned
His crimson for pure ermine, visiting
At earliest dawn St. Mary's silver shrine,
And through the city, in a stately barge
Of gold, were borne with songs and symphonies
Twelve ladies young and noble. Clad they were
In bridal white with bridal ornaments,
Each in her glittering veil, and on the deck,
As on a burnished throne, they glided by,
No windows or balcony but adorned
With hangings of rich texture, not a roof
But covered with beholders, and the air
Vocal with joy. Onward they went, their oars
Moving in concert with the harmony,
Through the Rialto to the ducal palace,
And at a banquet, served with honor there,
Sat representing, in the eyes of all—
Eyes not unwet, I ween, with grateful tears—
Their lovely ancestors, the brides of Venice.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

A PORTRAIT.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight—
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes are stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too,
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine—
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

W Wordsworth

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CALLIMACHUS.

CALLIMACHUS was the son of Battus and Mesatma, and was born at Cyrene, a city of Africa, B. C. 256. He taught letters at Alexandria and was the preceptor of Apollonius Rhodius, with whom he was afterward at variance, and whom he satirized in a poem called "Ibis," or "The Stork," which is now lost, but which is imitated by Ovid. He was keeper of the Alexandrian Library under Ptolemy Philadelphus and his son, Ptolemy Euergetes. He produced a variety of works and wrote poems on celebrated historical characters, on stories of mythology and subjects of natural history, exclusive of elegies and dramas. Of all these numerous pieces we have only a few hymns and inscriptions.

Callimachus exhibits that pure and nervous simplicity which is so remarkable in the Grecian poetry. His cast of thought is elevated and solemn. We are struck by the spirited enthusiasm of his manner, the richness and expansion of his imagination, the freshness of his painting and the pomp of his imagery.

HYMN ON THE BATH OF MINERVA.

FROM THE GREEK OF CALLIMACHUS.

Then with practised art
Her limbs anointed with the fragrant oil
Of her own olive-yards. O virgin, then
The color of the morning flushed once more
Thy cheeks—the hue that blushes on the rose
Or tints the peach. Now, now that manlier oil
Bring hither, maidens, such as Castor used,
And Hercules, and bring a golden comb,
That she may draw her length'ning tresses down
And smooth her glossy hair. Come, goddess, forth!
A pleasing band awaits thee—virgins sprung
From great Acestor's tribe. To thee the shield
Of Diomed is borne in customed rite,
Which thy loved priest, Eumedes, taught of yore.
He, when the plotting multitude devised
The stratagems of death, fled, clasping close
Thy hallowed image; to the Crean mount
He fled, and placed it on the steepy rocks,
Named thence Palladian. Come, Minerva, forth!
City-destroyer! golden-helmed! who lov'st
The din of neighing steeds and clashing shields!
This day, ye water-bearing damsels, draw
From fountains only, and forbear the streams;
This day, ye handmaids, dip your urns in springs
Of Physidea, or the limpid well
Of Anymone, for from mountains green
With pasture shall the Inachian river roll
A goodly bath for Pallas, mingling gold
And flowerets with its waters. But beware,
Pelasgian, lest thy undesigning glance
Surprise the queen Minerva. He that views
The naked form of Pallas, with last look
Hath seen the towers of Argos.

Translation of DODD, TYTLER.

THE DETECTION AND PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.

AN ARGUMENT ON THE TRIAL OF JOHN FRANCIS KNAPP FOR THE MURDER OF JOSEPH WHITE OF SALEM, IN ESSEX COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 6TH OF APRIL, 1830.

DEEP sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock by soft and continued pressure till it turns on its hinges without noise, and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death. It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work, and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard. To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it and ascertains that it beats no longer. It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake! Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which pierces through all disguises and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained and doth so govern things that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of dis-

covery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself, or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him, and like the evil spirits of which we read it overcomes him and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicion from without begins to embarrass him and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed. There is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.

The criminal law is not founded in a principle of vengeance. It does not punish that it may inflict suffering. The humanity of the law feels and regrets every pain it causes, every hour of restraint it imposes, and more deeply still every life it forfeits. But it uses evil as the means of preventing greater evil. It seeks to deter from crime by the example of punishment. This is its true and only true main object. It restrains the liberty of the few offenders that the many who do not offend may enjoy their liberty. It takes the life of the murderer that other murders may not be committed. The law might open the jails and at once set free all persons accused of offences, and it ought to do so if it could be made certain that no other offences would hereafter be committed, because it punishes, not to satisfy any desire to inflict pain, but simply to prevent the repetition of crimes. When the guilty, therefore, are not punished, the law has so far failed of its purpose; the safety of the innocent is so far endangered. Every unpunished murder takes away something from the security of every man's life. Whenever a jury, through whimsical and ill-founded scruples, suffer the guilty to escape, they make themselves answerable for the augmented danger of the innocent.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

MR. SHENSTONE, who was born A. D. 1714, was the eldest son of a plain uneducated gentleman in Shropshire who farmed his own estate. The father, sensible of his son's extraordinary capacity, resolved to give him a learned education, and sent him a commoner to Pembroke College, in Oxford, designing him for the Church, but, though he had the most awful notions of the wisdom, power and goodness of God, he never could be persuaded to enter into orders. In his private opinions he adhered to no particular sect and hated all religious

disputes. But, whatever were his own sentiments, he always showed great tenderness to those who differed from him. Tenderness, indeed, in every sense of the word, was his peculiar characteristic; his friends, his domestics, his poor neighbors, all daily experienced his benevolent turn of mind. Indeed, this virtue in him was often carried to such excess that it sometimes bordered upon weakness; yet if he was convinced that any of those ranked amongst the number of his friends had treated him ungenerously, he was not easily reconciled. He used a maxim, however, on such occasions which is worthy of being observed and imitated. "I never," said he, "will be a revengeful enemy, but I cannot—it is not in my nature to—be half a friend." He was in his temper quite unsuspicious; but if suspicion was once awakened in him, it was not laid asleep again without difficulty. He was no economist; the generosity of his temper prevented him from paying a proper regard to the use of money. He exceeded, therefore, the bounds of his paternal fortune, which before he died was considerably encumbered. But when one recollects the perfect paradise he raised around him, the hospitality with which he lived, his great indulgence to his servants, his charities to the indigent, and all done with an estate not more than three hundred pounds a year, one should rather be led to wonder that he left anything behind him than to blame his want of economy. He left, however, more than sufficient to pay all his debts, and by his will appropriated his whole estate for that purpose. It was perhaps from some considerations on the narrowness of his fortune that he forbore to marry, for he was no enemy to wedlock, had a high opinion of many among the fair sex, was fond of their society and no stranger to the tenderest impressions. One which he received in his youth was with difficulty surmounted. The lady was the subject of that sweet pastoral, in four parts, which has been so universally admired, and which, one would have thought, must have subdued the loftiest heart and softened the most obdurate.

Shenstone's person, as to height, was above the middle stature, but largely and rather inelegantly formed; his face seemed plain till you conversed with him, and then it grew very pleasing. In his dress he was negligent even to a fault, though when young, at the university, he was accounted a beau. He wore his own hair, which was quite gray very early; in a particular manner—not from any affectation of singularity, but from a maxim he had laid down, that, without too slavish a regard to fashion, every one should dress in a manner most suitable to his own person and figure. In short. his faults were only little blemishes thrown in by Nature, as it were, on purpose to prevent him from rising too much above that level of imperfection allotted to humanity. His character as a writer will be distinguished by simplicity with elegance and genius with correctness. He had a sublimity equal to the highest attempts, yet, from the indolence of his temper, he chose rather to amuse himself in culling flowers at the foot of the mount than to take the trouble of climbing the more arduous steeps of Parnassus; but whenever he was disposed to rise, his steps, though natural, were noble and always well supported. In the tenderness of elegiac poetry he has not been excelled; in the simplicity of pastoral, one may venture

to say, he had very few equals. Of great sensibility himself, he never failed to engage the hearts of his readers, and amidst the nicest attention to the harmony of his numbers he always took care to express with propriety the sentiments of an elegant mind. In all his writings his greatest difficulty was to please himself. I remember a passage in one of his letters, where, speaking of his love-songs, he says, "Some were written on occasions a good deal imaginary, others not so; and the reason there are so many is that I wanted to write one good song and could never please myself." It was this diffidence which occasioned him to throw aside many of his pieces before he had bestowed upon them his last touches. He died A. D. 1763.

R. DODSLEY.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THIS gifted thinker and poet was the son of the Rev. John Coleridge, vicar of St. Mary's Ottery, Devonshire, and was born on 20th October, 1772. He received his education at Christ's Hospital, where, without desire or ambition, his talents and superiority placed him ever at the head of his class. In 1791 he entered Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained till 1793. But, having contracted some debts, in a fit of despondency he enlisted as a soldier in the Fifteenth Light Dragoons. Here his education soon made his position in society known, and his friends, to his great satisfaction, as he made but a sorry dragoon, bought him off.

In 1794, Coleridge became acquainted with Southey and formed a friendship which affected his future history. In conjunction with him he wrote and published "The Fall of Robespierre," a poem, and spent the remainder of the year in lecturing on revealed religion, he having become a Unitarian. Southey and he afterward married two sisters of the name of Fricker. Coleridge also established a periodical called *The Watchman*, which, however, soon became defunct, from his incurable unpunctuality. He was at this time put to many shifts to obtain a living, though his family and friends were most anxious to help him. In 1798 appeared his fascinating tale of "The Ancient Mariner," "The Foster-Mother's Tale," etc., and about the same time he was by the liberality of the Messrs. Wedgewood, who settled one hundred and fifty pounds a year on him, enabled to proceed to Germany to complete his education. On his return, in 1800, he went to reside with Southey at Keswick; at this time his Unitarian views underwent a change, and he became a firm believer in the doctrine of the Trinity.

The same year Coleridge issued his translation—or, rather, transfusion—of Schiller's "Wallenstein," into which he has thrown some of the choicest graces of his own fancy. He obtained also employment as an occasional contributor to the *Morning Post*, his unbusinesslike habits making regular contributions impossible. In 1804 he went to Malta to recruit his health, which was suffering greatly from his addiction to opium; he obtained there the post of secretary to the governor, but he held the situation only nine months. On his return he took up his abode at Grasmere, and in 1816, at the recommendation of Byron, he published *Christabel*, "a wild and wondrous tale." This was written many years before, but it appears to have been Cole-

ridge's custom to retain his poems for years before publishing them.

Coleridge now began to reap the fruits of his genius; he obtained considerable sums from his poetical and prose works, which had a very wide circulation. Fortunately for his after-life, he was able to give up the use of opium, which was proving so pernicious to his health. In 1816 he took up his residence with Mr. Gilman, a surgeon, of Highgate Grove, to whose care and skill he was indebted for the comparative ease and comfort of his later days. He died at Highgate, July 25, 1834. ROBERT INGLIS.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THE art of painting made but slow progress in England from the time of the Renaissance until the middle of the eighteenth century. Foreign artists had been induced to come over by the wealth and smiles of royalty. Among these were Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyke and Sir Peter Lely, whose works form the staple of English galleries until the age of Benjamin West and Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is greatly to the credit of Sir Thomas Lawrence that as the pupil of the latter and the successor of the former in the presidency of the Royal Academy he sustained the rising reputation of English artists and advanced English art.

Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper, and was born in Bristol, England, on the 4th of May, 1769—the birth-year of both Napoleon and Wellington. At six years of age the boy was quite a prodigy; he declaimed pieces and drew heads, and it was early a question whether he should become an actor or a painter. The failure of his father in 1779, when he was but ten years old, brought the task of supporting the family upon little Tom. This he did by making crayon portraits at Oxford, and afterward at Bath, for a guinea and a half each. In 1784 he received a prize for some crayon studies of portions of Rafael's "Transfiguration," and was soon able to aspire to better things. In 1787 he repaired to London and became the pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, at that time the most distinguished portrait-painter in the world. On the death of Sir Joshua, in 1792, Lawrence succeeded to his station in public favor. In 1794 he was elected a Royal Academician and became the fashionable portrait-painter of England. In 1815 he was knighted by the Crown. In 1818 he was called to Aix-la-Chapelle to paint the sovereigns assembled there, and before he returned he visited Vienna and Rome, where he was received with great distinction. In the year 1820, Sir Benjamin West died, and Lawrence was at once elected president of the Royal Academy; he held this distinguished office until his death, on the 7th of January, 1830. He never married, although he was always very courteous and gallant to women.

As to the character of Lawrence's art, it may be said that he makes flattering ideals rather than real pictures; and so strongly typical are his portraits that they all seem like one man's children, with large eyes, waving hair and a "conventional grace," in which they are enveloped by the painter as in a garment. Among the best of them is the double portrait entitled "The Brothers," whose aristocratic bearing is well set off by the donkey's head as a foil.

Painted by Sir T. Lawrence P.R.A. Engraved by C. W. Ellis

The Brothers.

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SIR PETER AND LADY TEAZLE.

SIR PETER. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

LADY TEAZLE. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will too. What though I was educated in the country? I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

SIR PET. Very well, ma'am, very well! So a husband is to have no influenee, no authority?

LADY TEAZ. Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me. I am sure you were old enough.

SIR PET. Old enough! Ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

LADY TEAZ. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

SIR PET. No, no, madam; you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. To spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse and give a *fête champetre* at Christmas!

LADY. TEAZ. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

SIR PET. Oons, madam! If you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

LADY TEAZ. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

SIR PET. Yes, yes, madam; you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

LADY TEAZ. Oh yes; I remember it very well. And a curious life I led—my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

SIR PET. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

LADY TEAZ. And then, you know, my evening amusements—to draw patterns for ruffles which I had not materials to make up, to play Pope Joan with the curate, to read a sermon to my aunt, or to be stuck down to an old spinnet to strum my father to sleep after a foxchase.

SIR PET. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-à-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair, and in the summer a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double behind the butler on a docked coach-horse?

LADY TEAZ. No; I swear I never did that. I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

SIR PET. This, madam, was your situa-

tion, and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

LADY TEAZ. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation: that is—

SIR PET. My widow, I suppose?

LADY TEAZ. Hem! hem!

SIR PET. I thank you, madam! But don't flatter yourself; for, though your ill-conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you. However, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

LADY TEAZ. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

SIR PET. Madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

LADY TEAZ. Sir Peter, would you have me be out of the fashion?

SIR PET. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

LADY TEAZ. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

SIR PET. Ay, there again! Taste! Zounds, madam! you had no taste when you married me.

LADY TEAZ. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's?

SIR PET. Ay, there's another precious circumstance: a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

LADY TEAZ. Nay, Sir Peter; they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

SIR PET. Yes, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance, for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves. Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal and clippers of reputation.

LADY TEAZ. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

SIR PET. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

LADY TEAZ. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

SIR PET. Grace, indeed!

LADY TEAZ. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

SIR PET. Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

LADY TEAZ. Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-bye to ye. [*Exit.*

SIR PET. So I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

CHEAP JACKS AND DEAR JACKS.

I AM a Cheap Jack. Now, I'll tell you what: I mean to go down into my grave declaring that, of all the callings ill-used in Great Britain, the Cheap-Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers? Where's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks and they are Dear Jacks, I don't see any difference but what's in our favor.

For look here! Say it's election-time. I am on the foot-board of my cart in the market-place on a Saturday night. I put up a general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now, here, my free and independent woters, I'm a-going to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now I'll show you what I am a-going to do with you. Here's a pair of razors that'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians; here's a flat-iron worth its weight in gold; here's a frying-pan artificially flavored with essence of beef-steaks to that degree that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it, and there you are replete with animal food; here's a genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you may knock at the door with it when you come home late from a social meeting and rouse your wife and family, and save up your knocker for the postman; and here's half a dozen dinner-plates that you may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it's fractious. Stop! I'll throw you in another article, and I'll give you that, and it's a rolling-pin; and if the baby can only get it well into its mouth when its teeth is coming, and rub the gums once with it, they'll come through double in a fit of laughter equal to being tickled. Stop again! I'll throw you in another article, because I don't like the looks of you, for you haven't the appearance of buyers unless I lose by you, and because I'd rather lose than not take money to-night; and that article's a looking-glass in which you may see how ugly you look when you don't bid. What do you say now? Come! Do you say a pound?—Not you, for you haven't got it.—Do you say ten shillings?—Not you, for you owe more to the tally-man.—Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you: I'll heap 'em all on the foot-board of the cart. There they are—razors, flat-iron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner-plates, rolling-pin and looking-glass. Take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble." This is me, the Cheap Jack.

But on the Monday morning, in the same market-place, comes the Dear Jack on the hustings—*his* cart—and what does *he* say? "Now, my free and independent woters, I am a-going to give you such a chance" (he begins just like me) "as you never had in all your born days, and that's the chance of sending myself to Parliament. Now I'll tell you what I am a-going to do for you. Here's the interests of this magnificent town promoted above all the rest of the civilized and uncivilized earth. Here's your railways carried, and your neighbors' railways jockeyed. Here's all your sons in the post-office. Here's Brittania smiling on you. Here's the eyes of Europe on you. Here's universal prosperity for you, repletion of animal food, golden corn-

fields, gladsome homesteads and rounds of applause from your own hearts, all in one lot, and that's myself. Will you take me as I stand? You won't? Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come, now! I'll throw you in anything you ask for. There! Church-rates, abolition of church-rates; more malt-tax, no malt-tax; universal education to the highest mark, or universal ignorance to the lowest; total abolition of flogging in the army, or a dozen for every private once a month all round; Wrongs of Men, or Rights of Women,—only say which it shall be, take 'em or leave 'em, and I'm of your opinion altogether, and the lot's your own on your own terms. There! You won't take it yet? Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! You *are* such free and independent woters, and I *am* so proud of you—you *are* such a noble and enlightened constituency, and I *am* so ambitious of the honor and dignity of being your member, which is by far the highest level to which the wings of the human mind can soar—that I'll tell you what I'll do with you: I'll throw you in all the public-houses in your magnificent town for nothing. Will that content you? It won't? You won't take the lot yet? Well, then, before I put the horse in and drive away, and make the offer to the next most magnificent town that can be discovered, I'll tell you what I'll do: take the lot, and I'll drop two thousand pound in the streets of your magnificent town for them to pick up that can. Not enough? Now, look here. This is the very furthest that I'm a-going to. I'll make it two thousand five hundred. And still you won't?—Here, missis! Put the horse— No, stop half a moment.—I shouldn't like to turn my back upon you, neither, for a trifle. I'll make it two thousand seven hundred and fifty pound. There! Take the lot on your own terms, and I'll count out two thousand seven hundred and fifty pound on the foot-board of the cart, to be dropped in the streets of your magnificent town for them to pick up that can. What do you say? Come, now! You won't do better, and you may do worse. You take it? Hooray! Sold again, and got the seat!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

THERE is no unmixed good in human affairs; the best principles, if pushed to excess, degenerate into fatal vices. Generosity is nearly allied to extravagance; charity itself may lead to ruin; the sternness of justice is but one step removed from the severity of oppression. It is the same in the political world: the tranquillity of despotism resembles the stagnation of the Dead Sea; the fever of innovation, the tempests of the ocean. It would seem as if at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, a universal frenzy seizes mankind; reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded, and the very classes who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

THE BLEEDING HAND.

FROM this bleeding hand of mine
Take this sprig of eglantine,
Which, though sweet unto your smell,
Yet the fretful brier will tell
He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many thorns to be in love.

ROBERT HERRICK.

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Christian Martyr. Roman Augurs.

UNDER THE ARENA—COLISEUM.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY KARL VON PILOTY.

ISAIAH.

ISAIAH was the most sublime of the Hebrew prophets. He flourished about 740 B. C., and is said to have lived in Jerusalem, near the temple. Isaiah was a contemporary of Archilochus of Lydia, the first of the Greek lyric poets, selections from whom will be found on page 39, Vol. IV., of this work.

THE MESSIAH.

FROM THE HEBREW OF ISAIAH.

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief.

KING JAMES'S TRANSLATION.

UNDER THE COLISEUM.

HOW much pathetic interest is gathered in Von Piloty's picture! A martyr, a Christian, a woman! Roman augurs have pronounced her doom, and have descended under the arena to see it executed; for such is the pleasure of the immortal gods. But one, struck with pity—which is akin to love—lingers to see the beautiful features smiling in death, a picture which will dwell in his memory as long as he lives. Few years shall elapse before the scene shall be changed: the sign of the Crucified on *labarum* and on shield shall lead Roman armies to Christian victory, and the figure of the dead martyr shall rise to be a living saint in the roll of those who endured the cross and despised the shame.

TRIBUTE TO WEBSTER.

THEY say he was ambitious. Yes, as Ames said of Hamilton, "there is no doubt that he desired glory, and that, feeling his own force, he longed to deck his brow with the wreath of immortality." But I believe he would have yielded his arm, his frame to be burned, before he would have sought to grasp the highest prize of earth by any means, by any organization, by any tactics, by any speech, which in the least degree endangered the harmony of the system.

They say, too, he loved New England.

He did love New Hampshire, that old granite world—the crystal hills, gray and cloud-topped, the river whose murmur lulled his cradle, the old hearthstone, the grave of father and mother. He loved Massachusetts, which adopted and honored him—that sounding seashore, that charmed elm-tree sea, that reclaimed farm, that choice herd, that smell of earth, that dear library, those dearer friends; but the "sphere of his duties was his true country." Dearly he loved you, for he was grateful for the open arms with which you welcomed the stranger and sent him onward and upward.

But when the crisis came and the winds were let loose, and that sea of March "wrought and was tempestuous," then you saw that he knew even you only as you were, American citizens; then you saw him rise to the true nature and stature of American citizenship; then you read on his brow only what he thought of the whole republic; then you saw him fold the robes of his habitual patriotism around him and counsel for all—for all.

So, then, he served you: "to be pleased with his service was your affair, not his."

And now what would he do, what would he be, if he were here to-day? I do not presume to know. But what a loss we have in him!

I have read that in some hard battle, when the tide was running against him and his ranks were breaking, some one in the agony of a need of generalship exclaimed, "Oh for an hour of Dundee!" So say I, "Oh for an hour of Webster now! oh for one more roll of that thunder inimitable, one more peal of that clarion, one more grave and bold counsel of moderation, one more throb of American feeling, one more farewell address!" And then might he ascend unhindered to the bosom of his Father and his God.

RUFUS CHOATE.

NERO'S PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS, A. D. 64.

FROM THE LATIN HISTORIAN CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS.

NEITHER religious ceremonies nor the liberal donations of the prince could efface from the minds of men the prevailing opinion that Rome was set on fire by his own orders. The infamy of that horrible transaction still adhered to him. In order, if possible, to remove the imputation, he determined to transfer the guilt to others. For this purpose he punished with exquisite torture a race of men detested for their evil practices by vulgar appellation commonly called Christians.

The name was derived from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius suffered under Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judea. By that event the sect of which he was the founder received a blow which for a time checked the growth of a dangerous superstition; but it revived soon after, and spread with recruited vigor, not only in Judea, the soil that gave it birth, but even in the city of Rome, the common sink into which everything infamous and abominable flows like a torrent from all quarters of the world.

Nero proceeded with his usual artifice. He found a set of profligate and abandoned wretches who were induced to confess themselves guilty, and on the evidence of such men a number of Christians were convicted—not, indeed, on clear evidence of their

having set the city on fire, but rather on account of their sullen hatred of the whole human race. They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts and left to be devoured by dogs, others were nailed to the cross, numbers were burnt alive, and many, covered over with inflammable matter, were lighted up when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night.

For the convenience of seeing this tragic spectacle, the emperor lent his own gardens. He added the sports of the circus and assisted in person, sometimes driving a curricle and occasionally mixing with the rabble in his coachman's dress. At length the cruelty of these proceedings filled every breast with compassion. Humanity relented in favor of the Christians. The manners of that people were, no doubt, of a pernicious tendency, and their crimes called for the hand of justice; but it was evident that they fell a sacrifice, not for the public good, but to glut the rage and cruelty of one man only.

Translation of ARTHUR MURPHY.

THE BROWNS.

THE Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle within the memory of the young gentlemen who are now matriculating at the universities. Notwithstanding the well-merited but late fame which has now fallen upon them, any one at all acquainted with the family must feel that much has yet to be written and said before the British nation will be properly sensible of how much of its greatness it owes to the Browns. For centuries, in their quiet, dogged, homespun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English countries and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, there stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeomen's work.

The Browns are a fighting family. One may question their wisdom or wit or beauty, but about their fight there can be no question. Wherever hard knocks of any kind, visible or invisible, are going, there the Brown who is nearest must shove in his carcass. And these carcasses for the most part answer very well to the characteristic propensity; they are a square-headed and snake-necked generation, broad in the shoulder, deep in the chest and thin in the flank, carrying no lumber. Then, for clanship, they are as bad as Highlanders; it is amazing the belief they have in one another. With them there is nothing like the Browns, to the third and fourth generation. "Blood is thicker than water" is one of their pet sayings. They can't be happy unless they are always meeting one another. Never were such people for family gatherings which, were you a stranger or sensitive, you might think had better not have been gathered together. For during the whole time of their being together they luxuriate in telling one another their minds on whatever subject turns up, and their minds are wonderfully antagonist and all their opinions are downright beliefs. Till you've been among them some time and understand them, you can't think but that they are quarrelling. Not a bit of it; they love and respect one another ten times the more after a good set

family arguing-bout, and go back, one to his curacy, another to his chambers and another to his regiment, freshened for work and more than ever convinced that the Browns are the height of company.

This family training, too, combined with their turn for combativeness, makes them eminently quixotic. They can't let anything alone which they think going wrong. They must speak their mind about it, annoying all easy-going folk, and spend their time and money in having a tinker at it, however hopeless the job. It is an impossibility to a Brown to leave the most disreputable lame dog on the other side of a stile. Most other folk get tired of such work. The old Browns, with red faces, white whiskers and bald heads, go on believing and fighting to a green old age. They have always a crotchet going till the old man with the scythe reaps and garners them away for troublesome old boys, as they are. And the most provoking thing is that no failures knock them up, or make them hold their hands, or think you or me, or other sane people, in the right.

Failures slide off them like July rain off a duck's back-feathers. Jem and his whole family turn out bad and cheat them one week, and the next they are doing the same things for Jack; and when he goes to the treadmill and his wife and children to the workhouse, they will be on the lookout for Bill to take his place. THOMAS HUGHES.

ATHANASIA.

TO that gaunt house of art which lacks for naught
  Of all the great things men have saved from Time
The withered body of a girl was brought,
  Dead ere the world's glad youth had touched its prime,
And seen by lonely Arabs lying hid
In the dim womb of some black pyramid.

But when they had unloosed the linen band
  Which swathed the Egyptian's body, lo! was found,
Closed in the wasted hollow of her hand,
  A little seed which, sown in English ground,
Did wondrous show of starry blossoms bear,
And spread rich odors through our springtide air.

With such strange arts this flower did allure
  That all-forgotten was the asphodel,
And the brown bee, the lily's paramour,
  Forsook the cup where he was wont to dwell;
For not a thing of earth it seemed to be,
But stolen from some heavenly Arcady.

In vain the sad narcissus, wan and white
  At its own beauty, hung across the stream;
The purple dragon-fly had no delight
  With its gold-dust to make his wings a-gleam;
Ah! no delight the jasmine-bloom to kiss,
Or brush the rain-pearls from the eucharis.

For love of it the passionate nightingale
  Forgot the hills of Thrace, the cruel king,
And the pale dove no longer cared to sail
  Through the wet woods at time of blossoming,
But round this flower of Egypt sought to float
With silvered wing and amethystine throat.

While the hot sun blazed in his tower of blue
  A cooling wind crept from the land of snows,
And the warm south with tender tears of dew
  Drenched its white leaves when Hesperos uprose
Amid those sea-green meadows of the sky
On which the scarlet bars of sunset lie.

But when o'er wastes of lily-haunted field
  The tired birds had stayed their amorous tune,
And, broad and glittering like an argent shield,
  High in the sapphire heavens hung the moon,
Did no strange dream or evil memory make
Each tremulous petal of its blossoms shake?

Ah no! To this bright flower a thousand years
  Seemed but the lingering of a summer's day;
It never knew the tide of cankering fears
  Which turn a boy's gold hair to withered gray,
The dread desire of death it never knew,
Or how all folk that they were born must rue.

For we to death with pipe and dancing go,
  Nor would we pass the ivory gate again,
As some sad river wearied of its flow
  Through the dull plains, the haunts of common men,
Leaps lover-like into the terrible sea,
And counts it gain to die so gloriously.

We mar our lordly strength in barren strife
  With the world's legions, led by clamorous Care;
It never feels decay, but gathers life
  From the pure sunlight and the supreme air;
We live beneath Time's wasting sovereignty:
It is the child of all eternity.

OSCAR WILDE.

THE POOR MAN'S FLOWER.

WANDERING along his weary way,
  In dirty tatters meanly dressed,
A beggar-man one summer day
  Seemed hastening to some place of rest.
No smile was on his withered face:
  It naught but anxious care exprest;
Grim Poverty had left its trace,
  And inly rankled at his breast;
Yet in his coat that weary hour
The poor man nursed a cherished flower.

'Twas no choice plant in hothouse bred
  And guarded with a tender care;
No hand had propped its drooping head
  Or shielded it from midnight air;
Yet choicest flowers might fail to bring
  To their rich owners thoughts as fair
As did that simple, lowly thing
  To that unhappy man of care,
Who from the hedgeside, free to all,
Had plucked himself that blossom small.

No floweret in a lady's dress,
  Where all beside is meet and bright,
And she in her own loveliness
  Seems but another flower of light,
Has aught so sacred or so dear,
  So touching to the gazer's sight,
As that bright spot amongst the drear,
  That star amidst the gloom of night—
The floweret plucked by fingers rude
To cheer the beggar's solitude.

On, on he passed, that human flower
  Whom men set foot on like a weed;
Yet, waiting for a kinder hour,
  Within was many a precious seed.
The beggar's spirit, like his dress,
  Might not be wholly fair, indeed,
Yet some bright bud of loveliness,
  The germ of many a noble deed,
Did we but take the pains to find,
Blooms fresh in each neglected mind.

The simple plucking of that flower
  Betrayed a tenderness of thought
Ready to find in every hour
  The kindred sweetness that it sought—
A sense of beauty seldom found
  Where all within is darkly fraught,
But often trampled to the ground
  And mercilessly set at naught
By those who in their selfish power
Treat as the weed what is the flower.

Yet brighter days begin to dawn;
  The weeds of prejudice and pride,
Though slowly, yet are surely, drawn
  From bosoms where they used to hide;
And thou, poor scorned and withered flower,
  With wealth and grandeur unallied,
Shalt see ere long the happy hour
  When men, from falseness purified,
Shall learn to estimate the worth
Of all the toiling sons of earth.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

ENERGY.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
  By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sights of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

MAKE it wide, make it deep, and with moss be it lined:
  His delicate limbs no rude pebbles shall wound;
My babe with its mother in death shall be joined.
Then the lord of my wishes, no longer unkind,
  May shed a fond tear on the grief-hallowed ground.
    Lay it close by my side,
    Lay it close by my side;
'Tis the child of my Edmond, and I was his bride.

Who says that I murdered the peace of my love—
  That his heart was another's, his hand only mine?
Hush, hush! 'tis not true! Her affection to prove,
His Eudora each obstacle soon will remove,
  Content for his sake every bliss to resign.
    With my babe on my breast,
    With my babe on my breast,
My heart's lord shall be happy, and I be at rest.

Then if, hand locked in hand, o'er my grave they should stray,
  And vanity smile o'er the ruins of love,
Yet let justice and pity instruct them to say,
"She merited better, but fate had its way,
  And now her pure spirit is soaring above.
    With her babe on her breast,
    With her babe on her breast,
Now earth shrinks from her view, and the mourner's at rest."

ELIZABETH TREFUSIS.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LITTLE GRETCHEN, little Gretchen
Wanders up and down the street;
The snow is on her yellow hair,
The frost is at her feet.

The rows of long dark houses
Without look cold and damp
By the struggling of the moonbeam,
By the flicker of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses,
The wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen,
And no one looketh forth.

Within those dark, damp houses
Are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out
The old year's latest night.

The board is spread with plenty
Where the smiling kindred meet,
But the frost is on the pavement,
And the beggar's in the street

With the little box of matches
She could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin, tattered mantle
The wind blows every way.

She clingeth to the railing,
She shivers in the gloom;
There are parents sitting snugly
By the firelight in the room,

And groups of busy children,
Withdrawing just the tips
Of rosy fingers pressed in vain
Against the bursting lips,

With grave and earnest faces
Are whispering each other
Of presents for the New Year, made
For father or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen,
And no one hears her speak;
No breath of little whispers
Comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms are round her;
Ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth,
So much of misery!

Sure they of many blessings
Should scatter blessings round,
As laden boughs in autumn fling
Their ripe fruits to the ground.

And the best love man can offer
To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones
And bounty to his poor.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen
Goes coldly on her way;
There's no one looketh out at her,
There's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate—
  No smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread,
  And an impatient sire.

So she sits down in an angle
  Where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her,
  For warmth, her little feet.

And she looketh on the cold wall
  And on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars
  Are bright fires up on high.

She heard a clock strike slowly
  Up in a far church-tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone
  Telling the midnight hour,

And she thought, as she sat lonely
  And listened to the chime,
Of wondrous things that she had loved
  To hear in olden time.

And she remembered her of tales
  Her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang
  When summer's twilight fell—

Of good men and of angels,
  And of the Holy Child
Who was cradled in a manger
  When winter was most wild;

Who was poor and cold and hungry,
  And desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told her
  He was ever with his own.

And all the poor and hungry
  And forsaken ones are his:
"How good of him to look on me
  In such a place as this!"

Colder it grows, and colder,
  But she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart
  And the weight upon her brow.

But she struck one little match
  On the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her
  And see if he was there.

The single match was kindled,
  And by the light it threw
It seemed to little Gretchen
  The wall was rent in two,

And she could see the room within—
  The room all warm and bright,
With the fire-glow red and dusky,
  And the tapers all alight.

And there were kindred gathered
  Around the table richly spread
With heaps of goodly viands,
  Red wine and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor,
  She could hear what they did say;
Then all was darkness once again:
  The match had burnt away.

She struck another hastily,
  And now she seemed to see,
Within the same warm chamber,
  A glorious Christmas tree;

The branches were all laden
  With such things as children prize—
Bright gifts for boy and maiden:
  She saw them with her eyes.

And she almost seemed to touch them
  And to join the welcome shout,
When darkness fell around her,
  For the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she
  Has tried; they will not light,
Till all her little store she took
  And struck with all her might.

And the whole miserable place
  Was lighted with the glare,
And, lo! there hung a little Child
  Before her in the air.

There were blood-drops on his forehead,
  And a spear-wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet
  And in his hands spread wide.

And he looked upon her gently,
  And she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold and sorrow—
  Ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board
  And to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said,
  "Will Gretchen come with me?"

The poor child felt her pulses fail,
  She felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears
  Like her dead mother's hymn.

And she folded both her thin white hands
  And turned from that bright board
And from the golden gifts, and said,
  "With thee, with thee, O Lord!"

The chilly winter morning
  Breaks, up in the dull skies,
On the city wrapped in vapor,
  On the spot where Gretchen lies.

The night was cold and stormy,
  The morn is cold and gray;
The good church-bells are ringing
  Christ's circumcision-day.

In her scant and tattered garment,
  With her back against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid;
  She answers not their call.

They have lifted her up fearfully;
  They shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night:
  The child is frozen dead."

The angels sang their greeting
  For one more redeemed from sin;
Men said, "It was a bitter night;
  Would no one let her in?"

And they shuddered as they spoke of her,
  And sighed: they could not see
How much of happiness there was
  With so much misery.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

HAVE you seen my sweetheart
  Passing on the way
Like a hillside sun-gleam
  On a harvest-day?

Such fine eyes of hazel!
  Such dark flowing hair,
Like a graceful cloud-wreath
  Leaning on the air!

Saw you the white foam-hill
  Sailing down the Nore?
How amid the rushes,
  Flowing near the shore,
In it steers and nestles,
  Takes its downy rest!
So my sweetheart's bosom
  Hides beneath her vest.

Saw you the wild mushroom,
  As you slowly pass,
Like a pearly dawning
  Bedded in the grass?
So in her dark buskin
  Lies my sweetheart's foot,
Locked up like the kernel
  In the tuckered nut.

Have you seen my sweetheart
  When she speaks or sings?
Lo! the bird of Eden
  With uplifted wings,
Warm and bright and rosy,
  Dazzling white beneath,
Like her lips of crimson
  O'er their ivory wreath.

Have you seen my sweetheart
  Blushing when we meet,
Looking mild and gentle,
  Speaking kind and sweet?
Earth were sad without her,
  Time no joy could bring;
Bright is all above her,
  Like a fairy ring.

Bless her eyes of hazel!
  Bless her flowing hair,
Like a graceful cloud-wreath
  Leaning on the air!

DR. JOHN T. CAMPION.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN I am dead, what man would say,
"She used to smile in such a way;
Her eyes were dark and strangely bright
As are the solemn stars of night"?
What man will say, "Her voice's tone
Was like the far-off winds that moan
Through forest-trees. O voice and eyes
That brought me dreams of Paradise!"

I think no man, when I am dead,
Will say those things that thou hast said
Unto my living face;
And all the bloom and all the grace
Will then be buried out of sight,
Thought of no more, forgotten quite,
As are the flowers of other days,
And songs of birds who sung their praise—
As are the flowers of other springs,
Upon whose grave the wild-bird sings.

O flowers and songs of other days,
What sweet new voice will sing your praise?
What choir will celebrate the spring
When Love and I went wandering
Between the glades, beneath the trees,
Or by the calm blue summer seas,
And thought no thing beneath the skies
So lovely as each other's eyes?

When we are dead, when both are gone,
Buried in separate graves alone,

Perchance the restless salt sea-wave
Will sing its dirge above my grave,
While you, on some far foreign shore,
May hear the distant ocean roar,
And long at last your arms to twine
About this cold dead form of mine.

When we are dead, when both are cold,
When love is as a tale that's told,
Will not our lips, so still and mute,
Still long for love's untasted fruit?
Though lands and seas hold us apart
Will not my dead heart reach thy heart,
And call to thee from farthest space
Until we both stand face to face?

When we are dead! Yea, God doth know
When that shall be. If it were so
This moment, now—if thou and I
Lay dead together 'neath this sky—
Could any future to us bring
So sad and desolate a thing
As this sad life? Nay, can there be
Such sorrow in eternity?

Oh, long, sad days! We need, in truth,
Some recompense for our lost youth;
By woes forlorn and sins forborne,
By joys renounced or from us torn,
By thorns that bore no single rose,
By loving hands that dealt us blows,
We pray that when this life shall cease
We then may know eternal peace.

When we are dead, when sea and air
Have claimed the forms that once were fair,
Will joys of heaven compensate
For two lone hearts left desolate
On earth so long? Will all these years
Of anxious love and burning tears
Be as the water turned to wine,
The best of all that feast divine?

ELLA DIETZ
(Mrs. Clymer).

THE DEEP.

THERE'S beauty in the deep.
The wave is bluer than the sky,
And, though the lights shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below,
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid;
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep.
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore:
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies on spongy banks away.
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep.
Above, let tides and tempests rave
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;
Above, let care and fear contend
With sin and sorrow to the end:
Here, far beneath the tainted foam
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

THOMAS BRAINERD

MARGERY GREY.

A Legend of Vermont.

FAIR the cabin walls were gleaming in the sunbeams' golden glow
On that lovely April morning near a hundred years ago,
And upon the humble threshold stood the young wife Margery Grey,
With her fearless blue eyes glancing down the lonely forest way.

In her arms her laughing baby with its father's dark hair played
As he lingered there beside them leaning on his trusty spade.
"I am going to the wheat-lot," with a smile said Robert Grey;
"Will you be too lonely, Margery, if I leave you all the day?"

Then she smiled a cheerful answer ere she spoke a single word,
And the tone of her replying was as sweet as song of bird.
"No," she said; "I'll take the baby and go stay with Annie Brown:
You must meet us there, dear Robert, ere the sun has quite gone down."

Thus they parted. Strong and sturdy, all day long he labored on,
Spading up the fertile acres from the stubborn forest won;
And when lengthening shadows warned him that the sun was in the west,
Down the woodland aisles he hastened, whispering, "Now for home and rest."

But when he had reached the clearing of their friend, a mile away,
Neither wife nor child was waiting there to welcome Robert Grey.
"She is safe at home," said Annie, "for she went an hour ago,
While the woods were still illumined by the sunset's crimson glow."

Back he sped, but night was falling, and the path he scarce could see;
Here and there his feet were guided onward by some deep-gashed tree.
When at length he gained the cabin, black and desolate it stood,
Cold the hearth, the windows rayless, in the stillest solitude.

With a murmured prayer, a shudder and a sob of anguish wild,
Back he darted through the forest, calling on his wife and child;
Soon the scattered settlers gathered from the clearings far and near,
And the solemn woods resounded with their voices rising clear.

Torches flared and fires were kindled, and the horn's long peal rang out,
While the startled echoes answered to the hardy woodmen's shout;

But in vain their sad endeavor, night by night and day by day,
For no sign nor token found they of the child or Margery Grey.

Woe, woe for pretty Margery! With her baby on her arm
On her homeward way she started, fearing nothing that could harm;
With a lip and brow untroubled and a heart in utter rest
Through the dim woods she went singing to the darling at her breast.

But, in sudden terror pausing, gazed she round in blank dismay:
Where were all the white-scarred hemlocks pointing out the lonely way?
God of mercies! She had wandered from the pathway; not a tree,
Giving mute but kindly warning, could her straining vision see.

Twilight deepened into darkness and the stars came out on high;
All was silent in the forest save the owl's low boding cry;
Round about her in the midnight stealthy shadows softly crept,
And the babe upon her bosom closed its timid eyes and slept.

Hark! a shout! and in the distance she could see a torch's gleam,
But, alas! she could not reach it, and it vanished like a dream;
Then another shout—another; but she shrieked and sobbed in vain,
Rushing wildly toward the presence she could never, never gain.

Morning came, and with the sunbeams hope and courage rose once more:
Surely ere another nightfall her long wanderings would be o'er;
So she soothed the wailing baby, and when faint from want of food
Ate the wintergreens and acorns that she found within the wood.

Oh, the days so long and dreary! Oh, the nights more dreary still!
More than once she heard the sounding of the horn from hill to hill;
More than once a smouldering fire in some sheltered nook she found,
And she knew her husband's footprints close beside it on the ground.

Dawned the fourth relentless morning, and the sun's unpitying eye
Looked upon the haggard mother—looked to see the baby die;
All day long its plaintive moanings wrung the heart of Margery Grey,
All night long her bosom cradled it, a pallid thing of clay.

Three days more she bore it with her on her rough and toilsome way,
Till across its marble beauty stole the plague-spot of decay;
Then she knew that she must leave it in the wilderness to sleep,
Where the prowling wild beasts only watch above its grave should keep.

Dumb with grief she sat beside it. Ah! how long she never knew!
Were the tales her mother taught her of the dear All-Father true,

When the skies were brass above her and the earth was cold and dim,
And when all her tears and pleadings brought no answer down from him?

But at last stern Life, the tyrant, bade her take her burden up,
To her lips so pale and shrunken pressed again the bitter cup;
Up she rose, still tramping onward through the forest far and wide
Till the May-flowers bloomed and perished and the sweet June roses died;

Till July and August brought her fruits and berries from their store;
Till the goldenrod and aster said that summer was no more;
Till the maples and the birches donned their robes of red and gold;
Till the birds were hasting southward and the days were growing cold.

Was she doomed to roam for ever o'er the desolated earth,
She the last and only being in those wilds of human birth?
Sometimes from her dreary pathway wolf or black bear turned away,
But not once did human presence bless the sight of Margery Grey.

One chill morning in October, when the woods were brown and bare,
Through the streets of ancient Charlestown, with a strange, bewildered air,
Walked a gaunt and pallid woman whose dishevelled locks of brown
O'er her naked breast and shoulders in the wind were streaming down.

Wondering glances fell upon her; women veiled their modest eyes
Ere they slowly ventured near her, drawn by pitying surprise.
"'Tis some crazy one," they whispered. Back her tangled hair she tossed:
"Oh, kind hearts, take pity on me, for I am not mad, but lost."

Then she told her piteous story in a vague, disjointed way,
And with cold white lips she murmured, "Take me home to Robert Grey."
"But the river?" said they, pondering. "We are on the eastern side:
How crossed you its rapid waters? Deep the channel is, and wide."

But she said she had not crossed it. In her strange, erratic course
She had wandered far to northward till she reached its fountain-source
In the dark Canadian forests, and then, blindly roaming on,
Down the wild New Hampshire valleys her bewildered feet had gone.

Oh, the joy-bells! sweet their ringing on the frosty autumn air;
Oh, the boats across the waters! how they leaped the tale to bear!
Oh, the wondrous golden sunset of the blest October day
When that weary wife was folded to the heart of Robert Grey!

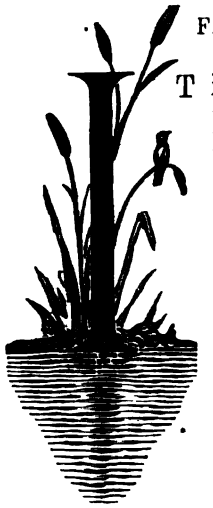
JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE man who pauses on his honesty
Wants little of the villain.

MARTYN.

PEACE AND WAR.

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT LLANDUDNO, WALES, NOVEMBER 22, 1876.



IT is to me astonishing when I look back and see what has been the error and the folly into which the people of this country have been led in time past upon the question of war. We live in two considerable islands—Great Britain and Ireland. We are separated from the Continent by a sea-passage which in itself is a great defence, and we have been for about three hundred years unassailed, and believe, with our population and our wealth and our means and our freedom, we are practically more unassailable than almost any other kingdom in the world. And yet, notwithstanding all that, we have spent, probably, in a period that does not go back beyond the lifetime of persons now living, two thousand millions of money in war—all of which, I believe, might with honor have been avoided—and in needless or excessive armaments in preparing for war. Lord Russell said that he doubted whether there had been any war during the last hundred years that might not have been avoided, without any sacrifice of the interests or honor of this country, by those reasonable concessions which we are constantly making amongst each other as individuals, and which would be in no degree injurious or dishonorable if made between nations.

A hundred years ago—just a hundred years ago this very year—this country was engaged in a war with the colonies now forming the United States of America. What happened when that war was over? A change of opinion extraordinary. No, not extraordinary—for it always takes place—but a change of opinion very remarkable. Whilst the war was going on people in many parts of the country were in favor of it, and the king and his ministers were doggedly determined to continue the war. But a few years after it was over everybody condemned it, and now, probably, there is no single man in this country, of any political party, however benighted, however ignorant, however positive, however unteachable, who would not condemn the folly and wickedness of that war with the American colonies. Well, but that war was supposed to have cost this country close upon one hundred millions of money, and it left between the inhabitants of these colonies—grown now to be a great nation, even greater in numbers than this, so far as the population of Great Britain and Ireland may be counted—it left feelings of anger and bitterness which are now only slowly passing away from amongst us.

But after the American war was over only a few years we engaged in another and still greater and more prolonged struggle with the republic of France, and the reason we went into war with France was because France was a republic and held opinions supposed to be dangerous to the monarchy and aristocracy of this country; and that war was continued afterward for the overthrow of the emperor

Napoleon, and concluded after about twenty-two years' existence. The cost to this country, I dare say, all told, was a thousand millions sterling; and yet now everybody—nobody more than Lord Russell—everybody, or almost everybody, condemns that war; and I believe that by greater moderation and greater wisdom on the part of the government and the press and the people of this country it might have been avoided. It left us with five hundred millions of debt accumulated, in addition to the previous debts, during the continuance of that one single but prolonged struggle. We condemned, as I said, the American war a few years after it was over; I mean that your forefathers did. Our fathers condemned the French war not long after it was over; and since then we have had another war of great magnitude, but of not very long continuance, which generally goes by the name of the Crimean war—war with Russia—the main portion of the struggle taking place in the Crimea. But now, as far as I can judge, everybody—perhaps I ought not to say "everybody," because, perhaps, Her Majesty's ministers would not agree with me, but nearly everybody—condemns that war; and I think every single man who knows anything about it would admit that we gained absolutely nothing but discredit and loss—loss of life and increased debt—from the struggle which this country carried on with Russia twenty-two years ago.

In the placard calling this meeting there is a statement of how much is spent every year in armaments and matters connected with wars past or to come—how much a month, how much a week, how much a day, how much an hour, and I don't know whether it is not my duty to say how much per minute. But now take another illustration. You can form some idea of an estate of two thousand acres of the best land in your Welsh counties, and you will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that our expenditure of fifty millions per year for past wars and for present military expenses is equal to the swallowing up every day for the six working-days of every week during the year of an estate of that magnitude. Now, can it be possible that anything like this is necessary? It seems to me that the whole world is wrong—that everything is wrong in the creation and arrangement of the conditions under which men live on this earth, if man himself is not very wrong, having brought matters to this dreadful condition.

Take the last great case that I have referred to—the case of the Russian or Crimean war. At the time it was being waged there was not one man in twenty who really knew anything about it. At this moment I don't believe you could find one man in a hundred throughout England who could give you any clear account of the war—the progress of negotiations, the difficulties which were met with and which were not overcome, and, finally, of the state of things which precipitated the catastrophe and brought on that lamentable and most inglorious struggle. But now look back to the passions which were exhibited at that time. You see what a change has come. Like as it was with the American war that was condemned, as it was after the French war that was condemned, so it is now after the Russian war that is all but universally condemned; so that we have come—I believe the nation has come mainly and by a vast majority—to the conclusion

that the object was unworthy of our efforts and that the result was absolute and entire failure.

But, leaving for a moment the question of expense, I will ask you to consider the question of the loss of life. A most minute and careful history of the war has been written by a gentleman with whom I am acquainted, who was in Parliament for several years, very near where I sat—Mr. Kinglake, who has paid most scrupulous attention to every fact with regard to the war; and I see it quoted from his book that he believes, first and last, that not less than one million of men lost their lives in connection with that struggle. Remember who were concerned. The chief were Russia, Turkey, England, France and the kingdom of Sardinia, which is now the kingdom of Italy. The French lost more men, I believe, than we did; the Turks, possibly more than either of them; the loss of Russia is not to be counted; and we stand now in this lamentable and terrible condition—that we were the country that went rashly and violently and passionately into the war. We have not a single thing of the slightest value to show for it, but on the other side we have that vast loss of treasure and sacrifice and slaughter of a million of human beings.

Some people think that the loss of life in war is a very common thing, and that it is not worth talking about. They think a soldier takes his wages and stands his chance. I recollect being disgusted during the time of the war by the observation of a gentleman at the dinner of a person of high rank in this country and of the party by whom the war was originated. He said, "As for the men that are killed, I think nothing of that. A man can only die once, and it does not matter very much where he dies or how he dies." Now, I think it matters a good deal. It matters a good deal to widows and orphans and sisters and friends. It matters a good deal to thousands—scores of thousands and hundreds of thousands—of men who are cut off in the very flower of their youth that they should be thrust with the passionate thrust of a bayonet or rent asunder by shot and shell—killed, it may be, at once, or left lingering on the field or in hospital, dying of intense and inconceivable agonies. What is it that is so valuable as life? What happens if some unfortunate visitor to this place or unfortunate and helpless boatman is drowned in your bay? Does it not make a sensation in your community? Is there not a feeling of grief that passes from heart to heart until there is not one man, woman or child amongst you that did not feel that a calamity has happened in your neighborhood? And what if there be a wreck? I was in this neighborhood two or three days after the wreck of the Rothesay Castle, forty-five or forty-six years ago, and I suppose nearly a hundred men and women were drowned on that occasion; I was down at the scene of the wreck of the Royal Charter, only a few years ago, when nearly four hundred persons were drowned. Did it matter nothing? I saw a poor gray-headed man there wandering along the beach, as he wandered day after day, in hope, not that he might find his son alive, but that he might find even the dead body of his son that he might be comforted by giving it a fitting burial. These things give a shock to the whole district, to the whole nation, and rightly and inevitably so. Look, again, to

the accidents on the railways. Take the sad accident in this county—the most appalling that has ever happened on any railway in this kingdom: I mean the accident at Abergele, when men were destroyed in a moment, apparently without a moment's warning. Take the terrible accidents that happen from time to time in the collieries in various parts of the country. See what woe is caused by them, and remember, as you must remember, how every family in the country is stirred and filled with grief at the narrative of the disasters that have occurred. Well, now, take other things that happen that distress us connected with the loss of life. Take the private murders that are committed throughout the kingdom and hangings that take place of the criminals who have been guilty of these murders. All these things fill us at times with sorrow and cover our feelings and our hearts with gloom. And now take together all the accidents from boats that you have ever heard of, all the accidents from shipwrecks that have ever been recorded; take all the accidents on railways since railways were first made, and all the accidents in mines since the bowels of the earth were penetrated to obtain coal for the use of man; and, besides these, take all the lamentable private murders which have been caused by passion or cupidity or vengeance; and take all the hangings of all the criminals—and there have been far too many under the law of this country—more brutal in this matter, I believe, in past times than even now, and than the laws of any other Christian country,—I say take all these phases of destruction of human life, add them all together and bring them into one—bring them all into one great sum—and what are they in comparison with the millions of human beings who have been destroyed and slaughtered in a single Russian war? And the war only lasted two years, and the French war lasted more than twenty years. Almost half the time from the accession of William III. in this country up to 1875—almost if not more than half that time—this Christian country was engaged in sanguinary struggles with some other so-called Christian nations on the Continent of Europe. Now, seeing what was paid for the Russian war, and seeing what an entire failure it turned out with regard to the pretended objects which it was supposed likely to secure—the people of England did not go into war in their passionate moments without some idea that some good is to follow—seeing how much we have lost and how great was the crime we committed, is it not astounding there should be any man, much more than that man should be in the lofty position of prime minister—ruler of this nation—who should by unadvised, unwise speaking invite the nation to involve itself in another war that may be no less prolonged, that may cause equal loss and equal slaughter, and that undoubtedly will result in a total failure, as the war twenty-two years ago which we had.

And it is the old story now just as it was in those days—that Russia is an aggressive power. I am afraid almost all powers as opportunity offers have been aggressive, but he would be a most ingenious calculator who could show that there was any power in the wide world that during the last hundred years has been more aggressive than that power of which we in this meeting form a humble and small party. It is said now, as it was said then, that Russia was aggressive, and that

Russia intended to conquer Turkey and capture and hold Constantinople, and to dominate alike over Europe and over Asia. There was not the slightest proof of it. All the proof was the other way. Russia, from the beginning of these disturbances, has made the most distinct and frank offers to the English government as to the terms in which the Russian government and people believe that peace might be made, to the enormous and permanent advantage of the Christian subjects of the Porte. It is said—it was said then—that Turkey was the only safe keeper of the straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles—that is, the straits which lead from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. There was no proof that Turkey is the safe keeper of those straits. The Porte held those straits for three hundred years and would not allow any mercantile ship to pass through them, and it was only by the power of Russia, and by a treaty with Russia after the war with Russia, that these straits were opened to the navigation of the mercantile ships of the world. And no doubt the time will come, and must come, when these straits will be opened, not only to mercantile ships, but to the ships of the navies of all nations of the world. Now and at a former time it was said, too, that England's interests were at stake—interests in India and interests in the Levant. There was no proof of it then; there is no proof of it now. Of all the speakers in public, of all writers in the press who have written against Russia in this matter and in favor of Turkey and in favor of war, there is not one of them who has been able to lay down accurately and distinctly any kind of proof that the interests or honor of England were concerned in the course we have taken with regard to this great Eastern Question. Why, if you were some poor and hapless criminal brought to trial before one of your courts and before a jury, if liberty only is at stake, there is more care still. You have advocates on each side, you have witnesses for the prosecution and for the defence, you have an impartial jury, and the judge is careful that nothing shall be said against the prisoner that is not proved, and he warns the jury against being actuated by prejudice and to put away what they have heard before the trial comes on, and he entreats them, if there be any feature in the case which can leave a doubt on the mind of any one of them as to the guilt of the poor wretch at the bar, that they shall give their verdict in his favor. But here you go into a great transaction, a great war; you spend your millions of money, you send your brothers and sons to the slaughter and you condemn to death, it may be, as in the last case, a million of human beings, and you have not got a single definite or proved fact to justify the course you have taken.

I deny altogether that there is anything in the aggressive character of Russia, or anything with regard to the guardianship of the straits, or anything with which the honor and the interests of England are concerned, to justify us in the course we are taking with regard to this matter, or that justified us twenty years ago in that war, or would justify us now if the government were to involve the country in another struggle. Look at the map of Europe and measure the distance from London, or, if you like, from the Land's End, round by Gibraltar, the whole length of the Mediterranean, through the Sea of Marmora to Constantinople; you

will find that we are close upon three thousand miles away. Does any man believe that the honor and interests of England are so involved in the question of territory or of conquest in that part of the world that it can justify us in vast, tremendous and incalculable sacrifices for a war of this nature. The nations that are nearer to Russia are not afraid of her. Germany is a powerful country, and Austria is powerful, though less powerful than Germany; but both of them have interests as direct and as clear as any interest that we can pretend to have, and yet they can be tranquil. They do not get into a passion. Their prime ministers do not speak—what shall I call it?—rhodomontade and balderdash. They do not blow the trumpet and call the nations to arms for purely fancied causes like those in which—I say it with as much sincerity as ever I have said anything in my life—in which we have not as much interest as would justify us in sending one single man to slaughter.

And now I have said all that is necessary on this occasion. May I ask you, then, to do what you can?—you are not asked to do more; but whoever you may come in contact with, whenever you may have the opportunity of discussing this great question, to go to the kernel of it, stripped of all the husk by which statesmen and the press succeed so often in misleading the people, go to the kernel of the matter, and ask yourself the question, Can it be your duty to send out your sons and brothers three thousand miles to the slaughter—it may be of the Russians or any other people? Can it be your duty to do this? Ask your consciences within the sight of Heaven if it can be your duty; and if you cannot find an answer in the affirmative, then, I say, have nothing to do with the accursed system, and wherever your influence extends let it be honestly and earnestly in favor of Christianity and of peace.

JOHN BRIGHT.

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the West
Meet and conspire to make him great:
I know my better thoughts—I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.

Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And, proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore;
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.

So might the ploughboy climb a tree
When Crœsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!
Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Crœsus himself can never know
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.

Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

ISAAC WATTS.

EDWARD YOUNG.

YOUNG'S satires have at least the merit of containing a number of epigrams, and, as they appeared rather earlier than those of Pope, they may boast of having afforded that writer some degree of example. The opinion of Swift concerning them, however, seems to us not to be an unjust one—that they should have either been more merry or more angry. One of his tragedies is still popular on the stage, and his Night Thoughts have many admirers both at home and abroad. Of his lyrical poetry he had himself the good sense to think but indifferently. In none of his works is he more spirited and amusing than in his "Essay on Original Composition," written at the age of eighty.

The Night Thoughts have been translated into more than one foreign language, and it is usual for foreigners to regard them as eminently characteristic of the peculiar temperament of English genius. Madame de Staël has, indeed, gravely deduced the genealogy of our national melancholy from Ossian and the Northern Scalds down to Dr. Young. Few Englishmen, however, will, probably, be disposed to recognize the author of the Night Thoughts as their national poet by way of eminence. His devotional gloom is more in the spirit of St. Francis of Asisium than of an English divine, and his austerity is blended with a vein of whimsical conceit that is still more unlike the plainness of English character. The Night Thoughts certainly contain many splendid and happy conceptions, but their beauty is thickly marred by false wit and overlabored antithesis. Indeed, his whole ideas seem to have been in a state of antithesis while he composed the poem. One portion of his fancy appears devoted to aggravate the picture of his desolate feelings, and the other half to contradict that picture by eccentric images and epigrammatic ingenuities. As a poet he was fond of exaggeration but it was that of the fancy more than of the heart. This appears no less in the noisy hyperboles of his tragedies than in the studied melancholy of the Night Thoughts, in which he pronounces the simple act of laughter to be half immoral. That he was a pious man, and had felt something from the afflictions described in the Complaint, need not be called in question; but he seems covenanting with himself to be as desolate as possible, as if he had continued the custom, ascribed to him at college, of studying with a candle stuck in a human skull, while, at the same time, the feelings and habits of a man of the world, which still adhere to him, throw a singular contrast over his renunciations of human vanity. He abjures the world in witty metaphors, commences his poem with a sarcasm on sleep, deplores his being neglected at court, compliments a lady of quality by asking the moon if she would choose to be called "the fair Portland of the skies," and dedicates to the patrons of "a much-indebted Muse," one of whom (Lord Wilmington) on some occasion he puts in the balance of

antithesis as a counterpart to Heaven. He was, in truth, not so sick of life as of missing its preferments, and was still ambitious not only of converting Lorenzo, but of shining before this utterly worthless and wretched world as a sparkling, sublime and witty poet. Hence his poetry has not the majestic simplicity of a heart abstracted from human vanities, and, while the groundwork of his sentiments is more darkly shaded than is absolutely necessary either for poetry or religion, the surface of his expression glitters with irony and satire, and with thoughts sometimes absolutely approaching to pleasantry. His ingenuity in the false sublime is very peculiar. In Night IX. he concludes his description of the day of judgment by showing the just and the unjust consigned respectively to their "sulphureous or ambrosial seats," while

> "Hell through all her glooms
> Returns in groans a melancholy roar."

This is aptly put under the book of Consolation. But, instead of winding up his labors, he proceeds through a multitude of reflections, and amidst many comparisons assimilates the constellations of heaven to gems of immense weight and value on a ring for the finger of their Creator. Conceit could hardly go farther than to ascribe finery to Omnipotence. The taste of the French artist was not quite so bold when, in the picture of Belshazzar's feast, he put a ring and ruffle on the hand that was writing on the wall.

Here, however, he was in earnest, comparatively, with some other passages—such as that in which he likens Death to Nero driving a phaeton in a female guise, or where he describes the same personage, Death, borrowing the "cockaded brow of a spendthrift" in order to gain admittance to "a gay circle." Men, with the same familiarity, are compared to monkeys before a looking-glass, and at the end of the eighth book Satan is roundly denominated a "dunce"—the first time, perhaps, that his abilities were ever seriously called in question.

Shall we agree with Dr. Johnson when he affirms of the Night Thoughts that particular lines are not to be regarded, that the power is in the whole and that in the whole there is a magnificence like that which is ascribed to a Chinese plantation—the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity? Of a Chinese plantation few men have, probably, a very distinct conception, but, unless that species of landscape be an utterly capricious show of objects—in which case even extent and variety will hardly possess magnificence—it must possess amusement and vicissitude arising from the relation of parts to each other. But there is nothing of entertaining succession of parts in the Night Thoughts; the poem excites no anticipation as it proceeds. One book bespeaks no impatience for another, nor is found to have laid the smallest foundation for new pleasure when the succeeding Night sets in. The poet's fancy discharges itself on the mind in short *ictuses* of surprise which rather lose than increase their force by reiteration, but he is remarkably defective in progressive interest and collective effect. The power of the poem, instead of being in the whole, lies in short, vivid and broken gleams of genius; so that, if we disregard particular lines, we shall but too often miss the only gems of ransom which the poet can bring as the price of his relief from surrounding tedium. Of any long work where the character really lies in the whole we feel reluctant

to hazard the character by a few short quotations, because a few fragments can convey no adequate idea of the architecture; but the directly reverse of this is the case with the Night Thoughts, for by selecting particular beauties of the poem we should delight and electrify a sensitive reader, but might put him to sleep by a perusal of the whole. This character of detached felicities unconnected with interesting progress or reciprocal animation of parts may be likened to a wilderness without path or perspective—or to a Chinese plantation, if the illustration be more agreeable—but it does not correspond with our idea of the magnificence of a great poem of which it can be said that the power is in the whole. After all, the variety and extent of reflection in the Night Thoughts is, to a certain degree, more imposing than real. They have more metaphorical than substantial variety of thought. Questions which we had thought exhausted and laid at rest in one book are called up again in the next in a Proteus metamorphosis of shape and a chameleon diversity of color. Happily, the awful truths which they illustrate are few and simple. Around these truths the poet directs his course with innumerable sinuosities of fancy, like a man appearing to make a long voyage, while he is in reality only crossing and recrossing the same expanse of water. He has been well described in a late poem as one in whom

> "Still gleams and still expires the cloudy day
> Of genuine poetry."

The above remarks have been made with no desire to depreciate what is genuine in his beauties. The reader most sensitive to his faults must have felt that there is in him a spark of originality which is never long extinguished, however far it may be from vivifying the entire mass of his poetry. Many and exquisite are his touches of sublime expression, of profound reflection and of striking imagery. It is recalling but a few of these to allude to his description, in the eighth book, of the man whose thoughts are not of this world, to his simile of the traveller at the opening of the ninth book, to his spectre of the antediluvian world, and to some parts of his very unequal description of the conflagration; above all, to that noble and familiar image,

> "When final Ruin fiercely drives
> Her ploughshare o'er creation."

It is true that he seldom, if ever, maintains a flight of poetry long free from oblique associations, but he has individual passages which Philosophy might make her texts and Experience select for her mottoes.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

[Young was born at Upham, Hampshire, England, in 1684. He received his education at Winchester School and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He obtained a law-fellowship at All Souls' College, Oxford, and in 1719 took the degree of Doctor of Laws at that institution. He was a candidate for Parliament at Cirencester, but failed to receive sufficient votes to elect him. He took orders in the Church of England in 1727, was appointed a royal chaplain in 1728, and in 1731 married a daughter of the earl of Lichfield, whom he survived, her death occurring in 1741. Besides *Night Thoughts*, he was author of several successful satires and dramas and of some volumes of political essays. He died at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, on the 12th of April, 1765.]

A COUNTRY LIFE.

I HATE the clamors of the smoky towns,
But much admire the bliss of rural clowns,
Where some remains of innocence appear,
Where no rude noise insults the listening ear—
Naught but soft zephyrs whispering through the trees
Or the still humming of the painful bees;
The gentle murmurs of a purling rill
Or the unwearied chirping of the drill;
The charming harmony of warbling birds
Or hollow lowings of the grazing herds;
The murmuring stockdoves' melancholy coo
When they their lovèd mates lament or woo;
The pleasing bleatings of the tender lambs
Or the indistinct mum'ling of their dams;
The musical discord of chiding hounds,
Whereto the echoing hill or rock resounds;
The rural mournful songs of lovesick swains,
Whereby they soothe their raging amorous pains;
The whistling music of the lagging plough,
Which does the strength of drooping beasts renew.

And as the country rings with pleasant sounds,
So with delightful prospects it abounds;
Through every season of the sliding year
Unto the ravished sight new scenes appear
In the sweet spring the sun's prolific ray
Does painted flowers to the mild air display;
Then opening buds, then tender herbs, are seen,
And the bare fields are all arrayed in green.
In ripening summer the full-laden vales
Give prospect of employment for the flails;
Each breath of wind the bearded groves makes bend,
Which seems the fatal sickle to portend.
In autumn, that repays the laborer's pains,
Reapers sweep down the honors of the plains.
Anon black winter, from the frozen North,
Its treasuries of snow and hail pours forth;
Then stormy winds blow through the hazy sky,
In desolation Nature seems to lie;
The unstained snow from the full clouds descends,
Whose sparkling lustre open eyes offends;
In maiden white the glittering fields do shine;
Then bleating flocks for want of food repine:
With withered eyes they see all snow around,
And with their fore-feet paw and scrape the ground;
They cheerfully crop the insipid grass,
The shepherds, sighing, cry, "Alas! alas!"
Then pinching want the wildest beast does tame;
Then huntsmen on the snow do trace their game;
Keen frost then turns the liquid lakes to glass,
Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass.

How sweet and innocent are country sports!
And as men's tempers various are their sorts.
You on the banks of soft meandering Tweed
May in your toils ensnare the watery breed,
And nicely lead the artificial flee;
Which when the nimble, watchful trout does see,
He at the bearded hook will briskly spring:
Then in that instant twieth your hairy string;
And when he's hooked, you with a constant hand
May draw him struggling to the fatal land.

Then at fit seasons you may clothe your hook
With a sweet bait dressed by a faithless cook;
The greedy pike darts to 't with eager haste,
And, being struck, in vain he flies at last;
He rages, storms and flounces through the stream,
But all, alas! his life cannot redeem.
At other times you may pursue the chase
And hunt the nimble hare from place to place.
See! when the dog is just upon the grip,
Out at a side she'll make a handsome skip,
And ere he can divert his furious course
She far before him scours with all her force;
She'll shift, and many times run the same ground:
At last, outwearied by the stronger hound,
She falls a sacrifice unto his hate
And with sad piteous screams laments her fate.
See how the hawk doth take his towering flight
And in his course outflies our very sight,
Bears down the fluttering fowl with all his might.
See how the wary gunner casts about,
Watching the fittest posture when to shoot:
Quick as the fatal lightning blasts the oak,
He gives the springing fowl a sudden stroke;
He pours upon 't a shower of mortal lead,
And ere the noise is heard the fowl is dead.
Sometimes he spreads his hidden subtile snare,
Of which the entangled fowl was not aware;
Through pathless wastes he doth pursue his sport,
Where naught but moor-fowl and wild beasts resort.
When the noon sun directly darts his beams
Upon your giddy heads with fiery gleams,
Then you may bathe yourself in cooling streams,
Or to the sweet adjoining grove retire,
Where trees with interwoven boughs conspire
To form a grateful shade. There rural swains
Do tune their oaten reeds to rural strains;
The silent birds sit listening on the sprays,
And in soft charming notes do imitate their lays;
There you may stretch yourself upon the grass,
And, lulled with music, to kind slumbers pass:
No meagre cares your fancy will distract,
And on that scene no tragic fears will act;
Save the dear image of a charming she,
Naught will the object of your vision be.

Away the vicious pleasures of the town!
Let empty, partial Fortune on me frown,
But grant, ye powers, that it may be my lot
To live in peace from noisy towns remote.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.

THERE was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws in dungeon low
Chained down. He was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous and brave and kind.
He had a son: it was a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture. In her pangs she died
That gave him birth, and ever since the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.
Every sport
The father shared and heightened. But at length

The rigorous law had grasped him and condemned
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot
He felt in all its bitterness; the walls
Of the deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known and touched
His jailer with compassion, and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours and brought a balm
With his loved presence that in every wound
Dropt healing. But in this terrific hour
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure.

With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amaze
He came. The iron door was closed, for them
Never to open more. The day, the night,
Dragged slowly by, nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath
And felt its giddy rocking, and the air
Grew hot at length and thick, but in his straw
The boy was sleeping, and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by, nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state. On his low couch
The fettered soldier sunk and with deep awe
Listened the fearful sounds; with upturned eyes
To the great gods he breathed a prayer, then strove
To calm himself and lose in sleep a while
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:
His body burned with feverish heat; his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not. Deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders; sounds
Fearful and ominous arose and died
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood, that burned before; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him; then, anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrank
And shivered as in fear, then upright leaped
As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound
And longed to cope with death.

He slept at last,
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well had he slept
Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth: the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunder. They awoke; they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine, then was dark;
Again a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints as stunning sound
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence
And blackest darkness! With intensest awe

The soldier's frame was filled, and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain; yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless wound
Fate had already given. Where, man of woe,
Where, wretched father, is thy boy? Thou callest
His name in vain: he cannot answer thee.

Loudly the father called upon his child:
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw, with headlong haste
Trod round his stinted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth: no child was there.
Again he called; again at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood
Came bursting from his ears and from his eyes
Fire flashed, he strained with arm extended far
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil,
Yet still renewed. Still round and round he goes,
And strains and snatches, and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now;
He plants against the wall his feet, his chain
Grasps, tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple, yells and shrieks with rage.
But see! the ground is opening; a blue light
Mounts, gently waving, noiseless. Thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;
But by its lustre on the earth outstretched
Behold the child—ah, lifeless!—his dress singed,
And over his serene face a dark line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw,
And all his fury fled; a dead calm fell
That instant on him; speechless, fixed, he stood,
And with a look that never wandered gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed, and round those pouting lips
The wonted smile still hung.

Silent and pale
The father stands; no tear is in his eye;
The thunders bellow, but he hears them not;
The ground lifts like a sea: he knows it not;
The strong walls grind and gape, the vaulted roof
Takes shape like bubble tossing in the wind:
See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him
Is happiness. Yet, could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look how the rolling ground
At every swell nearer and still more near
Moves toward the father's outstretched arms his boy.

Once he has touched his garment; how his eye
Lightens with love and hope and anxious fear!
Ha! see! he has him now; he clasps him round,
Kisses his face, puts back the curling locks
That shaded his fine brow, looks in his eyes,
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands,
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping, and, resigned, awaits
Undreaded death.

And death came soon, and swift
And pangless. The huge pile sunk down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls, arches, roof,
And deep foundation-stones, all mingling fell.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

ALL'S for the best! Be sanguine and cheerful:
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage for ever is happy and wise.
All's for the best, if man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
There is no dream of the pundit or poet;
Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best.

All's for the best! Set this in your standard,
Soldier of sadness or pilgrim of love
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A way-wearied swallow or heart-stricken dove.

All's for the best! Be man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of his creature is guiding
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All's for the best! Then fling away terrors;
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
All's for the best! Unbiased, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west,
And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy that all's for the best.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

MY FATHER.

AS die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the deathwatch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair
That grows beneath the waning light:
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white.

My father, when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest—
I know not why—I could not weep:
The soothing drops refused to roll;
And oh, that grief is wild and deep
Which settles tearless on the soul.

But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,

Thy book, the pencilled passage where
  Thine eye had rested last of all,
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
  Thy trembling feet had wandered forth,
The very prints those feet had made
  When last they feebly trod the earth,

And thought while countless ages fled
  Thy vacant seat would vacant stand,
Unworn thy hat, thy book unread,
  Effaced thy footsteps from the sand,
And widowed in this cheerless world
  The heart that gave its love to thee,
Torn like a vine whose tendrils curled
  More closely round the fallen tree,—

Oh, father, then for her and thee
  Gushed madly forth the scorching tears,
And oft and long and bitterly
  Those tears have gushed in later years;
For as the world grows cold around,
  And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
  Alone above the stars with you.

H. R. Jackson.

SLEEP.

COME, sleep! O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
  The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
  The indifferent judge between the high and low,
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
  Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;
Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease:
  I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take, then, of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
  A chamber deaf to noise or blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
  And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

Sir Philip Sydney.

SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I PRYTHEE send me back my heart,
  Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
  Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet, now I think on't, let it lie:
  To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
  Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
  And yet not lodge together?
O Love, where is thy sympathy
  If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery
  I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
  Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell, Care, and farewell, Woe;
  I will no longer pine,
For I'll believe I have her heart
  As much as she has mine.

Sir John Suckling.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

EDMUND WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER was born March 3, 1605, at Coleshill, Hertfordshire. His father was Robert Waller, Esq., of Amersham, Bucks; his mother, Anne, daughter of Griffith Hampden, Esq., of Hampden, Bucks, and aunt of the celebrated John Hampden, who was first cousin of Edmund Waller and also of Oliver Cromwell. Waller was educated at Eton, from whence he proceeded to King's College, Cambridge. It is said that he was returned at the age of sixteen for the borough of Amersham. If so, he must have sat as a silent member until he was of age. His father having died during his childhood, Waller, being the eldest son, succeeded to an estate of three thousand five hundred pounds a year. He married, early in life, Ann, the daughter of Edward Banks, a wealthy citizen of London, by which alliance he greatly augmented his property. At the age of five and twenty Waller was left a widower with a son and a daughter. Within a short period he began to offer his admiration to Lady Dorothea Sydney (eldest daughter of the earl of Leicester and cousin to the celebrated Sir Philip Sydney), who is celebrated in his poetry under the name of "Sacharissa." Lady Dorothea scornfully rejected his advances and allied herself with Henry, Lord Spencer, who was created earl of Sunderland, and was killed at the battle of Newbury, September, 1643. An anecdote is told of the scornful countess in later life meeting Waller and asking him when he would again write her such complimentary verses as he once did, to which he replied, "When you are as young, madam, and as handsome, as you were then." The next object of Waller's admiration was the Lady Sophia Murray, whose charms are rehearsed in Waller's verses under the title of "Amoret." Amoret does not appear to have smiled upon the rich and amorous poet. Before long he married a Miss Mary Breaux (or Bresse), who appears to have been a woman with great domestic virtues and a large family. The poet by this marriage had to encounter the prosaic fact of being the father to thirteen children.

Waller occupied a seat in the House of Commons as the representative of various boroughs for a considerable portion of his life. He sat in Parliaments of James I., Charles I., the Commonwealth, Charles II. and James II. In 1640, after an interruption of twelve years, when the Parliament was reassembled, Waller joined the party in opposition to the court. He was supposed to be greatly influenced by his connection with the Hampden family. It was not long before he retreated from his political position, and, on the king setting up his standard at Nottingham, Waller contributed a thousand broad pieces to the royal chest. In the House of Commons he spoke openly on the king's side. After the battle of Edgehill, in 1643, Waller was one of the commissioners sent by Parliament to confer with the king at Oxford.

In the May of the same year the plot known as "Waller's plot" was discovered. It is difficult to determine precisely what this plot was. It was asserted by Waller and his friends that they were only engaged in making lists of the inhabitants of London to determine the numbers of royalists and of Parliamentarians, and thereby draw together for a common object all those who were well disposed toward the king. But at the same moment that this plot was discovered another was revealed which was regarded as connected with it. This was a project of a city merchant, Sir Nicholas Crispe, to raise an armed force to act against the Parliament. Crispe was found to be possessed of a commission of array signed by the king and granted for this purpose. Waller always denied having anything to do with Crispe's plot. His chief confederate in his own scheme was his sister's husband, a Mr. Tomkeyns, clerk of the queen's council. It is remarkable that the commission of array granted to Crispe was in the possession of Tomkeyns and buried for concealment in his garden. The plots were discovered partly by the eavesdropping of a servant concealed behind the hangings of a room in which Waller and Tomkeyns met, and partly by the theft of certain papers carried off by Goode, the chaplain of Waller's sister, who was married to a Mrs. Price, a strong Parliamentarian. Tomkeyns was hung before his own door, in Holborn. Alexander Hampden was imprisoned for life. Others in the plot escaped to the king at Oxford. Waller was arraigned at Guildhall, and (it is said in some lives of him) was condemned to death. After being imprisoned for a year, and after having bribed to such an extent that he very largely decreased his estate, he was liberated on paying a fine of ten thousand pounds and undertaking to leave the country. He retired to France, and lived first at Rohan, then in Paris. During his exile, in 1645, he published the first edition of his poems. In 1653, through the interest of his connections, Cromwell granted him permission to return to England, when he settled himself at a house he had built near Beaconsfield. He very soon wormed himself into the favor and liking of the Protector, to whom in 1654 he addressed the most famous of his poems, "A Panegyric to my Lord Protector."

At the Restoration, Waller, as might be expected, was found at court and an enthusiastic supporter of the royal cause. On two occasions when the provostship of Eton was vacant Waller sought that office from the king, but on both occasions his petition failed. It was not to be held by a layman. He sat in all the Parliaments of Charles II. and was the delight of the House; even at eighty years of age he was the liveliest and wittiest man within its walls. He took his seat in the Parliament which assembled on the accession of James II., but did not live to witness the Revolution. He died at his residence at Beaconsfield, October 21, 1687, aged eighty-two, and was buried in the parish church.

Waller is so completely forgotten in the political world that it is unnecessary to say much about his principles—if he had any! He was one of those who accommodated himself with suavity to circumstances, but on the whole it must be said of him that he was at heart a royalist and the chief acts of his life were in support of the royal cause, though when his plot was discovered the weakness

and terror he displayed showed that he had far more thought for his own life and preservation than for the principles he had espoused. His relationship to the Hampdens and connection with Cromwell's family probably saved his life when Tomkeyns was executed.

When Waller returned from France, a familiar friendship sprang up between him and Cromwell. It is told of the Protector that on Waller overhearing him converse, at an interview with some of his political friends, in the nauseous cant phraseology of the period, Cromwell apologized to Waller for it, and said, "Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men in their own way."

The general character of Waller's poetry is elegance and gayety. He was always smooth, but seldom strong. Previous to Pope he was the most correct of our poets in diction and versification. His language is famous for its lucidity; and if he never raised the spirit, he certainly did a good work in refining the manner, of English poetry.

J. C. M. BELLEW.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE father of Samuel Rogers was a banker and a dissenter, residing at Newington Green, where the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" was born July 30, 1763. He was first sent to a school at Hackney, and afterward to a private tutor at Islington. In 1776, Rogers lost his mother, and on leaving his tutor his wish was to enter the dissenting college at Warrington and become a nonconformist minister. His father had other views, and he was entered as a clerk in the banking-house. Being a delicate youth, he paid frequent visits to the seaside and occupied his leisure with reading and poetry, for which he had exhibited a taste at a very early age. His first attempts at authorship appeared in the form of a contribution to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1781, entitled "The Scribbler." They are only to be noticed as being his first essays. His admiration for Dr. Johnson was so great that he determined to call upon and introduce himself to the venerable genius, and, accompanied by a friend, proceeded to Bolt court, Fleet street; but his courage failed him when he placed his hand on the knocker, and they never met.

The first volume of Rogers's poems was published in 1786 without a name. His fears about its reception by the public were groundless, as it was favorably noticed in the *Monthly Review*, whereupon he owned himself the author. In 1788 his elder brother and companion in the banking-house died. The beautiful lines in the "Pleasures of Memory" commencing,

> "O thou with whom my heart was wont to share
> From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care,"

were descriptive of his character. By his brother's death he became his father's adviser and friend in all that related to business, while his literary fame kept pace with his worldly circumstances. In 1789 he visited Edinburgh and made the acquaintance of Dr. Robertson, the historian; Mackenzie, who wrote "The Man of Feeling;" Dr. Black, Professor Playfair and Mrs. Piozzi, the friend of Dr. Johnson. When the French Revolution broke out, Mr. Rogers, educated as he had been among Whigs and dissenters, took a warm interest in the cause of liberty. He paid a visit to Paris in 1791. In 1792 the "Pleasures of Memory," a poem on which

he had been engaged for six years, was published. It was principally written during his leisure moments in the banking-house. Its success was astonishing; and when the author was known, his reputation was assured. In 1793 his father died. Being in possession of a large fortune, he had ample leisure to indulge his taste in literary society and the fine arts. In 1795 he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Siddons and wrote an epilogue for her, which she delivered on her benefit-night. During his father's life he had made many political friends, among whom were Priestly, Gilbert, Wakefield and Horne Tooke; he was present when the last-named individual was committed to the Tower. He considered Tooke the most able man in conversation he had ever met. With Fox and Grattan he was intimate; indeed, his social tastes brought him into friendly intercourse with most of the literary celebrities of his day, and the journal he kept of their sayings and opinions gives us many interesting reminiscences. About the year 1800 he formed the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Holland, and for many years was a welcome visitor at Holland House.

In 1802, Mr. Rogers again visited Paris, when the galleries of the Louvre were crowded by artists from all parts to see the spoils of Italy, Flanders, Spain, etc., which had been carried off by the French. Here he began to study the fine arts and form his judgment upon the masterpieces of those different countries; he also wrote his lines called "The Torso." In 1803 he went to Scotland and became acquainted with Scott, Coleridge and Wordsworth. On his return to London he took a house in St. James's Place, Westminster, where he resided till his death. This house he enriched with all that was beautiful in art. The drawing-room mantelpiece was by Flaxman; a sideboard and a cabinet were carved by Chantrey, then a journeyman; a small cabinet for antiquities was designed by Stothard, and to a most valuable collection of pictures he added a rich selection of Greek vases and rare engravings. Here, surrounded by every refinement, he delighted to gather round him men that were eminent in letters and art. In 1812, *Columbus* was published; in 1814, *Jacqueline;* and in 1819, *Human Life.* This he considered his best work. In 1822 appeared the first part of *Italy*, and for some time afterward the authorship was not known. In 1828 he published the second part, with his name; but the poem was not so successful as he hoped, so he made a bonfire of the unsold copies and set himself the task of improving it. In 1830 he published a magnificent edition of *Italy* illustrated with engravings after drawings done for him by Stothard, Turner and other artists. In 1834 he also published a similarly illustrated edition of his former poems.

When Wordsworth died, in 1850, Mr. Rogers was the solitary survivor of that long list of poets with almost all of whom he had lived on terms of intimacy. By Queen Victoria's command, Prince Albert wrote and offered him the laureateship, which he declined, on account of his advanced age. The prince had previously offered him an honorary degree at Cambridge, but this also he had refused. He died in St. James's Place, December 18, 1855, and it was only during the last two years of his life that he

retired from the society with which during his long life he had delighted to mingle. He was buried in Hornsey churchyard with his brother and sister.

Rogers lives in our memory not only as a poet, but as the centre of a brilliant social circle and as an encourager of art and genius. His poetry is exquisitely refined, which he spared no pains to make it. Nothing slovenly or careless proceeded from his pen, and he never in a single instance made an unworthy use of the wonderful gift he possessed.

J. C. M. BELLEW.

THE PEARL OF THE PHILIPPINES.

"I HEAR, Relempago, that you
Were once a famous fisherman,
Who at Negros or Palawan—
Or maybe it was at Zèbou—
Found something precious in the sand,
A nugget washed there by the rain,
That slipped from your too eager hand,
And soon as found was lost again.
If it had been a pearl instead
(Why does your good wife shake her head?),
I could the story understand;
For I have known so many lost,
And once too often to my cost.
I trade in pearls; I buy and sell:
They say I know their value well;
I have seen some large ones in my day,
Have heard of larger: who shall say
How large these unseen pearls have been?
I don't believe in things unseen.
I hear there's one now at Zèbou
That dwarfs a bird's egg, and outshines
The full moon in its purity.
What say you? Is the story true?
And what's the pearl called? Let me see—
The pearl of all the Philippines."

'Twas at Manilla, and the three
Sat in a shaded gallery
That looked upon the river, where
All sorts of sailing-boats all day
Went skimming round like gulls at play,
And made a busy picture there.
The speaker was—what no one knew,
Except a merchant: Jew with Jew,
A Turk with Turks, Parsee, Hindoo,
But still to one religion true,
And that was Trade; a pleasant guest,
Who, knowing many things, knew best
What governs men, for he was one
Whom many trusted, trusting none.
His host, Relempago, who heard
His questions with an inward shock,
Looked up, but answered not a word.
He was a native Tagaloc—
A man that was not past his prime,
And yet was old before his time.
His face was sad, his hair was gray,
His eyes on something far away.
His wife was younger and less sad;
A Spanish woman, she was clad
As are the Tagal women; fair,
With all her dark abundant hair,
That was a wonder to behold,
Drawn from her face with pins of gold.

"You have not seen it, I perceive,"
Said the pearl-merchant, "nor have I:
I'd have to see it to believe,
And then would rather have you by.
There's no such pearl."—"You spoke of me,'
After a pause his host began.
"Yes, I was once a fisherman,

And loved, though now I hate, the sea.
'Twas twenty—thirty—years ago,
And this good lady by my side
Had not been many moons the bride
Of poor but proud Relempago.
That I was poor she did not care:
She let me love her—loved again;
She comes of the best blood of Spain;
There is no better anywhere.
You see what *I* am. As I said,
I cast my bread upon the sea,
Or from the sea I drew my bread,
What matter, so it came to me?
We loved, were young, our wants were few—
The happiest pair in all Zèbou.
At last a child, and what before
Seemed happiness was more and more
The thing it seemed, the dream come true.
You smile; I see you never knew
A father's pleasure in a child."—
"Pardon, my friend; I never smiled.
I am a father: I have three
Sweet troubles that are dear to me."—
"But ours was not a trouble—no,"
Said simple, good Relempago.
"It was the sweetest, dearest child,
So beautiful, so gay, so wild,
And yet so sensitive and shy,
And given to sudden strange alarms:
I've seen it in its mother's arms,
Bubbling with laughter, stop and sigh.
It was like neither in the face,
For we are dark, and that was fair,
An infant of another race,
That, born not in their dwelling-place,
Left some poor woman childless there;
A bird that to our nest had flown,
A pearl that in our shell had grown;
We cherished it with double care.
It came to us as, legend says—
I know not if the tale be true—
Another child in other days
Came hither to depart no more,
Found one bright morning on the shore,
The Infant Jesus of Zèbou."—

"So you, too, had," the merchant said,
With just a touch of quiet scorn—
"What shall I say?—a Krishna born,
But with no halo round its head.
What did you name the boy?"—"A girl,
Not boy, and therefore dearer, sweeter:
We called the infant Margarita,
For was she not our precious pearl?
You, who have children, as you say,
Can guess how much we loved the child,
Watching her growth from day to day,
Grave if she wept, but if she smiled
Delighted with her. We were told
That we grew young as she grew old.
I used to make long voyages,
Before she came, in distant seas,
But now I never left Zèbou,
For there the great pearl-oysters grew,
And still may grow, for aught I know:
I speak of twenty years ago.
Though waves were rough and winds were
high,
And fathoms down the sea was dark,
And there was danger from the shark,
I shrank from nothing then, for I
Was young and bold and full of life,
And had at home a loving wife,
A darling child who ran to me,
Stretching her hands out when I came,
And kissed my cheek and lisped my name,
And sat for hours upon my knee.
What happier sight was there to see?
What happier life was there to be?
I lived, my little Pearl, in thee.

Oh, mother, why did I begin?"
He stopped and closed his eyes with pain,
Either to keep his tears therein
Or bring that vision back again.
"You tell him."—
"Sir," the lady said,
"My husband bids me tell the tale.
One day the child began to ail:
Its little cheek was first too red,
And then it was too deathly pale.
It burned with fever; inward flame
Consumed it, which no wind could cool;
We bathed it in a mountain-pool,
And it was burning all the same.
The next day it was cold—so cold
No fire could warm it; so it lay,
Not crying much, too weak to play,
And looking all the while so old.
So fond, too, of its father, he,
Good man, was more to it than I:
The moment his light step drew nigh
It would no longer stay with me.
I said to him, 'The child will die.'
But he declared it should not be."—

"'Tis true," Relempago replied;
"I felt if Margarita died
My heart was broken. And I said,
'She shall not die till I have tried
Once more to save her.' What to do?
Then something put into my head
The Infant Jesus of Zèbou.
'I'll go to him: the Child Divine
Will save this only child of mine.
I will present him with a pearl,
And he will spare my little girl—
The largest pearl that I can find,
The one that shall delight his mind.
The purest, best, I give to you,
O Infant Jesus of Zèbou!'
'Twas morning when I made the vow,
And well do I remember now
How light my heart was as I ran
Down to the sea, a happy man.
All that I passed along the way,
The woods around me, and, above,
The plaintive cooing of the dove,
The rustling of the hidden snake,
The wild ducks swimming in the lake,
The hideous lizards large as men,
Nothing, I think, escaped me then,
And nothing will escape to-day.
I reached the shore, untied my boat,
Sprang in, and was again afloat
Upon the wild and angry sea
That must give up its pearls to me—
Its pearl of pearls. But where to go?
West of the island of Bojo,
Some six miles off, there was a view
Of the cathedral of Zèbou,
Beneath whose dome the Child Divine
Was waiting for that pearl of mine.
Thither I went, and anchored; there
Dived fathoms down, found rocks and sands,
But no pearl-oysters anywhere,
And so came up with empty hands.
Twice, thrice, and—nothing! 'Cruel sea,
Where hast thou hid thy pearls from me?
But I will have them, nor depart
Until I have them, for my heart
Would break, and my dear child would die.
She shall not die! What was that cry?
Only the eagle's scream on high.
Fear not, Relempago!' Once more,
Down, down, along the rocks and sands
I groped in darkness, tore my hands,
And rose with nothing, as before.
'O Infant Jesus of Zèbou,
I promised a great pearl to you;
Help me to find it.' Down again,

It seemed for ever, whirled and whirled;
The deep foundations of the world
Engulfed me and my mortal pain;
But not for ever, for the sea
That swallowed would not harbor me.
I rose again; I saw the sun;
I felt my dreadful task was done:
My desperate hands had wrenched away
A great pearl-oyster from its bed
And brought it to the light of day;
Its ragged shell was dripping red—
They bled so then—but all was well,
For in the hollow of that shell
The pearl, pear-shaped and perfect, lay.
My child was saved. No need to tell
How I rejoiced, and how I flew
To the cathedral of Zèbou;
For there the Infant Jesus stands
And holds my pearl up in his hands."

He ended. The pearl-merchant said,
"You found your daughter better?"—"No,"
The wife of poor Relempago
Replied; "he found his daughter dead."—
"'Twas fate," he answered.—"No," said she,
"'Twas God. He gave the child to me;
He took the child, and he knew best:
He reached and took it from my breast,
And in his hand to-day it shines,
The pearl of all the Philippines."

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear:
I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise his justice: even such
His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a king: I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam;

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss:
I hear our Lord's Beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
  I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
  The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
  And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
  I know that God is good.

Not mine to look when cherubim
  And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in him
  Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
  I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate: I know
  His goodness and his love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
  Of greater out of sight,
And with the chastened Psalmist own
  His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
  For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
  And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
  Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
  His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
  To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
  But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
  Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts he gave,
  And plead his love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
  I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
  On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air:
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond his love and care.

O brothers, if my faith is vain—
  If hopes like these betray—
Pray for me that my feet may gain
  The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
  Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
  My human heart on thee.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE HOLLY-AND-IVY GIRL.

"COME buy my nice fresh ivy and my
  holly-sprigs so green;
I have the finest branches that ever yet were
  seen;
Come buy from me, good Christians, and let
  me home, I pray,
And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas-time!'
  and a 'Happy New Year's Day!'

"Ah! won't you buy my ivy, the loveliest
  ever seen?
Ah! won't you buy my holly-boughs, all you
  who love the green?

Do take a little branch of each, and on my knees I'll pray
That God may bless your Christmas and be with your New Year's Day.

"The wind is black and bitter, and the hailstones do not spare
My shivering form, my bleeding feet and stiff entangled hair;
Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful, I say,
So Heaven will light your Christmas and the coming New Year's Day."

'Twas a dying maiden sung while the cold hail rattled down
And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er Dublin's dreary town;
One stiff hand clutched her ivy-sprigs and holly-boughs so fair;
With the other she kept brushing the hail-drops from her hair.

So grim and statue-like she seemed 'twas evident that Death
Was lurking in her footsteps, whilst her hot impeded breath
Too plainly told her early doom, though the burden of her lay
Was still of life and Christmas joys and a happy New Year's Day.

'Twas in that broad bleak Thomas street I heard the wanderer sing;
I stood a moment in the mire beyond the ragged ring;
My heart felt cold and lonely, and my thoughts were far away
Where I was many a Christmas-tide and happy New Year's Day.

I dreamed of wanderings in the woods amongst the holly green;
I dreamed of my own native cot and porch with ivy screen;
I dreamed of lights for ever dimmed—of hopes that can't return—
And dropped a tear on Christmas fires that nevermore can burn.

The ghost-like singer still sung on, but no one came to buy;
The hurrying crowd passed to and fro, but did not heed her cry;
She uttered one low piercing moan, then cast her boughs away,
And, smiling, cried, "I'll rest with God before the New Year's Day."

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a new-made grave
Dug decently in sacred soil by Liffey's murmuring wave:
The minstrel maid from earth to heaven has winged her happy way,
And now enjoys with sister-saints an endless New Year's Day.

JOHN KEEGAN.

A CONFESSION.

TOO late, alas! I must confess
You need not arts to move me:
Such charms by nature you possess
'Twere madness not to love ye.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

JOHN WILMOT
(Earl of Rochester).

DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS.

DECIMUS MAGNUS AUSONIUS was the son of Julius Ausonius, an eminent physician of Gaul, and Æmilia Æonia. He was born at Burdigala—the modern Bordeaux—about A. D. 310, and at the age of thirty filled the chair of rhetorical professor in that city He was appointed by Valentinian preceptor to Gratian, his son, and attended that emperor in his German campaigns.

ROSES.

FROM THE GREEK OF AUSONIUS.

On the broad leaves played bright the trembling gems,
And airy waters bowed the laden stems;
There Pæstan roses blushed before my view,
Bedropped with early morning's freshening dew;
The sprinkled pearls on every rose-bush lay,
Anon to melt before the beams of day:
'Twere doubtful if the blossoms of the rose
Had robbed the morning, or the morning those—
In dew, in tint, the same, the star and flower,
For both confess the queen of beauty's power.
Perchance their sweets the same; but this more nigh
Exhales its breath, and that embalms the sky:
Of flower and star the goddess is the same,
And both she tinged with hues of roseate flame.
I saw a moment's interval divide
The rose that blossomed from the rose that died:
This with its cap of tufted moss looked green;
That, tipped with reddening purple, peeped between;
One reared its obelisk with opening swell,
The bud unsheathed its crimson pinnacle;
Another, gathering every purfled fold,
Its foliage multiplied; its blooms unrolled,
The teeming chives shot forth; the petals spread;
The bow-pot's glory reared its smiling head;
While this, that ere the passing moment flew,
Flamed forth one blaze of scarlet on the view;
Now shook from withering stalk the waste perfume,
Its verdure stript and pale its faded bloom.
I marvelled at the spoiling flight of time,
That roses thus grew old in earliest prime:
E'en while I speak the crimson leaves drop round,
And a red brightness veils the blushing ground.
These forms, these births, these changes, bloom, decay,
Appear and vanish, in the self-same day.
The flower's brief grace, O Nature, moves my sighs;
Thy gifts, just shown, are ravished from our eyes.
One day the rose's age, and while it blows
In dawn of youth it withers to its close.
The rose the glittering sun beheld at morn
Spread to the light its blossoms newly born,
When in his round he looks from evening skies,
Already droops in age, and fades and dies;
Yet blest that, soon to fade, the numerous flower
Succeeds herself and still prolongs her hour.
O virgins, roses cull while yet ye may:
So bloom your hours, and so shall haste away.

Translation of STANLEY.

MIDSHIPMAN EASY.

BEFORE morning the ship had been pumped out dry and all below made as secure and safe as circumstances would permit, but the gale still continued its violence, and there was anything but comfort on board.

What a change from the morning of the day before! But twenty-four hours had passed away and the sea had been smooth, the frigate dashed through the blue water proud in all her canvas, graceful as a swan. Since that there had been fire, tempest, lightning, disaster, danger and death; her masts were tossed about on the snowy waves hundreds of miles away from her, and she, a wreck, was rolling heavily, groaning and complaining in every timber as she urged her impetuous race with the furious running sea.

Three days more, and the Aurora joined the Toulon fleet. When she was first seen, it was imagined by those on board of the other ships that she had been in action; but they soon learnt that the conflict had been against more direful weapons than any yet invented by mortal hands. Captain Wilson waited upon the admiral, and of course received immediate orders to repair to port and refit. In a few hours the Aurora had shaped her course for Malta, and by sunset the Toulon fleet were no longer in sight.

"By de holy poker, Massa Easy, but that terrible sort of gale the other day, and now—I tink one time we all go to Davy Jones's locker."

"Very true, Mesty; I hope never to meet with such another."

"Den, Massa Easy, why you go to sea? When man ab no money, noting to eat, den he go to sea, but everybody say you ab plenty money. Why you come to sea?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Jack, thoughtfully; "I came to sea on account of equality and the rights of man."

"Eh, Massa Easy, you come to wrong place, anyhow. Now, I tink good deal lately, and I tink equality all stuff."

"All stuff, Mesty? Why, you used to think otherwise."

"Yes, Massa Easy, but den I boil de kettle for all young gentlemen. Now dat I ship's corporal and hab cane, I tink so no longer."

Jack made no reply, but he thought the more. His notions of equality were rapidly disappearing; he defended them more from habit, and perhaps a wilfulness which would not allow him to acknowledge himself wrong; to which may be added his love of argument. Already he had accustomed himself to obedience of his superiors, and, notwithstanding his arguments, he would admit of no resistance from those below him. Not that it was hardly ever attempted, for Jack was anything but a tyrant and was much beloved by all in the ship. Every day brought its lessons, and Captain Wilson was now satis-

fied that Jack had been almost cured of the effects of his father's ridiculous philosophy.

After a few minutes Mesty tapped his cane on the funnel and recommenced:

"Then why you stay at sea, Massa Easy?"

"I don't know, Mesty; I don't dislike it."

"But, Massa Easy, why you stay in midshipman berth, eat hard biscuit, salt pig, salt horse, when you can go ashore and live like gentleman? Dat very foolish! Why not be your own master? Suppose I had money, catch me board ship? Little sea very good, Massy Easy—open one eyes; but tink of the lightning other night. Poor Massa Boatswain he shut his eyes for ever."

"Very true, Mesty."

"Me hope you tink of this, sar; and when you go on shore, you take Mesty wid you: he serve you well, Massa Easy, long as he live. And den, Massa Easy, you marry wife, lib like gentleman. You tink of this, Massa Easy."

The mention of the word "marriage" turned the thoughts of our hero to his Agnes, and he made no reply. Mesty walked away, leaving our hero in deep thought.

This conversation had more effect upon Jack than would have been imagined, and he very often found that he was putting to himself the question of Mesty: "Why do you stay at sea?" He had not entered the service with any particular view except to find equality, and he could not but acknowledge to himself that, as Mesty had observed, he had come to the wrong place. He had never even thought of staying to serve his time, nor had he looked forward to promotion and one day commanding a ship. He had cared only for the present, without indulging in a future anticipation of any reward except in a union with Agnes. Mesty's observations occasioned Jack to reflect upon the future for the first time in his life, and he was always perplexed when he put the question of Mesty and tried to answer to himself as to what were his intentions in remaining in the service.

Nevertheless, Jack did his duty very much to the satisfaction of Mr. Pottyfar; and after a tedious passage, from baffling and light winds, the Aurora arrived at Malta. Our hero had had some conversation with his friend Gascoigne, in which he canvassed his future plans, all of which, however, ended in one settled point; which was that he was to marry Agnes. As for the rest, Gascoigne was of opinion that Jack ought to follow up the service and become a captain. But there was plenty of time to think about that, as he observed; now all they had to consider was how to get on shore, for the refitting of the ship was an excuse for detaining them on board which they knew Mr. Pottyfar would avail himself of.

Jack dined in the gun-room on the day of their arrival, and he resolved that he would ask that very evening. Captain Wilson was already on shore at the governor's.

Now, there had been a little difference of opinion between Mr. Pottyfar and Mr. Hawkins, the chaplain, on a point of seamanship, and most of the officers sided with the chaplain, who was a first-rate seaman. It had ended in high words, for Mr. Hawkins had forgotten himself so far as to tell the first lieutenant that he had a great

deal to learn, not having even got over the midshipman's trick of keeping his hands in his pockets, and Mr. Pottyfar had replied that it was very well for him, as chaplain, to insult others, knowing that his cassock protected him. This was a bitter reply to Mr. Hawkins, who at the very time that the insinuation made his blood boil was also reminded that his profession forbade a retort. He rushed into his cabin, poor fellow! having no other method left, vented his indignation in tears, and then consoled himself by degrees with prayer. In the mean time, Mr. Pottyfar had gone on deck wroth with Hawkins and his messmates as well as displeased with himself. He was indeed in a humor to be pleased with nobody, and in a most unfortunate humor to be asked leave by a midshipman. Nevertheless, Jack politely took off his hat and requested leave to go on shore and see his friend the governor; upon which, Mr. Pottyfar turned round to him with his feet spread wide open, and, thrusting his hands to the very bottom of his pockets, as if in determination, said,

"Mr. Easy, you know the state of the ship; we have everything to do—new masts, new rigging, everything, almost, to refit—and yet you ask to go on shore! Now, sir, you may take this answer for yourself and all the other midshipmen in the ship—that not one soul of you puts his foot on shore until we are again all ataunto."

"Allow me to observe, sir," said our hero, "that it is very true that all our services may be required when the duty commences, but, this being Saturday night and to-morrow Sunday, the frigate will not be even moved till Monday morning; and, as the work cannot begin before that, I trust you will permit leave until that time."

"My opinion is different, sir," replied the first lieutenant.

"Perhaps, sir, you will allow me to argue the point?" replied Jack.

"No, sir; I never allow argument. Walk over to the other side of the deck, if you please."

"Oh, certainly, sir," said Jack, "if you wish it."

Jack's first idea was to go on shore without leave, but from this he was persuaded by Gascoigne, who told him that it would displease Captain Wilson, and that old Tom, the governor, would not receive him. Jack agreed to this, and then, after a flourish about the rights of man, tyranny, oppression, and so forth, he walked forward to the forecastle, where he found his friend Mesty, who had heard all that had passed, and who insidiously said to him in a low tone,

"Why you stay at sea, Massa Easy?"

"Why, indeed," thought Jack, boiling with indignation, "to be cooped up here at the will of another? I am a fool; Mesty is right. I'll ask for my discharge tomorrow."

Jack went down below and told Gascoigne what he had determined to do.

"You'll do no such thing, Jack," replied Gascoigne. "Depend upon it, you'll have plenty of leave in a day or two. Pottyfar was in a pet with the chaplain, who was too much for him. Captain Wilson will be on board by nine o'clock."

Nevertheless, Jack walked his first watch in the "magnificents," as all middies do when they cannot go on shore, and turned

in at twelve o'clock with the resolution of sticking to his purpose and quitting His Majesty's service—in fact, of presenting His Majesty with his between two and three years' time served as midshipman all free gratis and for nothing, except his provisions and his pay, which some captains are bold enough to assert that they not only are not worth, but not even the salt that accompanies it, forgetting that they were once midshipmen themselves, and at the period were, of course, of about the same value.

The next morning Captain Wilson came off. The ship's company were mustered, the service read by Mr. Hawkins, and Jack, as soon as all the official duties were over, was about to go up to the captain, when the captain said to him,

"Mr. Easy, the governor desired me to bring you on shore to dine with him, and he has a bed at your service."

Jack touched his hat and ran down below to make his few preparations.

By the time that Mesty, who had taken charge of his chest, etc., had put his necessaries in the boat, Jack had almost made up his mind that His Majesty should not be deprived yet a while of so valuable an officer.

Jack returned on deck, and found that the captain was not yet ready; he went up to Mr. Pottyfar and told him that the captain had ordered him to go on shore with him, and Mr. Pottyfar, who had quite got over his spleen, said,

"Very well, Mr. Easy; I wish you a great deal of pleasure."

"This is very different from yesterday," thought Jack. "Suppose I try the medicine?—I am not very well, Mr. Pottyfar, and those pills of the doctor's don't agree with me. I always am ill if I am without air and exercise."

"Very true," said the first lieutenant; "people require air and exercise. I've no opinion of the doctor's remedies; the only thing that is worth a farthing is the universal medicine."

"I should so long to try it sir," replied Jack. "I read the book one day, and it said that if you took it daily fo a fortnight or three weeks, and with plenty of air and exercise, it would do wonders."

"And it's very true," replied Mr. Pottyfar; "and if you'd like to try it, you shall: I have plenty. Shall I give you a dose now?"

"If you please, sir," replied Jack; "and tell me how often I am to take it, for my head aches all day."

Mr. Pottyfar took Jack down, and, putting into his hand three or four bottles of the preparation, told him that he was to take thirty drops at night, when he went to bed, not to drink more than two glasses of wine, and to avoid the heat of the sun.

"But, sir," replied Jack, who had put the bottles in his pocket, "I am afraid that I cannot take it long; for, as the ship is ready for fitting, I shall be exposed to the sun all day."

"Yes, if you were wanted, Mr. Easy, but we have plenty here without you; and when you are unwell, you cannot be expected to work. Take care of your health. And I trust—indeed, I am sure—that you will find this medicine wonderfully efficacious."

"I will begin to-night, sir, if you please," replied Jack, "and I am very much obliged

to you. I sleep at the governor's; shall I come on board to-morrow morning?"

"No, no! Take care of yourself and get well; I shall be glad to hear that you get better. Send me word how it acts."

"I will, sir—send you word by the boat every day," replied Jack, delighted. "I am very much obliged to you, sir. Gascoigne and I were thinking of asking you, but did not like to do so; he, poor fellow! suffers from headache almost as bad as I do, and the doctor's pills are of no use to him."

"He shall have some too, Mr. Easy; I thought he looked pale. I'll see to it this afternoon. Recollect, moderate exercise, Mr. Easy, and avoid the sun at midday."

"Yes, sir," replied Jack; "I'll not forget;" and off went Jack, delighted. He ordered Mesty to put up his whole portmanteau instead of the small bundle he put into the boat, and, telling Gascoigne what a spoke he had put into his wheel, was soon in the boat with the captain, and went on shore.

"Well, Jack, my boy, have you any long story ready for me?" inquired the governor.

"Yes, sir," replied Jack; "I have one or two very good ones."

"Very well; we will hear them after dinner," replied old Tom. "In the mean time, find out your room and take possession."

"That must not be for very long, governor," observed Captain Wilson. "Mr. Easy must learn his duty, and there is a good opportunity now."

"If you please, sir," replied Jack, "I'm on the sick-list."

"'Sick-list'!" said Captain Wilson. "You were not in the report that Mr. Daly gave me this morning."

"No, I'm on Mr. Pottyfar's list; and I'm going through a course of the universal medicine."

"What's all this, Jack? what's all this? There's some story here. Don't be afraid of the captain: you've me to back you," said the governor.

Jack was not at all afraid of the captain, so he told him how the first lieutenant had refused him leave the evening before, and how he had now given him permission to remain and try the universal medicine; at which the governor laughed heartily, nor could Captain Wilson refrain from joining.

"But, Mr. Easy," replied the captain, after a pause, "if Mr. Pottyfar will allow you to stay on shore, I cannot; you have your duty to learn. You must be aware that now is your time, and you must not lose opportunities that do not occur every day. You must acknowledge the truth of what I say."

"Yes, sir," replied Jack; "I admit it all, provided I do intend to follow the profession;" and, so saying, our hero bowed and left the veranda, where they had been talking.

This hint of Jack's, thrown out by him more with the intention of preventing his being sent on board than with any definite idea, was not lost upon either the captain or the governor.

"Does he jib, then?" observed the governor.

"On the contrary, I never knew him more attentive and so entirely getting rid of his former notions. He has behaved

most nobly in the gale, and there has not been one complaint against him. I never was more astonished; he must have meant something."

"I tell you what he means, Wilson—that he does not like to be sent on board; nothing more. He's not to be cooped up; you may lead him, but not drive him."

"Yes, but the service will not admit of it; I never could allow it. He must do his duty like the rest, and conform to the rules."

"Exactly; so he must. But look ye, Wilson: you must not lose him. It's all easily settled: appoint him your orderly midshipman to and from the ship; that will be employment, and he can always remain here at night. I will tell him that I have asked, as a favor, what I now do, and leave me to find out what he is thinking about."

"It may be done that way, certainly," replied Captain Wilson, musing, "and you are more likely to get his intentions from him than I am. I am afraid he has too great a command of money ever to be fond of the ship; it is the ruin of a junior officer to be so lavishly supplied."

"He's a long way from ruin yet, Wilson. He's a very fine fellow, even by your own acknowledgment. You humored him, out of gratitude to his father, when he first came into the service; humor him a little now to keep him in it. Besides, if your first lieutenant is such a fool with his universal medicine, can you wonder at a midshipman taking advantage of it?"

"No, but I ought not to allow him to do so with my eyes open."

"He has made it known to you upon honor, and you ought not to take advantage of his confidence. But still, what I propose would, I think, be the best, for then he will be at his duty in a way that will suit all parties—you, because you employ him on service; the first lieutenant, because Jack can take his medicine; and Jack, because he can dine with me every day."

"Well, I suppose it must be so," replied Captain Wilson, laughing; "but still, I trust you will discover what is working in his mind, to induce him to give me that answer, governor."

"Never fear; Jack shall confess."

The party sat down to dinner, and, what with the governor's aid-de-camp and those invited, it was pretty numerous. After the cloth had been removed the governor called upon Jack for his stories, whereupon, much to the surprise of Captain Wilson, who had never heard one word of it—for the admiral had not mentioned anything about it to him during the short time the Aurora was with the Toulon fleet—our hero gave the governor and that company the narrative of all that happened in the Eliza Ann transport—the loves of Captain Hogg and Miss Hicks, the adventures of Gascoigne, and his plan by which he balked them all.

The governor was delighted, and Captain Wilson not a little astonished.

"You prevented a very foolish thing, Mr. Easy, and behaved very well," observed the captain, laughing again at the idea; "but you never told me of this."

"No, sir," replied Jack; "I have always reserved my stories for the governor's table, where I am sure to meet you, and then telling once does for all."

Jack received his appointment as orderly midshipman, and everything went on well;

for of his own accord he stayed on board the major part of the day to learn his duty, which very much pleased the captain and Mr. Pottyfar. In this Jack showed a great deal of good sense, and Captain Wilson did not repent of the indulgence he had shown him. Jack's health improved daily, much to Mr. Pottyfar's satisfaction, who imagined that he took the universal medicine night and morning. Gascoigne also was a patient under the first lieutenant's hands and often on shore with our hero, who thought no more of quitting the service.

For seven weeks they had now remained in harbor, for even the masts had to be made, when one day Captain Wilson opened a letter he received at breakfast-time, and, having read it, laid it down with the greatest surprise depicted in his countenance.

"What can this mean?" said he.

"What's the matter, Wilson?" said the governor.

"Just hear its contents, Sir Thomas."

Captain Wilson then read in Spanish as follows:

"HONORABLE SIR: It is my duty to advise you that the Honorable Lady Signora Alforgas de Fezman, now deceased, has in her testament bequeathed to you the sum of one thousand doubloons in gold as a testimony of your kind services on the night of the 12th of August. If you will authorize any merchant here to receive the money, it shall be paid forthwith, or remitted in any way you please to appoint. May you live a thousand years!

"Your most obedient servant,

ALFONZO XEREZ."

Jack heard the letter read, rose quietly, whistled low, as if not attending to it, and then slipped out of the room unperceived by the governor or Captain Wilson.

The fact was that, although Jack had longed to tell the governor about his adventures after the masquerade, he did not like yet a while, until he was sure that there were no consequences because he had given the captain's name instead of his own. As soon as he had heard the letter read he at once perceived that it had been the old lady, and not the priests, who had made the inquiry, and that by giving Captain Wilson's name he had obtained for him this fine legacy. Jack was delighted, but still puzzled; so he walked out of the room to reflect a little.

"What can it mean?" said Captain Wilson. "I never rendered any services to any one on the 12th of August or after it. It is some mistake. The 12th of August: that was the day of the grand masquerade."

"A lucky one for you, at all events; for, you know, mistake or not, no one else can touch the legacy. It can be paid only to you."

"I never heard of anything taking place at the masquerade: I was there, but I left early, for I was not very well.—Mr. Easy," said Captain Wilson, turning round; but Jack was gone.

"Was he at the masquerade?" asked the governor.

"Yes, I know he was, for the first lieutenant told me that he requested not to come on board till the next day."

"Depend upon it," replied the governor, striking his fist on the table, "that Jack's at the bottom of it."

"I should not be surprised at his being at the bottom of anything," replied Captain Wilson, laughing.

"Leave it to me, Wilson; I'll find it out."

After a little more conversation Captain Wilson went on board, leaving Jack on purpose that the governor might pump him. But this Sir Thomas had no occasion to do, for Jack had made up his mind to make the governor his confidant, and he immediately told him the whole story. The governor held his sides at our hero's description, especially at his ruse of giving the captain's name instead of his own.

"You'll kill me, Jack, before you've done with me," said old Tom, at last. "But now what's to be done?"

Our hero now became grave; he pointed out to the governor that he himself had plenty of money and would come into a large fortune, and that Captain Wilson was poor, with a large family. All Jack wished the governor to manage was that Captain Wilson might consent to accept the legacy.

"Right, boy, right! You're my own boy," replied the governor. "But we must think of this, for Wilson is the very soul of honor, and there may be some difficulty about it. You have told nobody?"

"Not a soul but you, Sir Thomas."

"It never would do to tell him all this, Jack, for he would insist that the legacy belonged to you."

"I have it, sir," replied Jack. "When I was going into the masquerade, I offered to hand this very old lady, who was covered with diamonds, out of her carriage, and she was so frightened at my dress of a devil that she would have fallen down had it not been for Captain Wilson, who supported her, and she was very thankful to him."

"You're right, Jack," replied the governor, after a short pause; "that will, I think, do. I must tell him the story of the friars, because I swore you had something to do with it, but I'll tell him no more. Leave it all to me."

Captain Wilson returned in the afternoon, and found the governor in the veranda.

"I have had some talk with young Easy," said the governor, "and he has told me a strange story about that night which he was afraid to tell to everybody."

The governor then narrated the history of the friars and the will.

"Well, but," observed Captain Wilson, "the history of that will affords no clue to the legacy."

"No, it does not; but still, as I said, Jack had a hand in this. He frightened the old lady as a devil, and you caught her in your arms and saved her from falling; so he had a hand in it, you see."

"I do now remember that I did save a very dowager-like old personage from falling at the sight of a devil, who, of course, must have been our friend Easy."

"Well, and that accounts for the whole of it."

"A thousand doubloons for picking up an old lady!"

"Yes; why not? Have you not heard of a man having a fortune left him for merely opening the pew door of a church to an old gentleman?"

"Yes, but it appears so strange!"

"There's nothing strange in this world, Wilson—nothing at all. We may slave for years and get no reward, and do a trifle out

of politeness and become independent. In my opinion, this mystery is unravelled. The old lady—for I knew the family—must have died immensely rich. She knew you in your full uniform, and she asked your name; a heavy fall would have been, to one so fat, a most serious affair; you saved her, and she has rewarded you handsomely."

"Well," replied Captain Wilson, "as I can give no other explanation, I suppose yours is the correct one; but it's hardly fair to take a thousand doubloons from her relations merely for an act of civility."

"You really are quite ridiculous. The old lady owned half Muricia, to my knowledge; it is no more to them than any one leaving you a suit of mourning in an English legacy. I wish you joy; it will help you with a large family, and in justice to them you are bound to take it. Everybody does as he pleases with his own money, depend upon it. You saved her from breaking her leg short off at the hip-joint."

"Upon that supposition I presume I must accept the legacy," replied Captain Wilson, laughing.

"Of course; send for it at once. The rate of exchange is now high. It will give you government bills which will make it nearly four thousand pounds."

"Four thousand pounds for preventing an old woman from falling!" replied Captain Wilson.

"Devilish well paid, Wilson, and I congratulate you."

"For how much am I indebted to the father of young Easy!" observed Captain Wilson, after a silence of some minutes. "If he had not assisted me when I was appointed to a ship, I should not have gained my promotion, nor three thousand pounds I have made in prize-money, the command of a fine frigate, and now four thousand pounds in a windfall."

The governor thought that he was more indebted to Jack than to his father for some of these advantages, but he was careful not to point them out.

"It's very true," observed the governor, "that Mr. Easy was of service to you when you were appointed, but allow me to observe that for your ship, your prize-money and for your windfall you have been wholly indebted to your own gallantry in both senses of the word. Still, Mr. Easy is a fine, generous fellow, and so is his son, I can tell you. By the bye, I had a long conversation with him the other day."

"About himself?"

"Yes, all about himself. He appears to me to have come into the service without any particular motive, and will be just as likely to leave it in the same way. He appears to be very much in love with that Sicilian nobleman's daughter. I find that he has written to her and to her brother since he has been here."

"That he came into the service in search of what he never will find in this world I know very well—and I presume that he has found that out—and that he will follow up the service is also very doubtful; but I do not wish that he should leave it yet: it is doing him great good," replied Captain Wilson.

"I agree with you there. I have great influence with him, and he shall stay yet a while. He is heir to a very large fortune, is he not?"

"A clear eight thousand pounds a year, if not more."

"If his father dies, he must, of course, leave: a midshipman with eight thousand pounds a year would indeed be an anomaly."

"That the service could not permit. It would be as injurious to himself as it would to others about him. At present he has almost—indeed, I may say quite—an unlimited command of money."

"That's bad—very bad. I wonder he behaves so well as he does."

"And so do I; but he really is a very superior lad, with all his peculiarities, and a general favorite with those whose opinions and friendship are worth having."

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT.

LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

I WAIL for Adonis; beauteous Adonis is dead. "Dead is beauteous Adonis!" The Loves join in the wail. Sleep no more, Venus, in purple vestments; rise, wretched goddess, in thy robes of woe, and beat thy bosom, and say to all, "Beauteous Adonis hath perished." I wail for Adonis; the Loves join in the wail. Low lies beauteous Adonis on the mountains, having his white thigh smitten by a tusk, a white tusk, and he inflicts pain on Venus as he breathes out his life faintly; but adown his white skin trickles the black blood, and his eyes are glazed 'neath the lids, and the rose flies from his lip; and round about it dies also the kiss which Venus will never relinquish. To Venus, indeed, his kiss, even though he lives not, is pleasant, yet Adonis knew not that she kissed him as he died.

I wail for Adonis; the Loves wail in concert. A cruel, cruel wound hath Adonis in his thigh, but a greater wound doth Cytherea bear at her heart. Around that youth, indeed, faithful hounds whined, and Oread Nymphs weep; but Aphrodité, having let fall her braided hair, wanders up and down the glades, sad, unkempt, unsandalled, and the brambles tear her as she goes and cull her sacred blood; then, wailing piercingly, she is borne through long valleys, crying for her Assyrian spouse and calling on her youth. But around him dark blood was gushing up about his navel, and his breasts were empurpled from his thighs, and to Adonis the parts beneath his breasts, white before, became now deep-red. Alas! alas for Cytherea! The Loves join in the wail. She hath lost her beauteous spouse; she hath lost with him her divine beauty. Fair beauty had Venus when Adonis was living, but with Adonis perished the fair form of Venus, alas, alas! All mountains and the oaks say, "Alas for Adonis!" And rivers sorrow for the woes of Aphrodité, and springs on the mountains weep for her Adonis, and flowers redden from grief, whilst Cytherea sings mournfully along all woody mountain-passes and along cities. Alas, alas for Cytherea, beauteous Adonis hath perished! And Echo cried in response, "Beauteous Adonis hath perished!" Who would not have lamented the dire love of Venus? Alas! alas! When she saw, when she perceived, the wound of Adonis, which none might stay, when she saw gory blood about his wan thigh, unfolding wide her arms, she sadly cried, "Stay, ill-fated Adonis! Adonis, stay, that I may

find thee for the last time, that I may enfold thee around and mingle kisses with kisses. Rouse thee a little, Adonis, and again this last time kiss me. Kiss me just so far as there is life in thy kiss, till from thy heart thy spirit shall have ebbed into my lips and soul, and I shall have drained thy sweet love-potion and have drunk out thy love; and I will treasure this kiss even as if it were Adonis himself, since thou, ill-fated one, dost flee from me. Thou flyest afar, O Adonis, and comest unto Acheron and its gloomy and cruel king; but wretched I live, and am a goddess and cannot follow thee. Take, Proserpine, my spouse, for thou art thyself far more powerful than I, and the whole of what is beautiful falls to thy share; yet I am all-hapless, and feel insatiate grief, and mourn for Adonis, since to my sorrow he is dead, and I am afraid of thee. Art thou dying, O thrice-regretted? Then my longing is fled as a dream, and widowed is Cytherea, and idle are the Loves along my halls; and with thee has my charmed girdle been undone. Nay, why, rash one, didst thou hunt? Beauteous as thou wert, wast thou mad enough to contend with wild beasts?" Thus lamented Venus; the Loves join in the wail. Alas, alas for Cytherea, beauteous Adonis has perished! The Paphian goddess sheds as many tears as Adonis pours forth blood, and these all, on the ground, become flowers: the blood begets a rose, and the tears the anemone. I wail for Adonis; beauteous Adonis hath perished. Lament no more, Venus, thy wooer in the glades: there is a goodly couch, there is a bed of leaves, ready for Adonis. This bed of thine, Cytherea, dead Adonis occupies, and, though a corpse, he is beautiful, a beautiful corpse, as it were sleeping. Lay him down on the soft vestments in which he was wont to pass the night, in which with thee along the night he would take his holy sleep on a couch all of gold; yearn thou for Adonis, sad-visaged though he be now, and lay him amid chaplets and flowers; all with him, since he is dead—ay, all flowers—have become withered; but sprinkle him with myrtles, sprinkle him with unguents, with perfumes. Perish all perfumes! Thy perfume, Adonis, hath perished. Delicate Adonis reclines in purple vestments, and about him weeping Loves set up the wail, having their locks shorn for Adonis; and one was trampling on his arrows, another on his bow, and another was breaking his well-feathered quiver; and one has loosed the sandal of Adonis, while another is carrying water in golden ewers, and a third is bathing his thighs; and another behind him is fanning Adonis with his wings.

The Loves join in the wail for Cytherea herself; Hymenæus has quenched every torch at the door-posts and shredded the nuptial wreath, and no more is Hymen, no more Hymen the song that is sung, alas! alas! is chanted. Alas, alas for Adonis, wail the Graces, far more than Hymenæus, for the son of Cinyras, saying one with another, "Beauteous Adonis hath perished!" and far more piercingly speak they than thou, Dione. The Muses too strike up the lament for Adonis, and invoke him by song, but he heeds them not. Not, indeed, that he is unwilling, but Proserpine does not release him. Cease, Cytherea, thy laments; refrain this day from thy dirges. Thou must wail again, and weep again, another year.

Translation of J. Banks, M. A.

THE COMBAT WITH APOLLYON.*

BUT now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it, for he had gone but a little way before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armor for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts; therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground. For, thought he, had I no more in my eye than the saving of my life, 'twould be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now, the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance and thus began to question with him:

APOL. Whence come you, and whither are you bound?

CHR. I am come from the city of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and I am going to the city of Zion.

APOL. By this I perceive that thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast ran away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now, at one blow, to the ground.

CHR. I was indeed born in your dominions, but your service was hard and your wages such as a man could not live on, "for the wages of sin is death;" therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do—look out if perhaps I might mend my condition.

APOL. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but, since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back. What our country will afford I do here promise to give thee.

CHR. But I have hired myself to another, even the King of princes; and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

APOL. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb—"changed a bad for a worse." But it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while, to give him the slip and return

* "The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator and the divine, this homely dialect—the dialect of plain workingmen—was perfectly sufficient."—*Lord Macaulay.*

again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

CHR. I have given him my faith and sworn my allegiance to him; how, then, can I go back from this and not be hanged as a traitor?

APOL. Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

CHR. What I promised thee was in my minority; and, besides, I count that the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me—yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon, to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company and country, better than thine. And therefore leave off to persuade me further: I am his servant, and I will follow him.

APOL. Consider again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that for the most part his servants come to an ill end because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! And, besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never yet came from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of our hands; but, as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them! And so will I deliver thee.

CHR. His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end; and, as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account, for for present deliverance they do not much expect it, for they wait for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

APOL. Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him, and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

CHR. Wherein, O Apollyon, have I been unfaithful to him?

APOL. Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldst have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off. Thou didst sinfully sleep and lose thy choice things; thou wast also almost persuaded to go back at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vainglory in all that thou sayest or doest.

CHR. All this is true, and much more which thou hast left out; but the Prince whom I serve and honor is merciful and ready to forgive. But, besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in, and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying,

"I am an enemy to this Prince. I hate his person, laws and people, and am come out on purpose to withstand them."

CHR. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the King's highway—the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said,

"I am void of fear in this matter. Prepare thyself to die, for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further; here will I destroy thy soul."

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that. Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him, and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall, and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon,

"I am sure of thee now."

And with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, "'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall rise,'" and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving that, made at him again, saying, "'Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us;'" and with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight: he spake like a dragon. And, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart! I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile and look upward, but 'twas the dreadfullest sight that ever I saw.

JOHN BUNYAN.

DR. SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.*

THE grave has just closed over the mortal remains of one whose name will be for ever associated with a series of achievements in the domain of discovery and invention the most wonderful our race has ever known—wonderful in the results accomplished; more wonderful still in the agencies employed; most wonderful in the scientific revelations which preceded and accompanied their development.

The electro-magnetic telegraph is the embodiment—I might say the incarnation—of many centuries of thought, of many generations of effort to elicit from Nature one of her deepest mysteries. No one man, no one century, could have achieved it. It is the

* Remarks made at the Morse memorial meeting, held in the hall of the House of Representatives, April 16, 1872.

child of the human race—"the heir of all the ages." How wonderful were the steps which led to its creation!

The very name of this telegraphic instrument bears record of its history—"electric, magnetic," the first word from the bit of yellow amber whose qualities of attraction and repulsion were discovered by a Grecian philosopher twenty-four centuries ago, and the second from Magnesia, the village of Asia Minor where first was found the loadstone whose touch for ever turns the needle to the north. These were the earliest forms in which that subtle, all-pervading force revealed itself to men. In the childhood of the race men stood dumb in the presence of its more terrible manifestations. When it gleamed in the purple aurora or shot dusky-red from the clouds, it was the eye-flash of an angry God before whom mortals quailed in helpless fear. When the electric light burned blue on the spear-points of the Roman legions, it was to them and their leaders a portent from the gods beckoning to victory. When the phosphorescent light which the sailors still call St. Elmo's fire hovered on the masts and spars of the Roman ship, it was Castor and Pollux, twin gods of the sea, guiding the mariner to port, or the beacon of an avenging god luring him to death.

When we consider the startling forms in which this element presents itself, it is not surprising that so many centuries elapsed before man dared to confront and question its awful mystery. And it was fitting that here, in this new, free world, the first answer came, revealing to our Franklin the great truth that the lightning of the sky and the electricity of the laboratory are one—that in the simple electric toy are embodied all the mysteries of the thunderbolt.

Until near the beginning of the present century the only known method of producing electricity was by friction. But the discoveries of Galvani in 1789, and of Volta in 1800, resulted in the production of electricity by the chemical action of acids upon metals, and gave to the world the galvanic battery, the voltaic pile and the electric current. This was the first step in that path of modern discovery which led to the telegraph. But further discoveries were necessary to make the telegraph possible. The next great step was taken by Oersted, the Swedish professor who in 1819–20 made the discovery that the needle, when placed near the galvanic battery, was deflected at right angles to the electric current. In the four modest pages in which Oersted announced this discovery to the world the science of electro-magnetism was founded. As Franklin had exhibited the relation between lightning and the electric fluid, so Oersted exhibited the relation between magnetism and electricity. From 1820 to 1825 his discovery was further developed by Davy and Sturgeon of England, and Arago and Ampère of France. They found that by sending a current of electricity through a wire coiled around a piece of soft iron the iron became a magnet while the current was passing and ceased to be a magnet when the current was broken. This gave an intermittent power—a power to grapple and to let go at the will of the electrician. Ampère suggested that a telegraph was possible by applying this power to a needle. In 1825, Barlow of England made experiments to verify this suggestion of the telegraph, and pronounced it imprac-

ticable on the ground that the batteries then used would not send the fluid through even two hundred feet of wire without a sensible diminution of its force. In 1831, Joseph Henry, now secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, then a professor at Albany, New York, as the result of numerous experiments discovered a method by which he produced a battery of such intensity as to overcome the difficulty spoken of by Barlow in 1825. By means of this discovery he magnetized soft iron at a great distance from the battery, pointed out the fact that a telegraph was possible, and actually rang a bell by means of the electro-magnet acting on a long wire. This was the last step in the series of great discoveries which preceded the invention of the telegraph.

When these discoveries ended, the work of the inventor began. It was in 1832—the year that succeeded the last of these great discoveries—when Professor Morse first turned his thoughts to that work whose triumph is the triumph of his race. He had devoted twenty-two years of his manhood to the study and practice of art; he had sat at the feet of the great masters of Europe, and had already by his own works of art achieved a noble name; and he now turned to the grander work of interpreting to the world that subtle and mysterious element with which the thinkers of the human race had so long been occupied.

I cannot here recount the story of that long struggle through which he passed to the accomplishment of his great result—how he struggled with poverty, with the vast difficulties of the subject itself, with the unfaith, the indifference and the contempt which almost everywhere confronted him; how at the very moment of his triumph he was on the verge of despair when in this very Capitol his project met the jeers of almost a majority of the national legislature. But when has despair yielded to such a triumph? When has such a morning risen on such a night? To all cavillers and doubters this instrument and its language are a triumphant answer. That chainless spirit which fills the immensity of space with its invisible presence, which dwells in the blaze of the sun, follows the path of the farthest star and courses the depths of earth and sea—that mighty spirit has at last yielded to the human will. It has entered a body prepared for its dwelling; it has found a voice through which it speaks to the human ear; it has taken its place as the humble servant of man; and through all coming time its work will be associated with the name and fame of Samuel F. B. Morse.

Were there no other proof of the present value of his work, these alone would suffice—that throughout the world, whatever the language or the dialect of those who use it, the telegraph speaks a language whose first element is the alphabet of Morse; and in 1869, of the sixteen thousand telegraphic instruments used on the lines of Europe, thirteen thousand were of the pattern invented by him. The future of this great achievement can be measured by no known standards. Morse gave us the instrument and the alphabet; the world is only beginning to spell out the lesson whose meaning the future will read.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

LYING.—It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world.

JOHNSON.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care—
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her:
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed,
Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
  Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
  Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
  Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
  Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
  The rough river ran.
Over the brink of it:
Picture it, think of it,
  Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
  Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care—
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
  Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
  Staring so blindly—

Dreadfully staring
  Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
  Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
  Into her rest,
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
  Over her breast,

Owning her weakness,
  Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
  Her sins to her Saviour.

THOMAS HOOD.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

IS there for honest poverty
  Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
  We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp:
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine:
  A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
  Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
  Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
  Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
  As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that!

ROBERT BURNS.*

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

"A MAN'S a man," said Robert Burns,
  "For a' that and a' that;"
But, though the song be clear and strong,
  It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
  Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg when he might earn his bread,
  Is not a man, for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
  Were true and brave, and a' that,
And none whose garb is "hodden gray"
  Was fool and knave, and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
  Would fade and fail, and a' that,
And ploughmen be as good as kings,
  And churls as earls, for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot
  Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks, because his strong right arm
  Might fell an ox, and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
  As duke and lord, and a' that?
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
  And not a man, for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
  Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
  Be thrice a man for a' that,
And Donald, herding on the muir,
  Who beats his wife, and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
  Nor half a man, for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Brother Burns—
  The truth is old, and a' that—
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The man's the gold, for a' that."
And, though you'd put the minted mark
  On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
  And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
  'Tis soul and heart, and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
  And not his crown, and a' that.
And, man with man, if rich or poor,
  The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect, in self-respect,
  And acts the man for a' that.

CHARLES MACKAY

* This poem was written by Burns under the following circumstances: He was invited to a nobleman's mansion, where he entertained the company with singing until dinner-time, when he was sent to dine with the upper servants. After dinner he joined the company, and was again called upon to sing, when, rising, he sung the above song and departed.

THEOCRITUS.

THEOCRITUS, who flourished about 282 B. C., was the son of Praxagoras and Philina, and a native of Syracuse. He appears, however, to have chiefly resided in Egypt, under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, whose eulogium he composed.

The poetry of Theocritus is marked by the strength and vivacity of original genius. Everything is distinct and peculiar; everything is individualized and brought strongly and closely to the eye and understanding of the reader, so as to stamp the impression of reality. His scenes of nature, and his men and women, are equally striking for circumstance and manners, and may equally be described by the epithet "picturesque."

HELEN.

FROM THE GREEK OF THEOCRITUS.

Full three-score girls, in sportive flight we strayed,
Like youths anointing, where along the glade
The baths of cool Eurotas limpid played.
But none, of all, with Helen might compare,
Nor one seemed faultless of the fairest fair.
As morn with vermeil visage looks from high
When solemn night has vanished suddenly,
When winter melts and frees the frozen hours
And spring's green bough is gemmed with silvery flowers,
So bloomed the virgin Helen in our eyes
With full voluptuous limbs and towering size,
In shape, in height, in stately presence fair,
Straight as a furrow gliding from the share,
A cypress of the gardens, spiring high,
A courser in the cars of Thessaly.
So rose-complexioned Helen charmed the sight,
Our Sparta's grace, our glory and delight.
None with such art, the basket at her side,
The needle's picturing threads, inventive, plied,
So crossed the woof, the sliding shuttle threw,
And wove the web in variegated hue.
Or when across the lyre her hand she flings,
And Pallas, broad of breast, or Dian sings,
None in the minstrel's craft with Helen vies,
And all the Loves are laughing in her eyes.
O fair! O graceful damsel! but thy name
Is now a matron's, and no more the same.
We, by the dawnlight's blush, in bounding speed
Will print the verdure of the leafy mead,
And in remembrance of our Helen wreathe
Chaplets of dewy flowers that fragrant breathe,
And long for thee as longs the yeanling lamb
To drain the milky nectar of its dam.
We first a crown of creeping lotus twine,
And on a shadowy plane suspend, as thine;
We first beneath the shadowy plane distil
From silver vase the balsam's liquid rill;
Graved on the bark the passenger shall see,
"Adore me, traveller! I am Helen's tree."

Translation of C. F. POWLHELE.

CONTENT.

FROM THE LATIN OF ALBIUS TIBULLUS.*

LET the rich miser gather golden gain
And live the large possessor of the plain:
To me the Fates with sparing hands dispense
The humbler sweets of ease and innocence.
Pleas'd with the joys of a secure retreat,
While constant fires supply the cheerful seat,
I nor paternal wealth nor fields require,
Nor harvests bounteous to my wealthy sire:
A small estate my humble wish can please,
And a soft bed to stretch my limbs at ease.

Translation of DART.

* Born at Rome about B. C. 54.

CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

HOSANNA to the Son of David! Raise
Triumphal arches to his praise;
For Him prepare a throne
Who comes at last to Zion—to his own;
Strew palms around; make plain and straight the way
For Him who his triumphal entry holds to-day!

Hosanna! Welcome above all thou art!
Make ready, each, to lay his heart
Low down before his feet;
Come, let us hasten forth our Lord to meet,
And bid him enter in at Zion's gates,
Where thousand-voicèd welcome on his coming waits.

Hosanna, Prince of peace and Lord of might!
We hail thee conqueror in the fight:
All thou with toil hast won
Shall be our booty when the battle's done.
Thy right hand ever hath the rule and sway;
Thy kingdom standeth fast when all things else decay.

Hosanna, best-beloved and noble Guest,
Who made us by thy high behest
Heirs of thy realm with thee.
Oh, let us, therefore, never weary be
To stand and serve before thy righteous throne;
We know no king but thee: rule thou o'er us alone.

Hosanna! Come, the time draws on apace;
We long thy mercy to embrace;
This servant's form can ne'er
Conceal the majesty thy acts declare.
Too well art thou here in thy Zion known
Who art the Son of God, and yet art David's son.

Hosanna, Lord! Be thou our help and friend;
Thy aid to us in mercy send,
That each may bring his soul
An offering unto thee unstained and whole.
Thou wilt have none for thy disciples, Lord,
But who obey in truth, not only hear, thy word.

Hosanna! Let us in thy footsteps tread,
Nor that sad Mount of Olives dread
Where we must weep and watch,
Until the far-off song of joy we catch
From heaven, our Bethphagè, where we shall sing
"Hosanna in the highest to our God and King!"

Hosanna! Let us sound it far and wide!
Enter thou in and here abide,
Thou Blessed of the Lord!
Why standest thou without, why roamst abroad?
Hosanna! Make thy home with us for ever!
Thou comest, Lord, and naught us from thy love shall sever.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

THE SHADES OF ENDERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the vernal shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feathered songsters love no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay.

DAVID MALLET.

"THEY ARE DEAR FISH TO ME."

THE farmer's wife sat at the door,
A pleasant sight to see,
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns
That played around her knee,
When, bending 'neath her heavy creel,
A poor fishwife came by,
And, turning from the toilsome road,
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green
And spread its scaly store;
With trembling hands and pleading words
She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife:
"We're no sae scarce o' cheer;
Tak' up your creel and gang your ways:
I'll buy nae fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again,
A weary sight to see,
Right sorely sighed the poor fishwife,
"They are dear fish to me.

"Our boat was oot ae fearfu' night;
And when the storm blew o'er,
My husband and my three brave sons
Lay corpses on the shore.

"I've been a wife for thirty years,
A childless widow three;
I maun buy them now to sell again:
They are dear fish to me."

The farmer's wife turned to the door;
What was't upon her cheek?
What was there rising in her breast
That then she scarce could speak?

She thought upon her ain guidman,
Her lightsome laddies three;
The woman's words had pierced her heart:
"They are dear fish to me."

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice
And pity's gathering tear;
"Come in, come in, my poor woman;
Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kentna o' your aching heart,
Your weary lot to dree;
I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words:
'They are dear fish to me.'"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn
To pause ere they deny
The meed of honest toil, and think
How much their gold may buy—

How much of manhood's wasted strength,
What woman's misery,
What breaking hearts might swell the cry,
"They are dear fish to me."

E. L. ROBINSON.

THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep:
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

INNOCENT IMPOSTORS.

HOW long must women wish in vain
A constant love to find?
No art can fickle man retain,
Or fix a roving mind.

Yet fondly we ourselves deceive,
And empty hopes pursue;
Though false to others, we believe
They will to us prove true.

But oh, the torment to discern
A perjured lover gone,
And yet by sad experience learn
That we must still love on!

How strangely are we fooled by Fate
Who tread the maze of love!
When most desirous to retreat,
We know not how to move.

THOMAS SHADWELL.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH, the days are gone when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove—
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.

New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream;
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar
When wild youth's past,
Though he win the wise who frowned before
To smile at last,
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No; that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste,
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's wingèd dream,
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream;
Oh, 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

NO stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be:
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring:
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day,
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers' roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."—
"Now, where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O Death! it is the Inchcape Rock."

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear—
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The devil below was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant, with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee:
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

ADORNMENT.

SHE'S adorned
Amply that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in.

JOHN TOBIN.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

FROM THE GREEK OF CLAUDIAN.*

BLEST is the man who in his father's fields
Has past an age of quiet. The same roof
That screened his cradle yields a shelter now
To his gray hairs. He leans upon a staff
Where as a child he crept along the ground,
And in one cottage he has numbered o'er
A length of years. Him fortune has not drawn
Into her whirl of strange vicissitudes,
Nor has he drunk, with ever-changing home,
From unknown rivers. Never on the deep,
A merchant, has he trembled at the storm,
Nor as a soldier started at the blare
Of trumpets, nor endured the noisy strife
Of the hoarse-clamoring bar, of the great world
Simply unconscious. To the neighboring town
A stranger, he enjoys the free expanse
Of open heaven. The old man marks his year,
Not by the names of consuls, but computes
Time by his various crops; by apples notes
The autumn; by the blooming flower, the spring.
From the same field he sees his daily sun
Go down and lift again its reddening orb,
And by his own contracted universe
The rustic measures the vast light of day.
He well remembers that broad massive oak
An acorn, and has seen the grove grow old
Coeval with himself. Verona seems
To him more distant than the swarthy Ind;
He deems the lake Benacus like the shores
Of the red gulf. But, his a vigor hale
And unabated, he has now outlived
Three ages; though a grandsire, green in years,
With firm and sinewy arms. The traveller
May roam to farthest Spain: he more has known
Of earthly space; the old man, more of life.

* Born in Egypt about 365 A. D.

THE EFFIGY OF LOVE.

FROM THE LATIN OF SEXTUS AURELIUS PROPERTIUS †

HAD he not hands of rare device whoe'er
First painted Love in figure of a boy?
He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were
Who blessings lose, whilst lightest cares employ.
Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
And bade through human hearts the godhead fly;
For we are tost upon a wavering main:
Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.
Nor without cause he grasps those barbed darts,
The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast;
Ere we suspect a foe he strikes our hearts,
And those inflicted wounds for ever last.
In me are fix'd those arrows—in my breast:
But sure his wings are shorn, the boy remains;
For never takes he flight, nor knows he rest;
Still, still I feel him warring through my veins.
In these scorch'd vitals dost thou joy to dwell?
Oh, shame! To others let thy arrows flee;
Let veins untouch'd with all thy venom swell;
Not me thou torturest, but the shade of me.
Destroy me: who shall then describe the fair?
This my light Muse to thee high glory brings,
When the nymph's tapering fingers, flowing hair,
And eyes of jet and gliding feet she sings.

Translation of ELTON.

† Born at Umbria about B. C. 52.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

THE SILURIAN BEACH.

WITH what interest do we look upon any relic of early human history! The monument that tells of a civilization whose hieroglyphic records we cannot even decipher, the slightest trace of a nation that vanished and left no sign of its life except the rough tools and utensils buried in the old site of its towns or villages, arouses our imagination and excites our curiosity. Men gaze with awe at the inscription on an ancient Egyptian or Assyrian stone; they hold with reverential touch the yellow parchment-roll whose dim, defaced characters record the meagre learning of a buried nationality; and the announcement that for centuries the tropical forests of Central America have hidden within their tangled growth the ruined homes and temples of a past race stirs the civilized world with a strange, deep wonder. To me it seems that to look on the first land that was ever lifted above the waste of waters, to follow the shore where the earliest animals and plants were created when the thought of God first expressed itself in organic forms, to hold in one's hand a bit of stone from an old sea-beach hardened into rock thousands of centuries ago and studded with the beings that once crept upon its surface or were stranded there by some retreating wave,—is even of deeper interest to men than the relics of their own race, for these things tell more directly of the thoughts and creative acts of God.

Standing in the neighborhood of Whitehall, near Lake George, one may look along such a seashore and see it stretching westward and sloping gently southward as far as the eye can reach. It must have had a very gradual slope, and the waters must have been very shallow; for at that time no great mountains had been uplifted, and deep oceans are always the concomitants of lofty heights. We do not, however, judge of this by inference merely: we have an evidence of the shallowness of the sea in those days in the character of the shells found in the Silurian deposits, which shows that they belonged in shoal waters.

Indeed, the fossil remains of all times tell us almost as much of the physical condition of the world at different epochs as they do of its animal and vegetable population. When Robinson Crusoe first caught sight of the footprint on the sand, he saw in it more than the mere footprint; for it spoke to him of the presence of men on his desert island. We walk on the old geological shores like Crusoe along his beach, and the footprints we find there tell us too more than we actually see in them. The crust of our earth is a great cemetery where the rocks are tombstones on which the buried dead have written their own epitaphs. They tell us not only who they were and when and where they lived, but much also of the circumstances under which they lived. We

ascertain the prevalence of certain physical conditions at special epochs by the presence of animals and plants whose existence and maintenance required such a state of things more than by any positive knowledge respecting it. Where we find the remains of quadrupeds corresponding to our ruminating animals we infer not only land, but grassy meadows also, and an extensive vegetation; where we find none but marine animals we know the ocean must have covered the earth; the remains of large reptiles, representing, though in gigantic size, the half-aquatic, half-terrestrial reptiles of our own period, indicate to us the existence of spreading marshes still soaked by the retreating waters; while the traces of such animals as live now in sand and shoal waters or in mud speak to us of shelving sandy beaches and of mud-flats. The eye of the *trilobite* tells us that the sun shone on the old beach where he lived, for there is nothing in nature without a purpose; and when so complicated an organ was made to receive the light, there must have been light to enter it. The immense vegetable deposits in the Carboniferous period announce the introduction of an extensive terrestrial vegetation, and the impressions left by the wood and leaves of the trees show that these first forests must have grown in a damp soil and a moist atmosphere. In short, all the remains of animals and plants hidden in the rocks have something to tell of the climatic conditions and the general circumstances under which they lived, and the study of fossils is to the naturalist a thermometer by which he reads the variations of temperature in past times, a plummet by which he sounds the depths of the ancient oceans—a register, in fact, of all the important physical changes the earth has undergone.

But, although the animals of the early geological deposits indicate shallow seas by their similarity to our shoal-water animals, it must not be supposed that they are by any means the same. On the contrary, the old shells, crustacea, corals, etc., represent types which have existed in all times with the same essential structural elements, but under different specific forms in the several geological periods. And here it may not be amiss to say something of what are called by naturalists *representative types*.

The statement that different sets of animals and plants have characterized the successive epochs is often understood as indicating a difference of another kind than that which distinguishes animals now living in different parts of the world. This is a mistake. They are so-called representative types all over the globe, united to each other by structural relations and separated by specific differences of the same kind as those that unite and separate animals of different geological periods. Take, for instance, mud-flats or sandy shores in the same latitudes of Europe and America: we find living on each animals of the same structural character and of the same general appearance, but with certain specific differences, as of color, size, external appendages, etc. They represent each other on the two continents. The American wolves, foxes, bears, rabbits, are not the same as the European, but those of one continent are as true to their respective types as those of the other; under a somewhat different aspect they represent the same groups of animals. In certain latitudes or

under conditions of nearer proximity these differences may be less marked. It is well known that there is a great monotony of type, not only among animals and plants, but in the human races also, throughout the Arctic regions; and some animals characteristic of the high North reappear under such identical forms in the neighborhood of the snow-fields in lofty mountains that to trace the difference between the ptarmigans, rabbits and other gnawing animals of the Alps, for instance, and those of the Arctics, is among the most difficult problems of modern science.

And so is it also with the animated world of past ages: in similar deposits of sand, mud or lime in adjoining regions of the same geological age identical remains of animals and plants may be found; while at greater distances, but under similar circumstances, representative species may occur. In very remote regions, however, whether the circumstances be similar or dissimilar, the general aspect of the organic world differs greatly, remoteness in space being thus in some measure an indication of the degree of affinity between different faunæ. In deposits of different geological periods immediately following each other we sometimes find remains of animals and plants so closely allied to those of earlier or later periods that at first sight the specific differences are hardly discernible. The difficulty of solving these questions and of appreciating correctly the differences and similarities between such closely-allied organisms explains the antagonistic views of many naturalists respecting the range of existence of animals during longer or shorter geological periods, aud the superficial way in which discussions concerning the transition of species are carried on is mainly owing to an ignorance of the conditions above alluded to. My own personal observation and experience in these matters have led me to the conviction that every geological period has had its own representatives, and that no single species has been repeated in successive ages.

The laws regulating the geographical distribution of animals and their combination into distinct zoological provinces (called "faunæ") with definite limits are very imperfectly understood as yet, but so closely are all things linked together from the beginning till to-day that I am convinced we shall never find the clue to their meaning till we carry on our investigations in the past and the present simultaneously. The same principle according to which animal and vegetable life is distributed over the surface of the earth now prevailed in the earliest geological periods. The geological deposits of all times have had their characteristic faunæ under various zones, their zoological provinces presenting special combinations of animal and vegetable life over certain regions, and their representative types reproducing in different countries, but under similar latitudes, the same groups with specific differences.

Of course, the nearer we approach the beginning of organic life, the less marked do we find the differences to be, and for a very obvious reason. The inequalities of the earth's surface, her mountain-barriers protecting whole continents from the Arctic winds, her open plains exposing others to the full force of the polar blasts, her snug valleys and her lofty heights, her table-lands and rolling prairies, her river-

systems and her dry deserts, her cold ocean-currents pouring down from the high North on some of her shores, while warm ones from tropical seas carry their softer influence to others—in short, all the contrasts in the external configuration of the globe, with the physical conditions attendant upon them—are naturally accompanied by a corresponding variety in animal and vegetable life.

But in the Silurian age, when there were no elevations higher than the Canadian hills, when water covered the face of the earth, with the exception of a few isolated portions lifted above the almost universal ocean, how monotonous must have been the conditions of life! And what should we expect to find on those first shores? If we are walking on a sea-beach to-day, we do not look for animals that haunt the forests or roam over the open plains, or for those that live in sheltered valleys or in inland regions or on mountain-heights. We look for shells, for mussels and barnacles, for crabs, for shrimps, for marine worms, for starfishes and sea-urchins, and we may find here and there a fish stranded on the sand or tangled in the seaweed. Let us remember, then, that in the Silurian period the world, so far as it was raised above the ocean, was a beach, and let us seek there for such creatures as God has made to live on seashores, and not belittle the creative work or say that he first scattered the seeds of life in meagre or stinted measure because we do not find air-breathing animals where there was no fitting atmosphere to feed their lungs, insects with no terrestrial plants to live upon, reptiles without marshes, birds without trees, cattle without grass—all things, in short, without the essential conditions for their existence.

What we do find—and these, as I shall endeavor to show my readers, in such profusion that it would seem as if God, in the joy of creation, had compensated himself for a less variety of forms in the greater richness of the early types—is an immense number of beings belonging to the four primary divisions of the animal kingdom, but only to those classes whose representatives are marine, whose home, then as now, was either in the sea or along its shores. In other words, the first organic creation expressed in its totality the structural conception since carried out in such wonderful variety of details, and purposely limited then because the world which was to be the home of the higher animals was not yet made ready to receive them.

I am fully aware that the intimate relations between the organic and physical world are interpreted by many as indicating the absence rather than the presence of an intelligent Creator. They argue that the dependence of animals on material laws gives us the clue to their origin as well as to their maintenance. Were this influence as absolute and unvarying as the purely mechanical action of physical circumstances must necessarily be, this inference might have some pretence to logical probability, though it seems to me unnecessary, under any circumstances, to resort to climatic influences or the action of any physical laws to explain the thoughtful distribution of the organic and inorganic world, so evidently intended to secure for all beings what best suits their nature and their needs. But the truth is that, while these harmonious relations underlie the whole creation in such a manner as to

indicate a great central plan of which all things are a part, there is at the same time a freedom, an arbitrary element, in the mode of carrying it out which seems to point to the exercise of an individual will, for side by side with facts apparently the direct result of physical laws are other facts the nature of which shows a complete independence of external influences.

Take, for instance, the similarity above alluded to between the faunæ of the Arctics and that of the Alps, certainly showing a direct relation between climatic conditions and animal and vegetable life. Yet even there, where the shades of specific difference between animals and plants of the same class are so slight as to baffle the keenest investigators, we have representative types both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms as distinct and peculiar as those of widely-removed and strongly-contrasted climatic conditions. Shall we attribute the similarities and the differences alike to physical causes? Compare, for example, the reindeer of the Arctics with the ibex and the chamois, representing the same group in the Alps. Even on mountain-heights of similar altitudes, where not only climate, but other physical conditions, would suggest a recurrence of identical animals, we do not find the same, but representative, types. The ibex of the Alps differs, for instance, from that of the Pyrenees, that of the Pyrenees from those of the Caucasus and Himalayas, these again from each other and from that of the Altai.

But perhaps the most conclusive proof that we must seek for the origin of organic life outside of physical causes consists in the permanence of the fundamental types, while the species representing these types have differed in every geological period. Now, what we call typical features of structure are in themselves no more stable or permanent than specific features. If physical causes, such as light, heat, moisture, food, habits of life, etc., acting upon individuals, have gradually in successive generations changed the character of the species to which they belong, why not that of the class and the branch also? If we judge this question from the material side at all, we must, in order to judge it fairly, look at it wholly from that point of view. If these specific changes are brought about in this way, it is because external causes have positive permanent effects upon the substances of which animals are built: they have power to change their hair, to change their skin, to change certain external appendages or ornamentations, and any other of those ultimate features which naturalists call specific characters. Now, I would ask what there is in the substances out of which class characters are built that would make them less susceptible to such external influences than these specific characters. In many instances the former are more delicate, more sensitive, far more fragile and transient in their material nature, than the latter, and yet never, in all the chances and changes of time, have we seen any alteration in the mode of respiration, of reproduction, of circulation, or in any of the systems of organs which characterize the more comprehensive groups of the animal kingdom, although they are quite as much under the immediate influence of physical causes as those structural features which have been constantly changing.

The woody fibre of the pine trees has had the same structure from the Carboniferous age to this day, while their mode of branching and the forms of their cones and leaves have been different in each period according to their respective species. The combination of rings, the structure of the wings and the articulations of the legs are the same in the cockroaches of the Carboniferous age as in those which infest our ships and our dwellings to-day, while the proportion of their parts is on quite another scale. The tissue of the corals in the Silurian age is identical in chemical combination and organic structure with that of the corals of our modern reefs, and yet the extensive researches upon this class for which we are indebted to Milne Edwards and Haime have not revealed a single species extending through successive geological ages, but show us, on the contrary, that every age has had its own kinds, differing among themselves in the same way as those of the Gulf of Mexico differ now from those of the Indian Ocean and the Pacific. The scales of the oldest known fishes in the Silurian beds have the same microscopic structure as those of their representative types to-day, and yet I have never seen a single fossil fish presenting the same specific characters in the successive geological epochs. The teeth of the oldest sharks show the same microscopic structure as those of the present time—and we do not lack opportunities for comparison, since the former are as common in the mountain-limestone of Ireland as are those of the living sharks on any beach where our fishermen boil them for the sake of their oil—and yet the sharks appear under different generic and specific forms in each geological age.

But without multiplying examples, which might be adduced *ad infinitum* to show permanence of type combined with repeated changes of species, suffice it to say that while the general features in the framework of the organic world and the materials of which that framework is built, though quite as subject to the influence of physical external circumstances as any so-called specific features, have remained perfectly intact from the beginning of creation till now, so that not the smallest difference is to be discerned in these respects between the oldest representatives of the oldest types in the oldest Silurian rocks and their successors through all the geological ages up to the present day, the species have been different in each epoch. And those still deeper ideal relations, the plans or structural conceptions upon which animals are based, are adhered to through all time with a tenacity in strange contrast to the perishableness of the material forms through which they are expressed.

It is surely a fair question to ask the advocates of the transmutation theory whether they attribute to physical laws the discernment that would lead them to change the specific features, but to respect all those characters by which the higher structural combinations of the animal kingdom are preserved without alteration—in other words, to maintain the organic plan while constantly diversifying the mode of expressing it. If so, it would perhaps be as well to call such laws by another name, since they show all the comprehensive wisdom of an intelligent Creator. Until they can tell us why certain features of animals and plants are permanent under conditions which, according to their view,

have power to change certain other features no more perishable or transient in themselves, the supporters of the development theory will have failed to substantiate their peculiar scientific doctrine.

The animal world is an intellectual creation complete in all its parts and coherent throughout; and when we find that, although ancient types have become obsolete and been replaced by modern ones, yet there are always a few old-fashioned individuals, left behind, as it were, to give the key to the history of their race—as the gar-pike, for instance, to explain the ancient fishes; the millepore, to explain the old acalephian corals; the nautilus, to be the modern exponent of the ammonites and orthoceratites of past times—we cannot avoid the impression that this creative work has been intended also to be educational for man and to teach him his own relation to the organic world. The embryology of the modern types confirms this idea, for here we find an epitome of their geological history. The embryo of the present starfishes recalls the crinoids; the embryo of the crab recalls the trilobites; the embryo of the vertebrates, including even that of the higher Mammalia, recalls the ancient fishes. Does not this fact that the individual animal in its growth recalls the history of its type prove that the creative thought in its immediate present action embraces all that has gone before, as its first organic expression included all that was to come? The study of Nature in its highest meaning shows us the present doubly rich with all the past, and the past linked and interwoven with the present, not lying divorced and dead behind it.

I have spoken of the Silurian beach as if there were but one not only because I wished to limit my sketch and to attempt at least to give it the vividness of a special locality, but also because a single such shore will give us as good an idea of the characteristic fauna of the time as if we drew our material from a wider range. There are, however, a great number of parallel ridges belonging to the Silurian and Devonian periods running from east to west not only through the State of New York, but far beyond, through the States of Michigan and Wisconsin into Minnesota; one may follow nine or ten such successive shores in unbroken lines from the neighborhood of Lake Champlain to the Far West. They have all the irregularities of modern seashores, running up to form little bays here and jutting out in promontories there, and upon each one are found animals of the same kind, but differing in species from those of the preceding.

Although the early geological periods are more legible in North America because they are exposed over such extensive tracts of land, yet they have been studied in many other parts of the globe. In Norway, in Germany, in France, in Russia, in Siberia, in Kamtschatka, in parts of South America —in short, wherever the civilization of the white race has extended—Silurian deposits have been observed, and everywhere they bear the same testimony to a profuse and varied creation. The earth was teeming then with life as now, and, in whatever corner of its surface the geologist finds the old strata, they hold a dead fauna as numerous as that which lives and moves above it. Nor do we find that there was any gradual increase or decrease of any organic forms at the beginning and close of the successive

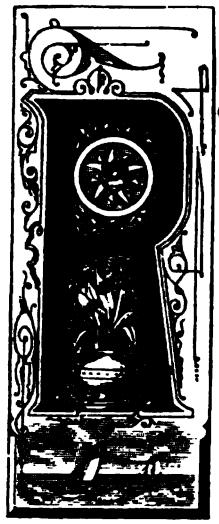
periods. On the contrary, the opening scenes of every chapter in the world's history have been crowded with life, and its last leaves as full and varied as its first.

I think the impression that the faunæ of the early geological periods were more scanty than those of later times arises partly from the fact that the present creation is made a standard of comparison for all preceding creations. Of course the collections of living types in any museum must be more numerous than those of fossil forms, for the simple reason that almost the whole of the present surface of the earth, with the animals and plants inhabiting it, is known to us, whereas the deposits of the Silurian and Devonian periods are exposed to view only over comparatively limited tracts and in disconnected regions. But let us compare a given extent of Silurian or Devonian seashore with an equal extent of seashore belonging to our own time, and we shall soon be convinced that the one is as populous as the other. On the New England coast there are about one hundred and fifty different kinds of fishes; in the Gulf of Mexico, two hundred and fifty; in the Red Sea, about the same. We may allow in present times an average of two hundred or two hundred and fifty different kinds of fishes to an extent of ocean covering about four hundred miles. Now, I have made a special study of the Devonian rocks of Northern Europe, in the Baltic and along the shore of the German Ocean. I have found in those deposits alone one hundred and ten kinds of fossil fishes. To judge of the total number of species belonging to those early ages by the number known to exist now is about as reasonable as to infer that because Aristotle, familiar only with the waters of Greece, recorded less than three hundred kinds of fishes in his limited fishing-ground, therefore these were all the fishes then living. The fishing-ground of the geologist in the Silurian and Devonian periods is even more circumscribed than his, and belongs, besides, not to a living, but to a dead, world, far more difficult to decipher.

But the sciences of geology and palæontology are making such rapid progress, now that they go hand in hand, that our familiarity with past creations is daily increasing. We know already that extinct animals exist all over the world—heaped together under the snows of Siberia, lying thick beneath the Indian soil, found wherever English settlers till the ground or work the mines of Australia, figured in the old encyclopædias of China, where the Chinese philosophers have drawn them with the accuracy of their nation, built into the most beautiful temples of classic lands, for even the stones of the Parthenon are full of the fragments of these old fossils; and if any chance had directed the attention of Aristotle toward them, the science of palæontology would not have waited for its founder till Cuvier was born. In short, in every corner of the earth where the investigations of civilized men have penetrated, from the Arctic to Patagonia and the Cape of Good Hope, these relics tell us of successive populations lying far behind our own and belonging to distinct periods of the world's history. LOUIS AGASSIZ.

STRIKE, BUT HEAR.—Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he was going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike if you will, but hear."
PLUTARCH.

THE LEPER.



ROOM for the leper! Room!"
And as he came
The cry passed on: "Room
for the leper! Room!"
Sunrise was slanting on the
city gates,
Rosy and beautiful, and
from the hills
The early-risen poor were
coming in
Duly and cheerfully to their
toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink and the far
hum
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells,
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick,
Hailing the welcome light and sounds that
chase
The death-like images of the dark away.
"Room for the leper!" And aside they
stood—
Matron and child and pitiless manhood, all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!"

'Twas now the first
Of the Judean autumn, and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip
And sparkled in his glance, and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons; and this was he!
With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that
stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed, a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear silver key,
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the
light
And very air were steeped in sluggishness.
He strove with it a while, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
Day after day he lay as if in sleep;
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white
scales
Circled with livid purple covered him;
And then his nails grew black and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepened beneath the hard unmoistened
scales,

And from their edges grew the rank white hair;
And Helon was a leper.

Day was breaking
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Upon the sprinkled ashes and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:

"Depart, depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert-wild,
From all thou lovest, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague his people may be free.

"Depart, and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more,
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way, and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide,
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide,
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pigrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink;

"And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen,
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn or yellow grain.

"And now depart; and when
Thy heart is heavy and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who from the tribes of men
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart, O leper! and forget not God."

And he went forth—alone, not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heartbroken and alone, to die;
For God had cursed the leper.

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest to die.
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,

He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and, in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and, bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name:
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument, most strangely sweet,
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon, arise!" and he forgot his curse
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore,
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler or sword or spear, yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene; and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple and his sandals worn,
His stature modelled with a perfect grace,
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touched with the opening innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair, unshorn,
Fell to his shoulders, and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly a while,
As if his heart were moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow and said, "Be clean!"
And, lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worshipped him.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

THERE is a little and a pretty flower
That you may find in many a garden-plot;
Yet wild it is, and grows amid the stour
Of public roads as in close-wattled bower:
Its name in English is "forget-me-not."

Sweet was the fancy of those antique ages
That put a heart in every stirring leaf,
Writing deep morals upon Nature's pages,
Turning sweet flowers into deathless sages,
To calm our joy and sanctify our grief.

And gladly would I know the man or child—
But no! it surely was a pensive girl
That gave so sweet a name to floweret wild,
A harmless innocent, and unbeguiled,
To whom a flower is precious as a pearl.

Fain would I know, and yet I can but guess,
How the blue floweret won a name so sweet.

Did some fond mother, bending down to bless
Her sailing son with last and fond caress,
Give the small plant to guard him through the fleet?

Did a kind maid that thought her lover all
By which a maid would fain belovèd be,
Leaning against a ruined abbey wall,
Make of the flower an amorous coronal
That still should breathe and whisper, "Think of me"?

But were I good and holy as a saint,
Or hermit dweller in secluded grot,
If e'er the soul in hope and love were faint,
Then, like an antidote to mortal taint,
I'd give the pretty flower forget-me-not.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THOSE CHURCHES OLD AND GRAY.

THEY all are passing from the land,
Those churches old and gray
In which our fathers used to stand,
In years gone by, to pray:
They never knelt,* those stern old men
Who worshipped at our altars then.

No! All that e'en the semblance bore
Of oppression on its face,
Our fathers, as the men of yore,
Spurned from the holy place;
They bowed the heart alone in prayer,
And worshipped God thus sternly there.

Through coarse gray plaster might be seen
Oak timbers large and strong,
And those who reared them must have been
Stout men when they were young;
For oft I've heard my grandsire speak
How men were growing thin and weak.

His heart was twined, I do believe,
Round every timber there,
For memory loved a web to weave
Of all the young and fair
Who gathered there with him to pray
For many a long, long Sabbath-day.

He saw again his youthful bride;
His white-haired boys once more
All walked demurely by his side,
As in those days of yore.
Alas! those boys are old and gray,
And *she* hath passed in death away.

That sounding-board! To me it seemed
A cherub poised on high—
A mystery I almost deemed
Quite hid from vulgar eye;
And that old pastor, rapt in prayer,
Looked doubly awful 'neath it there.

I see it all once more; once more
That lengthened prayer I hear;
I hear the child's foot kick the door;
I see the mother's fear;
And that long knotty sermon, too—
My grandsire heard it all quite through.

But as it deeper grew and deep
He always used to rise:
He would not, like the women, sleep,
But stood with fixèd eyes,
And looked intent upon the floor,
To hear each dark point o'er and o'er.

* Some of the early Puritans objected to kneel, as they thought it too formal.

Hard thinkers were they, those old men,
  And patient too, I ween:
Loud words and knotty questions then
  But made our fathers keen.
I doubt me if their sons would hear
Such lengthy sermons year by year.

Ay, pull them down, as well ye may,
  Those altars stern and old:
They speak of those long passed away,
  Whose ashes now are cold.
Few, few are now the strong-armed men
Who worshipped at our altars then.

And they reproach you with their might,
  The pious, proud and free,
The wise in council, strong in fight,
  Who never bowed the knee;
And those gray churches only stand
As emblems of that hardy band.

Then pull them down and rear on high
  New-fangled, painted things,
For those but mock the modern eye,
  The past around them brings.
Then pull them down, and upward rear
A pile which suits who worship here.

SEBA SMITH.

THE EGLANTINE.

FROM THE DUTCH OF JACOB WESTERBAEN.

THINK not that the dear perfume
  And the bloom
Of those cheeks, divinely glowing,
  Ever shall remain to thee
    While there be
None for whom those flowers are blowing.

By the eglantine be taught
    How 'tis sought
For its bloom and fragrance only:
  Is not all its beauty past
    When at last
On the stem 'tis hanging lonely?

Maidens are like garden-bowers
    Filled with flowers
Which are springtime's choicest treasure:
  While the budding leaves they bear
    Flourish there
They will be a source of pleasure;

But whene'er the lovely Spring
    Spreads her wing,
And the rose's charms have fleeted,
  Nor those lately-valued flowers,
    Nor the bowers,
Shall with former praise be greeted.

While love's beam in woman's eyes
    Fondly lies,
All the heart's best feelings telling,
  Love will come—a welcome guest—
    And her breast
Be his own ecstatic dwelling.

But when envious Time takes arms
    'Gainst her charms,
All her youthful graces spurning,
  Love, who courted Beauty's ray,
    Steals away,
Never thinking of returning.

Maidens who man's suit deride,
    And whose pride
Scorns the hearts that bow before ye,
  From my song this lesson learn:
    Be not stern
To the lovers who adore ye.

Translation of HARRY S. VAN DYK.

SAPPHO.

SAPPHO, who flourished about 600 B. C., was a native of Mitylene, a town in the isle of Lesbos, in the Ægean Sea. The name of her father is said to have been Scamandronymos; that of her mother, Cleis. She was married to Cercolas, a wealthy inhabitant of the isle of Andros, by whom she had a daughter called Cleis, and who left her a widow.

Sappho, according to the custom of her age, combined the professions of minstrel and poetess, and was the first who touched the lyre with a quill. She was, also, the inventress of her own metre. Her talent was not confined to amatory subjects: she composed a variety of odes, elegies and monodies, nine books of which were extant in the time of Horace. She was called "the tenth Muse," and the Lesbians struck a coin with her image.

ODE TO VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

Venus, immortal child of Jove,
Who sitt'st on painted throne above,
Weaver of wiles, oh let not Love
Inflict this torturing flame!
But haste, if once my passion's cry
Drew thee to listen, hasten nigh.
From golden palaces on high
Thy harnessed chariot came;
O'er shadowy earth, before my sight,
Thy dainty sparrows wheeled their flight;
Their balanced wings, in ether's light,
Were quivering to and fro.
The birds flew back; thou, blessed queen,
Didst smile with heavenly brow serene,
And ask what grief the cause had been
That summoned thee below—
What most I wished with doting mind,
What most, seductive, I would bind
In amorous nets, and "who, unkind,
My Sappho, wrongs thee now?
The fugitive shall turn pursuer;
The vainly wooed shall prove the wooer;
The cold shall kneel to his undoer,
Though she disdain his vow."
Come, then, now; come once again;
Ease my bosom of its pain;
Let me all my wish obtain;
Fight my battles, thou!

Translation of FAWKES.

PROSCRIPTION OF CICERO.

FROM THE LATIN OF PUBLIUS CORNELIUS SEVERUS.
(ROME B. C. 24.)

AH! what availed the public breath
Of favor, and the assembled people's shout,
And years all full of honors? What availed
An age expended in the sacred arts
Of learning and philosophy? One day
Has snatched the glory of the citizen:
The tongue of Latian eloquence is mute,
Grief-smitten. He of anxious Romans erst
The guard and safety; he, his country's head,
The Senate's champion; he, the public voice
Of right and law, the forum's oracle,
And organ of the gown,—is silent now,
Now dumb for ever through the assassin's steel,
Those features now convulsed, that hoary hair
Dashed impiously with blood, those sacred hands
That wrought such mighty deeds now spurned beneath
A Roman's haughty feet, and trampled on
In triumph.

Translation of JABEZ HUGHES.

SAPPHO.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY L. ALMA TADEMA.

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung."

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING was born at Whitton, Middlesex, February 10, 1608–9, and was baptized at Twickenham church. He was the son of Sir John Suckling, a native of Norwich, whose father, Robert Suckling, had been alderman and mayor of that city. Sir John, the poet's father, settled at Whitton, and became one of the secretaries of state in 1622. He was likewise comptroller of the household to James I. and Charles I. He died in 1627, when his son was nineteen years of age.

From his childhood the poet exhibited that talent which has made him known not only as an accomplished courtier, but also as a sound scholar. At five years of age he spoke Latin, and could write it elegantly at nine. He was easily taught and quick in acquiring knowledge, but, together with this, he was at all times volatile, thoughtless and exhibited great vivacity of disposition. In his father's house he associated with the most distinguished men of his day, and thereby acquired an ease and elegance of address and manner which qualified him for his future career as a courtier. Suckling does not appear to have entered either of the universities. At an early period of his life he commenced his travels on the Continent, where, it has been said, he acquired "a little too much of the French air." He joined the service of the famous Gustavus Adolphus, and was present at various battle and sieges. The period is fixed by a letter still in existence, dated Leyden, November 18, 1629.

When Suckling returned to England, he associated with the wits of the period. Into their circle he was received with marked favor and esteem; for, although he exhibited such levity of disposition, it was compounded with great ability in argument and especial conversational power. We are not surprised, therefore, to find among Suckling's intimate friends such a distinguished scholar as "the ever-memorable John Hales" of Eton, and such noted men as Lord Falkland, Ben Jonson, Davenant, Digby and Carew. Suckling was "sealed of the tribe of Ben," and one of the famous Apollo Club. In the midst of his gayety the dark clouds of rebellion were gathering around the throne of Charles I. Suckling's loyalty constrained him to offer his services to the king. He raised and equipped at his own expense a troop of cavalry, consisting of a hundred men. They were so splendidly mounted and caparisoned that it is said Sir John expended twelve thousand pounds over their equipment. The conduct of this glittering band exposed Suckling to much ridicule. In an engagement (1639) between the royal army and the Scotch, Sir John's troop was led into the fight and behaved in a cowardly way. There was not the smallest reason for questioning the braverv of Sir John himself; the occa-

sion, however, was too tempting to the republican lampooners to be lost, and Suckling had to suffer under the shafts of ridicule fired at him from various directions.

It has been said that the vexation Suckling felt because of the discomfiture of his soldiers shortened his days. Indirectly, though not directly, this seems true. This much is certain: Sir John retreated to France, where he met with a sudden death through the villany of the valet who attended him. Dr. Wharton says, "Sir John Suckling was robbed by his valet-de-chambre; the moment he discovered it he clapped on his boots in a passionate hurry, and perceived not a large rusty nail that was concealed at the bottom, which pierced his heel and brought on mortification." There are various versions of this story. One says that Sir John was poisoned and the blade of a penknife was stuck in his boot to disable him from pursuing the valet when he discovered that he was robbed of his casket of gold and jewels; another says the blade of a razor was used for this purpose; but all agree that he was robbed, and that death was caused by a wound inflicted upon the sole of the foot by some instrument put into Sir John's boot to prevent his pursuing the valet. There is a full-length portrait of Suckling at Knole, on which an inscription appears, attributing the death-wound to a razor. He died May 7, 1641, aged thirty-one.

J. C. M. Bellew.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT was born at Cardross, in Scotland, in 1721. His grandfather, Sir James Smollett, was a member of the Scottish Parliament. He was educated at Dumbarton, and from thence proceeded to Glasgow to follow the profession of physic. Medicine was indifferently pursued. Literature and history became his passion. At eighteen he completed a tragedy entitled *The Regicide*. In 1741 he sailed as surgeon's mate in a ship of the line in the expedition to Carthagena which is described in his *Roderic Random*. Having quitted the service, he resided for some time in Jamaica, where he fell in love with Miss Ann Lascelles. On his return to England in 1746 he wrote "The Tears of Scotland," in indignation at the butcheries practised by the duke of Cumberland after Culloden. He then commenced his satires, in which he ridiculed the various managers of theatres with whom he quarrelled. In 1747 he married Miss Lascelles, and the following year, to relieve himself of his pecuniary difficulties, he published *Roderic Random*; in 1751 it was followed by *Peregrine Pickle*. In 1755 his translation of *Don Quixote* appeared, and in 1758 he brought out his *History of England*, which was entirely written in fourteen months. In 1763 and 1764 he passed some time in France and Italy, and published an account of his travels. On his return he visited Scotland and fixed himself as a resident at Bath, where he set up as a physician—Dr. Smollett. There he wrote a variety of satirical pieces; among others, *The Adventures of an Atom*, in ridicule of the king's ministers. In 1770 he left England once again for Italy, and composed upon his journey *Humphrey Clinker*. He took up his residence near Leghorn, but the endeavor to recruit his declining health proved vain. He died at Leghorn, October 21, 1771, aged fifty.

Smollett is known as one of our greatest English humorists and novelists. He stands next in repute to Fielding. As a poet he has no title to fame. *The Tears of Scotland* is the only piece by which his name is now known in poetry, but *Roderic Random*, *Peregrine Pickle* and *Humphrey Clinker* have given him a fame which in English prose is imperishable. J. C. M. BELLEW.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, born at Cambusnethan, Scotland, 1794, died at Abbotsford 1854, a modern English writer, author of the *Life of Sir Walter Scott* and other valuable contributions to literature, was the son of a minister of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and was educated at Glasgow University, and afterward at Balliol College, Oxford. After a short sojourn in Germany he went to Edinburgh in 1816, intending to practise law at the Scottish bar. He soon, however, became a prominent member of a small band of Scotch writers, whose chief was Wilson.

In 1817, on the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, Lockhart was one of its principal writers. The Toryism of the new periodical and of its writers caused both to become especial favorites with Sir Walter Scott, whose political views were of the same nature. Lockhart in a short time became an intimate friend of the great novelist, who advanced his interests on every occasion. In 1820 he married Sophia, eldest daughter of Scott, and went to reside at Abbotsford. During the succeeding five years he worked with great industry and success in literature. He produced, among others, *Valerius, a Roman Story; Adam Blair, a Story of Scottish Life; The Life of Burns; The Life of Napoleon*; and published his translations of Spanish ballads. In 1826 he became editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and retained the appointment until 1853. In biographical sketches he was particularly excellent, as is attested by his *Life of Scott* and *Theodore Hook*. His health becoming delicate, he resigned as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and went to Rome in 1853, but after a short stay he took up his residence in Scotland. S. O. BEETON.

JOHN MILTON.

MILTON was born at London in the year 1608. His father, John Milton, by profession a scrivener, lived in a reputable manner on a competent estate entirely his own acquisition, having been early disinherited by his parents for renouncing the communion of the Church of Rome, to which they were zealously devoted.

Milton was the favorite of his father's hopes, who, to cultivate the great genius which early displayed itself, was at the expense of a domestic tutor, whose care and capacity his pupil has gratefully celebrated in an excellent Latin elegy. At his initiation he is said to have applied himself to letters with such indefatigable industry that he rarely was prevailed upon to quit his studies before midnight, which not only made him frequently subject to severe pains in his head, but likewise occasioned that weakness in his eyes which terminated in a total privation of sight. From a domestic education he was removed to St. Paul's School to complete his acquaintance with the classics under the care of Dr. Gill, and

after a short stay there was transplanted to Christ College, in Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in all kinds of academical exercises. Of this society he continued a member till he commenced master of arts, and then, leaving the university, he returned to his father, who had quitted the town and lived at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he pursued his studies with unparalleled assiduity and success.

After some years spent in this studious retirement his mother died, and then he prevailed with his father to gratify an inclination he had long entertained of seeing foreign countries. Sir Henry Wotton, at that time provost of Eton College, gave him a letter of advice for the direction of his travels. Having employed his curiosity about two years in France and Italy, on the news of a civil war breaking out in England he returned without taking a survey of Greece and Sicily, as at his setting out the scheme was projected. At Paris the lord viscount Scudamore, ambassador from King Charles I. at the court of France, introduced him to the acquaintance of Grotius, who at that time was honored with the same character there by Christiana, queen of Sweden. In Rome, Genoa, Florence and other cities of Italy he contracted a familiarity with those who were of highest reputation for wit and learning, several of whom gave him very obliging testimonies of their friendship and esteem. Returning from his travels, he found England on the point of being involved in blood and confusion. He retired to lodgings provided for him in the city; which being commodious for the reception of his sister's sons and some other young gentlemen, he undertook their education.

In this philosophical course he continued without a wife till the year 1643, when he married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powel, of Forest Hill, in Oxfordshire, a gentleman of estate and reputation in that county, and of principles so very opposite to his son-in-law that the marriage is more to be wondered at than the separation which ensued in little more than a month after her residence with him in London. Her desertion provoked him both to write several treatises concerning the doctrine and discipline of divorce and also to pay his addresses to a young lady of great wit and beauty; but before he had engaged her affections to conclude the marriage treaty, in a visit at one of his relations, he found his wife prostrate before him, imploring forgiveness and reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview of that nature, so little expected, must wonderfully affect him, and perhaps the impression it made on his imagination contributed much to the painting of that pathetic scene in *Paradise Lost* in which Eve addresseth herself to Adam for pardon and peace. At the intercession of his friends who were present, after a short reluctance, he generously sacrificed all his resentment to her tears.

> "Soon his heart relented
> Toward her, his life so late and sole delight,
> Now at his feet submissive in distress."

And after this reunion so far was he from retaining any unkind memory of the provocation which he had received from her ill-conduct that when the king's cause was entirely suppressed, and her father, who had been active in his loyalty, was exposed to sequestrations, Milton received both him and

his family to protection and free entertainment in his own house till their affairs were accommodated by his interest in the victorious faction.

A commission to constitute him adjutant-general to Sir William Waller was promised, but soon superseded by Waller's being laid aside when his masters thought it proper to new-model their army. However, the keenness of his pen had so effectually recommended him to Cromwell's esteem that when he took the reins of government into his own hand he advanced him to be Latin secretary, both to himself and the Parliament; the former of these preferments he enjoyed both under the usurper and his son, the other until King Charles II. was restored. For some time he had an apartment for his family at Whitehall, but, his health requiring a freer accession of air, he was obliged to remove thence to lodgings which opened into St. James's Park. Not long after his settlement there his wife died, and much about the time of her death a gutta serena which had for several years been gradually increasing totally extinguished his sight. In this melancholy condition he was easily prevailed with to think of taking another wife, who was Catharine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney, and she too, in less than a year after their marriage, died, and in his twenty-third sonnet he does honor to her memory.

Being a second time a widower, he employed his friend Dr. Paget to make choice of a third consort, on whose recommendation he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Mr. Minshul, a Cheshire gentleman, by whom he had no issue. Three daughters by his first wife were then living, the two elder of whom are said to have been very serviceable to him in his studies; for, having been instructed to pronounce not only the modern, but also the Latin, Greek and Hebrew language, they read in their respective originals whatever authors he wanted to consult, though they understood none but their mother-tongue.

We come now to take a survey of him in that point of view in which he will be looked upon by all succeeding ages with equal delight and admiration. An interval of about twenty years had elapsed since he wrote the "Mask of Comus," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso" and "Lycidas," all in such an exquisite strain that, though he had left no other monuments of his genius behind him, his name had been immortal; but neither the infirmities of age and constitution nor the vicissitudes of fortune could depress the vigor of his mind or divert it from executing a design he had long conceived of writing a heroic poem. The fall of man was a subject that he had some years before fixed on for a tragedy which he intended to form by the models of antiquity, and some—not without probability—say the play opened with that speech in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, line 32, which is addressed by Satan to the sun. Were it material, I believe I could produce other passages which more plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene, but, whatever truth there may be in this report, it is certain that he did not begin to mould his subject in the form which it bears now before he had concluded his controversy with Salmasius and More, when he had wholly lost the use of his eyes and was forced to employ, in the office of an amanuensis, any friend who accidentally paid him a visit. Yet, under all these discouragements and various interruptions, in the year

1669 he published his *Paradise Lost*, the noblest poem (next to those of Homer and Virgil) that ever the wit of man produced in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its inestimable worth than that the finest geniuses who have succeeded him have ever esteemed it a merit to relish and illustrate its beauties?

And now perhaps it may pass for a fiction what with great veracity I affirm to be fact—that Milton, after having with much difficulty prevailed to have this divine poem licensed for the press, could sell the copy for no more than fifteen pounds, the payment of which valuable consideration depended upon the sale of three numerous impressions. So unreasonably may personal prejudice affect the most excellent performances!

About two years after, he published *Paradise Regained;* but oh what a falling off was there! of which I will say no more than that there is scarcely a more remarkable instance of the frailty of human reason than our author gave in preferring this poem to *Paradise Lost.*

And thus, having attended him to the sixty-ninth year of his age as closely as such imperfect lights as men of letters and retirement usually leave to guide our inquiry would allow, it now only remains to be recorded that in the year 1674 the gout put a period to his life at Bunhill, near London, from whence his body was conveyed to St. Giles's church, by Cripplegate, where it lies interred in the chancel, and a neat monument has been erected to his memory.

In his youth he is said to have been extremely handsome. The color of his hair was a light brown, the symmetry of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy. His stature (as we find it measured by himself) did not exceed the middle size, his person neither too lean nor corpulent, his limbs well proportioned, nervous and active, serviceable in all respects to his exercising the sword, in which he much delighted, and wanted neither skill nor courage to resent an affront from men of the most athletic constitutions. In his diet he was abstemious—not delicate in the choice of his dishes, and strong liquors of all kinds were his aversion. His deportment was erect, open, affable; his conversation easy, cheerful, instructive; his wit on all occasions at command, facetious, grave or satirical, as the subject required. His judgment, when disengaged from religious and political speculations, was just and penetrating, his apprehension quick, his memory tenacious of what he read, his reading only not so extensive as his genius, for that was universal. And, having treasured up such immense store of science, perhaps the faculties of his soul grew more vigorous after he was deprived of sight, and his imagination (naturally sublime and enlarged by reading romances, of which he was much enamored in his youth), when it was wholly abstracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make such amazing excursions into the ideal world, when, in composing his divine work, he was tempted to range

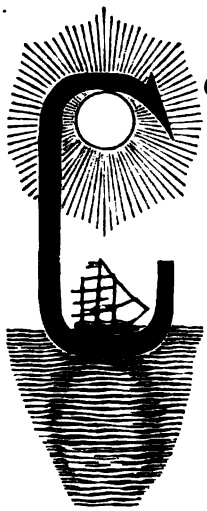
"Beyond the visible diurnal sphere,"

With so many accomplishments, not to have had some faults and misfortunes to be laid in the balance with the fame and felicity of writing *Paradise Lost* would have been too great a portion for humanity.

ELIJAH FENTON.

RETIREMENT.

FROM "THE RAMBLER."



COWLEY informs us of a scheme of happiness to which the imagination of a girl, upon the loss of her first lover, could scarcely have given way, but which he seems to have indulged till he had totally forgotten its absurdity, and would have probably put in execution had he been hindered only by his reason.

"My desire," says he, "has been for some years past—though the execution has been accidentally diverted—and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts, which is the end of most men that travel thither, but to forsake this world for ever, with the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat, but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy."

Such was the chimerical provision which Cowley had made in his own mind for the quiet of his remaining life, and which he seems to recommend to posterity, since there is no other reason for his disclosing it. Surely, no stronger instance can be given of a persuasion that content was the inhabitant of particular regions, and that a man might set sail with a fair wind and leave behind him all his cares, encumbrances and calamities.

If he travelled so far with no other purpose than to bury himself in some obscure retreat, he might have found in his own country innumerable coverts sufficiently obscure to have concealed the genius of Cowley; for, whatever might be his own opinion of the importunity with which he should be summoned back into public life, a short experience would have convinced him that privation is much easier than acquisition, and that it would require very little continence to free himself from the intrusion of the world. There is pride enough in the human heart to prevent much desire of acquaintance with a man by whom we are sure to be treated with neglect, however his reputation for science or virtue may excite our curiosity or esteem; so that the lover of retirement need not be much afraid lest the respect of strangers should overwhelm him with visits: even those to whom he has formerly been known will very patiently support his absence when they have tried to live without him and found new diversions for those moments which his company contributed to exhilarate or relax.

When he was interrupted by company or fatigued with business, he so strongly imaged to himself the happiness of leisure and retreat that he determined to enjoy them for the future without interruption, and to exclude for ever all that could deprive him of his darling satisfactions. He forgot, in the vehemence of his desire, that solitude and quiet owe their pleasures to those miseries

which he was so studious to obviate; for such are the vicissitudes of the world through all its parts that day and night, labor and rest, converse and retirement, endear each other; such are the changes that keep the mind in action: we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satiated; we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.

If he had proceeded in his project and fixed his habitation in the most delightful part of the New World, it may be much doubted whether his distance from the vanities of life would have enabled him to have kept away from the vexations. It is common for a man who feels pain to fancy that he could bear it better in any other part. Cowley, having known the troubles and perplexities of a particular condition, readily persuaded himself that nothing worse was to be found, and that every alteration would bring some improvement. He never suspected that the cause of his unhappiness was within, that his own passions were not sufficiently regulated, and that he was harassed by his own impatience, which, as it could never be without something to awaken it, would torment him in any country, accompany him over the sea and find its way to his American elysium. He would upon the trial have been soon convinced that the fountain of content must spring up in the mind, and that he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own dispositions will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

POWER.—Men deride the self-conceit of power, but cringe to its injustice.

REKINDLING THE SACRED FIRE IN MEXICO.

AT the end of the Aztec or Toltec cycle of fifty-two years—for it is not accurately ascertained to which of the tribes the astronomical science of Tenochtitlan is to be attributed—these primitive children of the New World believed that the world was in danger of instant destruction. Accordingly, its termination became one of their most serious and awful epochs, and they anxiously awaited the moment when the sun would be blotted out from the heavens and the globe itself resolved once more into chaos. As the cycle ended in the winter, the season of the year, with its drearier sky and colder air, in the lofty regions of the valley, added to the gloom that fell upon the hearts of the people. On the last day of the fifty-two years all the fires in temples and dwellings were extinguished, and the natives devoted themselves to fasting and prayer. They destroyed alike their valuable and worthless wares, rent their garments, put out their lights and hid themselves for a while in solitude.

At dark on the last dread evening—as soon as the sun had set, as they imagined, for ever—a sad and solemn procession of priests and people marched forth from the city to a neighboring hill to rekindle the "new fire." This mournful march was called "the procession of the gods," and was supposed to be their final departure from their temples and altars. As soon as the melancholy array reached the summit of the hill it reposed in fearful anxiety until the Pleiades reached the zenith in the sky, whereupon the priests immediately began the sacrifice of a human victim, whose breast was covered with a wooden shield,

which the chief flamen kindled by friction. When the sufferer received the fatal stab from the sacrificial knife of obsidian, the machine was set in motion on his bosom until the blaze had kindled. The anxious crowd stood round with fear and trembling. Silence reigned over nature and man. Not a word was uttered among the countless multitude that thronged the hillsides and plains whilst the priest performed his direful duty to the gods. At length, as the first sparks gleamed faintly from the whirling instrument, low sobs and ejaculations were whispered among the eager masses. As the sparks kindled into a blaze, and the blaze into a flame, and the flaming shield and victim were cast together on a pile of combustibles, which burst at once into the brightness of a conflagration, the air was rent with the joyous shouts of the relieved and panic-stricken Indians. Far and wide over the dusky crowds beamed the blaze like a star of promise. Myriads of upturned faces greeted it from hills, mountains, temples, terraces, teocallis, housetops and city walls, and the prostrate multitudes hailed the emblem of light, life and fruition as a blessed omen of the restored favor of their gods and the preservation of their race for another cycle. At regular intervals Indian couriers held aloft brands of resinous wood, by which they transmitted the "new fire" from hand to hand, from village to village and town to town, throughout the Aztec empire. Light was radiated from the imperial or ecclesiastical centre of the realm. In every temple and dwelling it was rekindled from the sacred source; and when the sun rose again on the following morning, the solemn procession of priests, princes and subjects which had taken up its march from the capital on the preceding night with solemn steps returned once more to the abandoned capital, and, restoring the gods to their altars, abandoned themselves to joy and festivity, in token of gratitude and relief from impending doom.

BRANTZ MAYER.

KIN BEYOND SEA.

THE students of the future in the tranquil domain of political philosophy will have much to say in the way of comparison between American and British institutions. The relationship between these two is unique in history. It is always interesting to trace and to compare constitutions as it is to compare languages, especially in such instances as those of the Greek states and the Italian republics, or the diversified forms of the feudal system in the different countries of Europe. But there is no parallel in all the records of the world to the case of that prolific British mother who has sent forth her innumerable children over all the earth to be the founders of half a dozen empires. She, with her progeny, may almost claim to constitute a kind of universal Church in politics. But among these children there is one whose place in the world's eye and in history is superlative: it is the American republic. She is the eldest born. She has, taking the capacity of her land into view as well as its mere measurement, a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man. And it may be well here to mention what has not always been sufficiently observed—that the distinction between continuous empire and empire severed and dis-

persed over sea is vital. The development which the republic has effected has been unexampled in its rapidity and force. While other countries have doubled, or at most trebled, their population, she has risen during one single century of freedom, in round numbers, from two millions to forty-five. The census in the year 1880 exhibits her to the world as certainly the wealthiest of all the nations. The huge figure of a thousand million sterling, which may be taken roundly as the annual income of the United Kingdom, has been reached at a surprising rate—a rate which may perhaps be best expressed by saying that if we could have started forty or fifty years ago from zero, at the rate of our recent annual increment we should now have reached our present position. But, while we have been advancing with this portentous rapidity, America is passing us by as if in a canter. Yet even now the work of searching the soil and the bowels of the territory and opening out her enterprise throughout its vast expanse is in its infancy. The England and the America of the present are probably the two strongest nations of the world, but there can hardly be a doubt, as between the America and the England of the future, that the daughter at some no very distant time will, whether fairer or less fair, be unquestionably yet stronger than the mother.

But all this pompous detail of material triumphs, whether for the one or for the other, is worse than idle unless the men of the two countries shall remain, or shall become, greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and material for the attainment of the highest purposes of their being. Ascending, then, from the ground-floor of material industry toward the regions in which these purposes are to be wrought out, it is for each nation to consider how far its institutions have reached a state in which they can contribute their maximum to the store of human happiness and excellence. And for the political student all over the world it will be beyond anything curious as well as useful to examine with what diversities as well as what resemblances of apparatus the two greater branches of a race born to command have been minded or induced or constrained to work out in their sea-severed seats their political destinies according to the respective laws appointed for them.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

CANUTE THE DANE.

THOUGH Canute had been baptized in his infancy, he knew little of the doctrines of Christianity; but after he was seated on the English throne the ferocity of his disposition was softened by the precepts of religion, and the sanguinary sea-king was insensibly moulded into a just and beneficent monarch. He often lamented the bloodshed and misery which his own rapacity and that of his father had inflicted on the natives, and acknowledged it his duty to compensate their sufferings by a peaceful and equitable reign. He always treated them with marked attention, protected them from the insolence of his Danish favorites, placed the two nations on a footing of equality, and admitted them alike to offices of trust and emolument. He erected a magnificent church at Assington, the scene of his last victory, and repaired the

ruins of the religious edifices which had suffered during the invasion. By his donations the abbey of St. Edmund's, the memorial of the cruelty of his father, was rendered for centuries the most opulent of the monastic establishments in the kingdom. In a witenagemot at Oxford he confirmed the laws of Edgar, and persuaded the English and Danish thanes to forgive each other every former cause of offence, and to promise mutual friendship for the future. In another, at Winchester, a code of laws was compiled from the enactments of former kings, with such additions as were required by the existing state of society. From it some interesting particulars may be selected. The king exhorted all those who were entrusted with the administration of justice to be vigilant in the punishment of crimes, but sparing of human life; to treat the penitent with less, the impenitent culprit with greater, severity; and to consider the weak and indigent as worthy of pity, the wealthy and powerful as deserving the full rigor of the law, because the former were often driven to the commission of guilt by two causes which seldom affected the latter—oppression and want. He severely reprobated and prohibited the custom of sending Christians for sale into foreign countries. But the reason which he assigned was not that there is anything immoral in the institution of slavery, but that such Christians were in danger of falling into the hands of infidel masters and of being seduced from their religion. By the incorporation of the Danes with the natives the rites of paganism had again made their appearance in the island. Canute forbade the worship of the heathen gods, of the sun or moon, of fire or water, of stones or fountains, and of forests or trees. At the same time, he denounced punishment against those who pretended to deal in witchcraft and the "workers of death," whether it were by lots or by flame, or by any other charms. The existing system of jurisprudence, which he confirmed, was divided into three branches, the law of the West Saxons, the law of the Mercians and the law of the Danes. The two former had been preserved from the time of the Heptarchy and prevailed in their respective districts; the latter had been introduced into East Anglia and Northumbria by the Danes, who had settled in those countries since the beginning of the ninth century. Of all three the substance was the same; they differed only in the amount of the pecuniary mulcts which were imposed on various transgressions. The king undertook to ease his people of part of the burdens arising from the feudal services, which in England, as well as the other European nations, had long been on the increase. He totally abolished the custom of purveyance, forbidding his officers to extort provisions for his use and commanding his bailiffs to supply his table from the produce of his own farms. He fixed at a moderate value the heriots which were paid at the demise of tenants and apportioned them to the rank of the deceased, whether they died intestate or not. With respect to heiresses, whose helpless condition frequently exposed them to the tyranny of their lords, he enacted that neither maid nor widow should be compelled to marry against her will. In conclusion, he commanded these laws to be observed by both the Danes and the English, under the penalty of a single *were* for the first offence, of a double *were* for the

second, and of the forfeiture of all property for the third.

Though Canute generally resided in England, he frequently visited Denmark. He was accompanied by an English fleet and carried with him pious and learned missionaries to civilize and instruct his countrymen. Of these, Bernard, Gerbrand and Rainer were promoted to the episcopal dignity and placed by him in Sconen, Zealand and Fionia. In one of his visits, in 1025, he was suddenly attacked by Olave and Ulfr with a numerous army of Swedes, and was defeated with the loss of many English and Danish thanes. But our annalists add that Godwin, who commanded the English troops, surprised the camp of the enemy during the night and totally dispersed the Swedes. This service procured him the esteem and favor of his sovereign.

In 1026, Canute made a pilgrimage to Rome. On his road he visited the most celebrated churches, leaving everywhere proofs of his devotion and liberality. In his return he proceeded immediately to Denmark, but despatched the abbot of Tavistock to England with a letter describing the object and the issue of his journey. This letter I shall transcribe, not only because it furnishes an interesting specimen of the manners and opinions of the age, but also because it exhibits the surprising change which religion had produced in the mind of a ferocious and sanguinary warrior:

"Canute, king of all Denmark, England and Norway, and of part of Sweden, to Egelnoth the metropolitan, to archbishop Alfric, to all the bishops and chiefs, and to all the nation of the English, both nobles and commoners, greeting. I write to inform you that I have lately been at Rome to pray for the remission of my sins and for the safety of my kingdoms, and of the nations that are subject to my sceptre. It is long since I bound myself by vow to make this pilgrimage, but I had been hitherto prevented by affairs of state and other impediments. Now, however, I return humble thanks to the almighty God that he has allowed me to visit the tombs of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul and every holy place within and without the city of Rome, and to honor and venerate them in person. And this I have done because I had learned from my teachers that the apostle St. Peter received from the Lord the great power of binding and loosing with the keys of the kingdom of heaven. On this account I thought it highly useful to solicit his patronage with God.

"Be it, moreover, known to you that there was at the festival of Easter a great assemblage of noble personages with the lords, and the pope John, and the emperor Conrad—namely, all the chiefs of the nations from Mount Gargano to the nearest sea, who all received me honorably and made me valuable presents, but particularly the emperor, who gave me many gold and silver vases, with rich mantles and garments. I therefore took the opportunity to treat with the pope, the emperor and the princes on the grievances of my people, both English and Danes, that they might enjoy more equal law and more secure safeguard in their way to Rome, nor be detained at so many barriers, nor harassed by unjust exactions. My demands were granted both by the emperor and by King Rodulf, to whom the

greater part of the barriers belong; and it was enacted by all the princes that my *men*, whether pilgrims or merchants, should for the future go to Rome and return in full security without detention at the barriers or the payment of unlawful tolls.

"I next complained to the pope, and expressed my displeasure that such immense sums were extorted from my archbishops when, according to custom, they visited the apostolic see to obtain the pallium. A decree was made that this grievance should cease. Whatever I demanded for the benefit of my people, either of the pope or the emperor or the princes through whose dominions lies the road to Rome, was granted willingly and confirmed by their oaths in the presence of four archbishops, twenty bishops and a multitude of dukes and nobles. Wherefore I return sincere thanks to God that I have successfully performed whatever I had intended and have fully satisfied all my wishes.

"Now, therefore, be it known to you all that I have dedicated my life to the service of God, to govern my kingdom with equity and to observe justice in all things. If by the violence or negligence of youth I have violated justice heretofore, it is my intention, by the help of God, to make full compensation. Therefore I beg and command those to whom I have confided the government, as they wish to preserve my friendship or save their own souls, to do no injustice to either rich or poor. Let all persons, whether noble or ignoble, obtain their rights according to law, from which no deviation shall be allowed, either from fear of me or through favor to the powerful or for the purpose of supplying my treasury. I have no need of money raised by injustice.

"I am now on my road to Denmark for the purpose of concluding peace with those nations who, had it been in their power, would have deprived us of both our crown and our life. But God has destroyed their means, and will, I trust, of his goodness, preserve us and humble all our enemies. When I shall have concluded peace with the neighboring nations and settled the concerns of my eastern domains, it is my intention to return to England as soon as the fine weather will permit me to sail. But I have sent you this letter beforehand, that all the people of my kingdom may rejoice at my prosperity. For you all know that I never spared nor will spare myself or my labor when my object is the advantage of my subjects.

"Lastly, I entreat all my bishops and all the sheriffs, by the fidelity which they owe to me and to God, that the church-dues according to the ancient laws may be paid before my return—namely, the plough-alms, the tithes of cattle of the present year, the Peter pence, the tithes of fruit in the middle of August and the kirk-shot at the feast of St. Martin to the parish church. Should this be omitted, at my return I will punish the offender by exacting the whole fine appointed by law. Fare ye well."

The courtiers of Canute, to please his vanity, were accustomed to extol him as the greatest of kings, whose will was obeyed by six powerful nations—the English, Scots and Welsh, the Danes, Swedes and Norwegians. Canute either had the good sense to despise or affected to despise their flattery. On one of these occasions, as he was sitting on the shore near Southampton, he commanded the sea to respect

its sovereign; but the influx of the tide soon compelled him to retire, and he improved the opportunity to read his flatterers a lecture on the weakness of earthly kings when compared with the power of that supreme Being who rules the elements. Impressed with this idea, he is said, on his return to Winchester, to have taken the crown from his head, to have placed it on the great crucifix in the cathedral, and nevermore to have worn it even at public ceremonies.

Canute lived several years after his pilgrimage to Rome. He died at Shaftesbury in 1035, and was buried at Winchester. By his queen, Emma, he had two children—a son, whom from his own name he called Hardecanute, or Canute the Hardy, and a daughter, Gunihlda, who was married to Henry, the son of Conrad, and emperor of Germany. Besides these children, Alfgive, the daughter of Alfhelm, earl of Northampton, had borne him, previously to his marriage, two sons, Sweyn and Harold. Their illegitimacy, in the opinion of the age, was no great disgrace, and the violence of party endeavored to obstruct their advancement by describing them as supposititious; but that they were acknowledged by their father is evident. To the elder, Sweyn, was given the crown of Norway after the assassination of Olave; Harold, by his promptitude and the favor of the soldiery, ascended the throne of England on the demise of Canute.

JOHN LINGARD, D. D.

THE PRESENT AGE.

IN looking at our age I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic, and that is the tendency in all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined; all goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all; the privileged petted individual is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. If we look at the various movements of our age, we shall see in them this tendency to universality and diffusion. Look first at science and literature. Where is science now? Locked up in a few colleges or royal societies or inaccessible volumes? Are its experiments mysteries for a few privileged eyes? Are its portals guarded by a dark phraseology which to the multitude is a foreign tongue? No! Science has now left her retreats, her shades, her selected company of votaries, and with familiar tone begun the work of instructing the race. Through the press discoveries and theories once the monopoly of philosophers have become the property of the multitude. Its professors, heard not long ago in the university or some narrow school, now speak in the mechanics' institute. The doctrine that the laborer should understand the principles of his art, should be able to explain the laws and processes which he turns to account—that, instead of working as a machine, he should join intelligence to his toil—is no longer listened to as a dream. Science, once the greatest of distinctions, is becoming popular. The school-books of our children contain grand views of the creation. There are parts of our country in which lyceums spring up in almost every village for the purpose of mutual aid in the study of natural science.

The characteristic of our age, then, is not the improvement of science, rapid as this is, so much as its extension to all men.

W. E. CHANNING, D. D.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XIII.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

"MY son," said the Gascon gentleman, in that pure Bearnese patois or dialect which Henry IV. could never entirely shake off—"my son, this horse was born in the paternal family about thirteen years ago, and has remained in it ever since, which ought to make you regard it with affection. Never sell it: let it die calmly and honorably of old age; and should you make a campaign with it, take as much care of it as you would of an old servant. At the court, if you should ever have the honor to go there—an honor, however, to which your long line of noble ancestors entitles you—support with dignity the name of gentleman, which has been honorably borne by your ancestors, for you and your descendants, for more than five hundred years. Never quietly submit to the slightest indignity except it may proceed from the cardinal or the king. It is by his courage—mark this well: it is by his courage alone—that a gentleman makes his way nowadays. Whoever hesitates one moment perhaps lets that chance escape him which fortune for that moment alone has put within his reach. You are young, and ought to be brave for two reasons—the first, because you are a Gascon; the second, because you are my son. Doubt not that there will be opportunities, and look about for adventures. You have been taught to handle the sword; you have muscles of iron, a wrist like steel. Fight whenever you can; fight the more because duels are forbidden, and consequently it requires twice as much courage to fight. I have but fifteen crowns to give you, my son, besides the horse and the advice which you now hear. Your mother will add to them the recipe for a certain salve which she procured from a Bohemian woman, and which has the miraculous power of curing every wound which does not touch the heart. Take advantage of all this, and live long and happily. I have only one word more to add, and it is an example which I offer you, not my own, for I have never been at court: I have only served in the religious wars as a volunteer. I wished to speak to you of M. de Treville, who was formerly my neighbor, and who has had the honor of playing, whilst a boy, with our king Louis XIII., whom God preserve! Sometimes their sports turned to battles, and in these battles the king had not always the best of it; yet the cuffs he received from M. de Treville imbued him with a great deal of esteem and friendship for him. Afterward, M. de Treville, merely during his journey to Paris, fought five times with other persons; from the death of the late monarch to the majority of the young king, he has fought seven times, without reckoning campaigns and sieges; and since that majority to this present day, perhaps a hundred times. And yet, in spite of edicts, ordinances and arrests, behold him now captain of the lifeguards—that is, chief of a legion of cæsars upon whom the king mainly depends, and who are feared by the cardinal, who, as every one knows, is not afraid of a trifle. Moreover, M. de Treville gains ten thousand crowns a year, and therefore is a man of

consequence. He began the world as you do. Go to him with this letter, and let your conduct be regulated by him, that you may meet with the same success."

Hereupon M. d'Artagnan, the father, girded his own sword upon his son, tenderly kissed him on each cheek and gave him his blessing.

Leaving the paternal chamber, the young man found his mother waiting with the famous recipe, and, from the advice he had just received, it seemed very probable that he would require to use it pretty often. The farewell of his mother was longer and much more tender than that of his father; not but that M. d'Artagnan loved his son, who was his only child, but M. d'Artagnan was a man who would have considered it unworthy of himself to give way to any emotion, whilst Madame d'Artagnan was a woman, and, what is more, a mother. She wept much; and, to the credit of M. d'Artagnan, the son, we may as well say that, whatever efforts he made to remain firm, as became the future guardsman, nature gained the day, and he shed many tears, half of which he had great difficulty in concealing.

Translation ANONYMOUS.

"AN INCH IS AS GOOD AS A MILE."

IF ever a picture gave a graphic portraiture of the meaning of its title, this one assuredly does. To the ploughman on the gentle slope the echoing horns and the sounds of the chase tell that the hunt is up, and that the fox—with sylvan justice—is on trial for his life; the rapid rush and the sharp yelling indicate that his time is short. The nearest horseman, madly careering down the hill, is sure to be "in at the death" and to gain "the brush." The foremost hounds, racing so near together that you might "cover them with a pocket-handkerchief," need only a few more bounds to finish the tragedy of Reynard: but the fox, whose hole is but a few yards off, will baffle hunter and hound, and will soon sit panting and weary, indeed, but in safety, rescued out of the very jaws of death.

PROPERTY.

MY views and wishes with regard to property were in every period of life contained within a very moderate compass. I was early persuaded that, though "a competence is vital to content," I ought not to annex to that term the idea of much property. And I determined that when I should acquire enough to enable me to maintain and provide for my family in a respectable and moderate manner, and this according to real and rational, not imaginary and fantastic, wants, and a little to spare for the necessities of others, I would decline the pursuits of property and devote a great part of my time, in some way or other, to the benefit of my fellow-creatures, within the sphere of my abilities to serve them. I perceived that the desire of great possessions generally expands with the gradual acquisition and the full attainment of them, and I imagined that charity and a generous application do not sufficiently correspond with the increase of property. I thought, too, that procuring great wealth has a tendency to produce an elated independence of mind

An Inch as good as a Mile.

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little connected with that humility which is the ground of all our virtues, that a busy and anxious pursuit of it often excludes views and reflections of infinite importance and leaves but little time to acquire that treasure which would make us rich indeed. I was inclined to think that a wish for personal distinction, a desire of providing too abundantly for their children and a powerful habit of accumulation are the motives which commonly actuate men in the acquisition of great wealth. The strenuous endeavors of many persons to vindicate this pursuit, on the ground that the idea of a competency is indefinite, and that the more we gain the more good we may do with it, did not make much impression upon me. I fancied that, in general, experience did not correspond with this plausible reasoning, and I was persuaded that a truly sincere mind could be at no loss to discern the just limits between a safe and competent portion and a dangerous profusion of the good things of life. These views of the subject I reduced to practice, and terminated my mercantile concerns when I had acquired a moderate competency.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE.

OUR literature is wielding a mighty power alike over the many and over the few. It penetrates everywhere, under the guidance of the press and of popular education, and it speaks with a directness and force which have rarely been surpassed. It deals, too, with the most momentous social and political problems, and discusses them often with a reckless and ignorant audacity. Let us at the same time acknowledge that in its better forms it breathes a spirit of more genial humanity, and manifests a truer reverence for the moral and spiritual capabilities of our race, than it once did. Even its poetry and fiction now plead for social amelioration. Its daily labors send light into the dark places of crime and immorality, and it causes its voice to be heard as it cries aloud in behalf of the poor and down-trodden. Would that we could see in it a due appreciation of the origin and causes of those ills under which mankind still groan! Would that it dealt more wisely and anxiously with the reconstruction of institutions on which it draws a displeasure that may prove simply destructive, that it probed with searching hand the great spiritual disease that affects our whole race, and that it saw with earnest heart and taught with impressive power the utter insufficiency of all social palliatives and all political reforms which do not include as their ground and ultimate aim repentance toward God!

ALONZO POTTER, D. D.

GOOD WOMEN.

NOTHING is to man so dear
As woman's love in good mannèr.
A good woman is man's bliss
Where her love right and stedfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may neven,
That should a man so much glew,
As a good woman that loveth true:
Ne dearer is none in God's hurd
Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.

ROBERT DE BRUNNE.

OCTOBER TWILIGHT.

H, mute among the months, October, thou,
Like a hot reaper when the sun goes down,
Reposing in the twilight of the year,
Is yon the silver glitter of thy scythe
Drawn threadlike on the west? September comes
Humming those waifs of song June's choral days
Left in the forest, but thy tuneless lips
Breathe only a pervading haze that seems
Visible silence, and thy Sabbath face
Scares swart November, from yon northern hills
Foreboding like a raven. Yellow ferns
Make thee a couch; thou sittest listless there,
Plucking red leaves for idleness; full streams
Coil to thy feet, where fawns that come at noon
Drink with upglancing eyes.

Upon this knoll,
Studded with long-stemmed maples, ever first
To take the breeze, I have lain summer hours,
Seeing the blue sky only, and the light
Shifting from leaf to leaf. Tree-top and trunk
Now lift so steadily, the airiest spray
Seems painted on the azure. Evening comes
Up from the valley; overlapping hills,
Tipped by the sunset, burn like funeral-lamps
For the dead day; no pomp of tinsel clouds
Breaks the pure hyaline the mountains gird—
A gem without a flaw—but, sharply drawn
On its transparent edge, a single tree
That has cast down its drapery of leaves,
Stands like an athlete with broad arms outstretched,
As if to keep November's winds at bay.
Below, on poisèd wings, a hovering mist
Follows the course of streams; the air grows thick
Over the dells. Mark how the wind, like one
That gathers simples, flits from herb to herb
Through the damp valley, muttering the while
Low incantations. From the wooded lanes
Loiters a bell's dull tinkle, keeping time
To the slow tread of kine, and I can see
By the rude trough the waters overbrim
The unyoked oxen gathered; some, athirst,
Stoop drinking steadily, and some have linked
Their horns in playful war. Roads climb the hills,
Divide the forests and break off, abrupt,
At the horizon; hither, from below,
There comes a sound of lumbering, jarring wheels:
The sound just struggles up the steep ascent,
Then drones off in the distance. Nearer still,

A rifle's rattling charge starts up the echoes,
That flutter like scared birds and pause a while
As on suspended wings ere sinking slow
To their low nests. I can distinguish now
The laborer returning from his toil
With shouldered spade and weary, laggard foot,
The cattle straying down the dusty road,
The sportsman balancing his idle gun,
Whistling a light refrain, while close beside
His hound, with trailing ears and muzzle dropt,
Follows some winding scent. From the gray east,
Twilight, upglancing with dim fearful eyes,
Warns me away.

The dusk sits like a bird
Up in the tree-tops, and swart elvish shadows
Dart from the wooded pathways. Wraith of day,
Through thy transparent robes the stars are plain;
Along those swelling mounds that look like graves,
Where flowers grow thick in June, thy step falls soft
As the dropt leaves; amid the faded brakes
The wind, retreating, hides, and, cowering there,
Whines at thy coming like a hound afraid.

EDITH MAY.

THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

I STAND between two lives—a life that's gone,
A life that's dead, yet died to live again:
O unforgotten joys, remembered pain,
Feed all my years with memory alone.
Flow, hidden tears, and, sorrows deep, atone,
For that dear past is dead whom grief hath slain,
Yet green the grave where love so long hath lain,
And roses bloom above one time-washed stone.
O days and months and years that are to be,
What gifts bring ye, sad fruits of grief and toil?
What treasures from the unrelenting sea?
Heap high your riches, yield the victor spoil:
Lo! at the grave of love, on bended knee,
I pour as incense all my precious oil.

ELLA DIETZ
(Mrs. Clymer).

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

OH, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it round our souls; according harps,
By angel-fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality;
Thick-clustering orbs and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
Oh, listen, ye our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating in day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:

Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast, mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

RICHARD H. DANA.

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

STERN faces were around her bent,
And eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake
Of torture, stake and fire;
Yet calmly in the midst she stood
With eye undimmed and clear,
And, though her lip and cheek were white,
She wore no sign of fear.

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said.
A half-formed smile of scorn
That curled upon her haughty lip
Was back for answer borne.
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again,
In fiercer tones, they said,
And sternly pointed to the rack
All rusted o'er with red.

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free,
But in a crimson flood,
O'er pallid lip and cheek and brow,
Rushed up the burning blood;
She spake, but proudly rose her tones
As when, in hall or bower,
The haughtiest chief that round her stood
Had meekly owned their power:
"My noble lord is placed within
A safe and sure retreat."—
"Now tell us where, thou lady bright,
As thou wouldst mercy meet,
Nor deem thy life can purchase his:
He cannot 'scape our wrath,
For many a warrior's watchful eye
Is placed o'er every path.

"But thou mayst win his broad estates
To grace thine infant heir,
And life and honor to thyself,
So thou his haunts declare."
She laid her hand upon her heart;
Her eye flashed proud and clear,
And firmer grew her haughty tread:
"My lord is hidden here!

"And if ye seek to view his form,
Ye first must tear away
From round his secret dwelling-place
These walls of living clay!"
They quailed beneath her haughty glance,
They silent turned aside,
And left her all unharmed amidst
Her loveliness and pride.

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

ABSENCE.

WHEN leaden-foot Time creeps along
While Delia is away,
With her nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Ah, envious! reverse my doom:
Now double thy career;
Strain every nerve, stretch every plume,
And rest them when she's here.

RICHARD JAGO.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

PART I.

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew;
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of Night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field or the wilderness
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet;
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily-of-the-vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addressed
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star which is its eye
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose—
The sweetest flower for scent that blows—
And all rare blossoms from every clime,—
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by;
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowerets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all; it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver.

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves even like Love—its deep heart is full;
It desires what it has not, the beautiful.

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumèd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound and odor and beam
Move as reeds in a single stream,—

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all rest and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep;

And the beasts and the birds and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound,
Whose waves never mark though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant),

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Upgathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of Night.

PART II.

THERE was a power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden, a ruling Grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even;
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when Night walks forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the earth.

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than paradise—

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it pressed;
You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there, and left passion behind.

And, wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark-green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam,
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof
Into the rough woods far aloof—

In a basket of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee, and the beamlike ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb
Where butterflies dream of the life to come
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest Creature from earliest Spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer-tide;
And ere the first leaf looked brown she died.

PART III.

THREE days the flowers of the garden fair
Like stars when the moon is awakened were,
Or the waves of Baiæ ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low—

The weary sound and the heavy breath
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin-plank.

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;
From their sighs the Wind caught a mournful tone,
And sat in the pines and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul,
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Paved the turf and the moss below;
The lilies were drooping and white and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man;

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow and gray and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind passed;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set,
And the eddies drove them here and there
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back;

And thistles and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock and henbane, and hemlock dank
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank;

And plants at whose names the verse feels loth
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly and pulpous and blistering and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew;

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold,
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated.

Their moss rotted off them flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake,
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infecting the winds that wander by.

Spawn, weeds and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapors arose which have strength to kill:
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came: the wind was his whip;
One choppy finger was on his lip;
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles.

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth and the air and the water bound—
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the Arctic zone.

Then the weeds, which were forms of living death,
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath;

Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost.

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want;
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again;
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;

And a northern Whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs, thus laden and heavy and stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When Winter had gone, and Spring came back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck;
But the mandrakes and toadstools and docks and darnels
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION.

WHETHER the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that Lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love as stars do light,
Found sadness where it left delight,

I dare not guess. But in this life
Of error, ignorance and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that Lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth, have never passed away:
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed, not they.

For love and beauty and delight
There is no death nor change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

WOMAN.

WHEN lovely Woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A LADY'S EPITAPH.

WOULDST thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay!
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth;
Th' other? Let it sleep with death.
Fitter where it died to tell
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

BEN JONSON.

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ASTOR, LENOX

J. Gray.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds—

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet, even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high
His listless length at noontide would he stretch
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery—all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

OUTGROWN.

NAY, you wrong her, my friend; she's not fickle: her love she has simply outgrown;
One can read the whole matter, translating her heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly? There is much that my heart could say,
And you know we were children together—have quarrelled and "made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friendship, I venture to tell you the truth—
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

Five summers ago, when you wooed her, you stood on the self-same plane,
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom of her life's early May,
And it is not her fault—I repeat it—that she does not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either: they ever go up or go down;
And hers has been steadily soaring, but how has it been with your own?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired—grown purer and wiser each year;
The stars are not farther above you in yon luminous atmosphere;

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder, five summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer, but their vision is clearer as well;
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and his angels have talked;
The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you? Have you aimed at the highest? Have you too aspired and prayed?
Have you looked upon evil unsullied? have you conquered it undismayed?

Have you too grown purer and wiser as the months and the years have rolled on?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me: the truth cannot harm you. When to-day in her presence you stood,
Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard; look back on the years that have fled;
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her girlhood is dead.

She cannot look down to her lover: her love, like her soul, aspires;
He must stand by her side or above her who would kindle its holy fires.

Now farewell! For the sake of old friendship I have ventured to tell you the truth—
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

DEWDROPS.

"OH, father, dear father, why pass they away,
These dewdrops that sparkle at dawning of day,
That glittered like stars by the light of the moon?
Oh, why are these dewdrops dissolving so soon?

Hath the sun in his wrath chased their brightness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
The moonlight has faded, the flowers still remain,
But the dewdrops have fled from their petals again."

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies;
Behold yon bright rainbow, those beautiful dyes:
There, there are the dewdrops in glory reset;
'Midst the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
And thus we are taught by each beautiful ray
To mourn not for beauty, though fading away;
For if youth in its freshness and beauty be riven,
'Tis but borne from this earth to beam brighter in heaven."

Alas for the father! how little knew he
That the words he had spoken prophetic could be,
That the beautiful child—a bright star of his day—
Was e'en like the dewdrops dissolving away?
Sad, sad was the father, when, lo! in the skies
The rainbow again showed its beautiful dyes,
And then he remembered the maxim he'd given,
And he thought of his child and the dewdrops in heaven.

WILLIAM HENRY COOPER.

THE TZAR AND THE SHEPHERDS.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DMITRIEV.

THE tzar has wandered from the city-gate
To seek seclusion from the cares of state,
And thus he mused: "What troubles equal mine?
That I accomplish when I purpose this.
In vain I bid the sun of concord shine,
And toil unwearied for my subjects' bliss:
Its brightness lasts a moment, and the tzar
For the state's safety is compelled to war.
God knows I love my subjects—fain would bless them,
But oft mistake, and injure and oppress them.
I seek for truth, but courtiers all deceive me;
They fill their purses and deluded leave me.
My people sigh and groan: I share their pain,
And struggle to relieve them, but in vain."

Thus mused the lord of many nations; then
Looked up, and saw wide scattered o'er the glen
The poor lean flocks: the sheep had lost their lambs,
And the strayed lambkins bleated for their dams;
They fled from place to place, alarmed, afraid;
The lazy dogs were sleeping in the shade.
How busy is the shepherd! Now he hies
To the grove's verge, now to the valley flies;
Seeks to assemble here the sheep that stray,
And there a favorite lamb he hurries on;
But, lo! the wolf! He springs upon his prey:
The shepherd hastens, but the thief is gone.

He cries, he beats his breast, he tears his hair,
Invoking death in agonized despair.

"Behold my picture," said His Majesty:
"Here is another sovereign, just like me;
I'm glad to know vexations travel far
And plague a shepherd as they plague a tzar."

And on he moved in more contented mood—
Whither, he knew not; but beyond the wood
He saw the loveliest flock that ever grazed,
And lingered, mute with wonder, as he gazed.
How strong! how sleek! how satisfied! how fair!
Wool soft as silk, and, piled in luxury there,
Its golden burden seemed too great to bear;
The lambs, as if they ran for wagers, playing,
Or near their dams, or far, securely straying,
The shepherd, 'neath the linden tree,
Tuned his pipe most joyfully!

"Ah!" said the tzar, "ye little think
How close ye stand on danger's brink:
The uncharitable wolf is near,
And he for music has no ear."

And so it was: as if the wolf had heard,
Advancing in full gallop he appeared.

But the dogs the wily traitor knew,
Sprung up and at the robber flew:
His blood has for his daring paid,
And the lambkin that through fear had strayed
Is gathered into the fold anew;
And the shepherd's pipe was echoed still
Down the vale and up the hill.

The monarch lost all patience now:
"What! dost thou sit there like a rock
While wolves are ravaging thy flock?
A very pretty shepherd thou!"

"Tzar, here no evil can betide my sheep:
My dogs are faithful, and they do not sleep."

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

THE STORK AND THE RUBY.

A CERTAIN prince—I have forgot his name—
Playing one morning at the archer's game
Within a garden where his palace stood,
Shot at a stork, and spilled the creature's blood
For very wantonness and cruelty.
Thrice had he pierced his target in the eye
At fifty paces; twice defloured a rose,
Striking each time the very leaf he chose;
Then he set up his dagger in a hedge,
And split an arrow on its glittering edge.
What next to hit he knew not. Looking round,
He saw a stork just lighted on the ground
To rest itself after its leagues of flight:
The dewy walk in which it stood was bright,
So white its plumage, and so clear its eyes,
Twinkling with innocence and sweet surprise.
"I'll shoot the silly bird," the prince exclaimed;
And, bending his strong bow, he straightway aimed
His keenest arrow at its panting heart.
The lucky arrow missed a vital part—
Or was it some kind wind that pushed it by?—
And only struck and broke the creature's thigh.

The poor thing tumbled in a lily-bed,
And its blood ran and made the lilies red.
It marked the changing color of the flowers,
The winding garden-walks, the bloomy bowers,
And, last, the cruel prince, who laughed with glee,
Fixing the picture in its memory;
This done, it struggled up and flew away,
Leaving the prince amazed and in dismay.

Beyond the city walls a league or more
A little maid was spinning at her door,
Singing old songs to cheer the long day's work.
Her name was Heraclis. The fainting stork
Dropped at her feet, and with its ebon bill
Showed her its thigh, broken and bleeding still.
She fetched it water from a neighbor spring,
And while it drank and washed each dabbled wing
She set the fractured bones with pious care
And bound them with the fillet of her hair.
Eased of its pain, again it flew away,
Leaving the maiden happier all the day.

That night the prince, as usual, went to bed,
His royal wine a little in his head;
Beside him stood a casket full of gems,
The spoils of conquered monarchs' diadems—
Great pearls milk-white and shining like the moon,
Emeralds grass-green, sapphires like skies of June,
Brilliants that threw their light upon the wall,
And one great ruby that outshone them all,
Large as a pigeon's egg and red as wine.
At last he slumbered in the pale moonshine.
Meantime, the watchful stork was in his bowers;
Again it saw its blood upon the flowers,
And saw the walks, the fountain's shaft in air,
But not the cruel prince: no prince was there;
So up and down the spacious courts it flew,
And ever nearer to the palace drew.
Passing the lighted windows row by row,
It saw the prince and saw the ruby's glow;
Hopping into his chamber, grave and still,
It seized the precious ruby with its bill,
And, spreading then its rapid wings in flight,
Flew out and vanished in the yearning night.
Night slowly passed, and morning broke again;
There came a light tap on the window-pane
Of Heraclis. It woke her; she arose,
And, slipping on in haste her peasant-clothes,
Opened the door to see who knocked, and, lo!
In walked the stork again, as white as snow,
Triumphant with the ruby, whose red ray
Flamed in her face, anticipating day.
Again the creature pointed to its thigh,
And something human brightened in its eye—
A look that said "I thank you!" plain as words.
The virgin's look was brighter than the bird's,
So glad was she to see it was not dead;
She stretched her hand to sleek its bowing head,
But ere she could it made a sudden stand
And thrust the priceless ruby in her hand,
And, sailing swiftly through the cottage door,
Mounted the morning sky, and came no more.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THIS gifted, versatile, but very erratic, writer was born in Boston, Massachusetts, February 19, 1809. His father was David Poe, a meritorious officer in the Revolutionary army; his mother, Elizabeth Arnold, was an English actress, and her husband also went on the stage. Their children were left orphans at a very early age, with no provision for their support. Edgar was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Virginia, who sent him to England for his preliminary education. After remaining there four or five years he returned to Richmond in 1822, and made preparation to enter the University of Virginia, which he did in 1826. Although quick and receptive and clever in scholarship, he was so dissipated in his conduct that he was expelled within less than a year. In 1827 he started on a quixotic expedition to aid the struggling Greeks, and turned up unaccountably in St. Petersburg in a very forlorn condition. He was succored by the American minister, and returned to the United States. In 1829 he published a small volume of poems in Baltimore, *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems.* Mr. Allan then procured for him a cadet's warrant, and he entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1830. His irregular conduct caused him to be dismissed from the institution before a year had passed. This created an estrangement from his adopted father, and he was thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood. He began to write with great industry; in 1833 he gained two prizes for literary efforts, and was soon known as a promising writer. He was invited to the editorship of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and, on the strength of his new success, he married his cousin, Miss Virginia Clemm. His restless spirit and irregular habits caused him to leave this post and go to New York City in 1837, where he lived precariously by his pen. In 1838 he published the *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, which increased his reputation. In 1839 he became editor of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, in Philadelphia; this office he held for only one year. From 1840 to 1842 he edited *Graham's Magazine*, and at that time published his *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, which established his fame. His story entitled "The Gold-Bug" gained a prize of one hundred dollars in 1843. Ever restless, he was again in New York in 1844, and the next year presented to the world that most curious, quaint, weird poem called "The Raven." He contributed much in a desultory way to many journals, among them particularly *The Home Journal*, edited by Morris and Willis. But his career had culminated; he went down hill rapidly, became very poor and shiftless, and lost his

wife in 1848. At last a gleam of light shone upon his broken fortunes; his habits were partially reformed, and he became engaged to an estimable lady of Richmond in 1849. He set out for New York City to prepare for his marriage, met some friends in Baltimore and spent a night in drinking; the next morning he was found in a forlorn condition in the streets and taken to the hospital, where he died on the 7th of October, 1849.

As a writer of stories Poe is quite unique; his plots are very mysterious and well sustained, and his details fantastic and horrible. Among his most characteristic tales are "The Gold-Bug," "A Descent into the Maelström," "The Mystery of Mary Roget" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." As a critic he is powerful and crushing, but totally untrustworthy. His opinions of contemporaneous writers are the wild thrusts and slashes of unmitigated prejudice. As a poet he is tuneful and touching, and we have the paradox of the man in all his verses. The plaintive moan of "Annabel Lee;" "The Bells," changing from merry jingle and wedding-favors to the frantic peals of fire and the ghouls in the steeple; the surf-like sounding of "The Raven" in expression of the soul's despair,—are all phases in the experience of Poe; and when he wrote his "Haunted Palace," he was describing the great transfiguration in his own life from the freshness and happiness of healthy youth to the insanity which comes with unbridled indulgence. To what extent, from his peculiar mental conformation and conditions, he was irresponsible, how far the violence of his desires and the weakness of his power to resist may relieve him from blame, we can only leave, as Robert Burns did his own case—a similar one—in pleading for others like him, in the hands of the Eternal Goodness and Wisdom:

> "Who made the heart—'tis He alone
> Decidedly can try us;
> He knows each chord, its various tone;
> Each spring, its various bias.
> Then at the balance let's be mute:
> We never can adjust it;
> What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted."

GERALD MASSEY.

GERALD MASSEY, an English poet, was born May, 1828, near Tring, in Herts. His parents were so steeped in poverty that the children received scarcely any education. When only eight years old, Gerald was sent to work in a neighboring silk-mill; but, the mill being burned down, the boy took to straw-plaiting. He had learned to read at a penny school, and when fifteen went up to London as an errand-boy, and spent all his spare time in reading and writing. When out of a situation, he has gone without a meal to purchase a book. His first appearance in print was in a provincial paper; he published a small collection of his verses in his native town, and during the political excitement of 1848 edited a cheap paper called the *The Spirit of Freedom*. His writing was so bold and vigorous that his political manifestations cost him five situations in eleven months. He was a warm advocate of the co-operative system, and thus was introduced to the Rev. Charles Kingsley and others who were promoting that movement. Still continuing to write, his name began to be known; and, in 1853, *Christabel* took the public completely

by surprise: five editions of the work were published in two years. His pecuniary circumstances improved in proportion to his fame as a poet, and in 1855 he removed to Edinburgh, where, in 1856, he issued *Craigcrook Castle*—in his own estimation his best work. A collected edition of his poems has lately been published.

S. O. BEETON.

THE HON. WILLIAM R. SPENCER.

THE Hon. William Robert Spencer, born 1770, died 1834, published occasional poems of that description named *vers de société*, whose highest object is to gild the social hour. They were exaggerated in compliment and adulation, and wittily parodied in the "Rejected Addresses."

As a companion Mr. Spencer was much prized by the brilliant circles of the metropolis, but, falling into pecuniary difficulties, he removed to Paris, where he died. His poems were collected and published in 1835.

Sir Walter Scott, who knew and esteemed Spencer, quotes the following fine lines from one of his poems as expressive of his own feelings amidst the wreck and desolation of his fortunes at Abbotsford:

"The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died—
Ambition, all-dissolved to air,
With phantom honors by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were Friendship, Truth and Love.
Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!"

W. & R. CHAMBERS.

THE author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

THE FALL OF PRAGUE.

FROM "THADDEUS OF WARSAW."

THE soldiers filed off through the gates, crossed the bridge and halted under the walls of Prague. The lines of the camp were drawn and fortified before the evening, at which time they found leisure to observe the enemy's strength.

Russia seemed to have exhausted her wide regions to people the narrow shores of the Vistula; from east to west, as far as the eye could reach, her armies were stretched to the horizon. Sobieski looked at them, and then on the handful of intrepid hearts contained in the small circumference of the Polish camp. Sighing heavily, he retired into his tent, and, vainly seeking repose, mixed his short and startled slumbers with frequent prayers for the preservation of these last victims to their country. The hours appeared to stand still. Several times he rose from his bed, and went to the door to see whether the clouds were tinged with any appearance of dawn. All continued dark. He again returned to his marquee, and, standing by the lamp, which was nearly exhausted, took out his watch and tried to distinguish the points; but, finding that the light burned too feebly, he was pressing the repeating-spring, which struck five, when the report of a single musket made him start. He fled to his tent-door, and, looking around, saw that all in that quarter was at rest. Suspecting it to be a signal of the enemy, he hurried toward the entrenchments, but found the sentinels in perfect security from any fears respecting the sound, as they supposed it to have proceeded from the town.

Sobieski paid little attention to their opin-

ions, but, ascending the nearest bastion to take a wider survey, in a few minutes he discerned, though obsurely, through the gleams of morning, the whole host of Russia advancing in profound silence toward the Polish lines. The instant he made this discovery he came down, and lost no time in giving orders for a defence; then, flying to other parts of the camp, he awakened the commander-in-chief, encouraged the men, and saw that the whole encampment was not only in motion, but prepared for the assault.

In consequence of these prompt arrangements, the Russians were received with the cross-fire of the batteries and case-shot and musketry from several redoubts, which raked their flanks as they approached. But, in defiance of this shower of bullets, they pressed on with an intrepidity worthy of a better cause, and, overleaping the ditch by squadrons, entered the camp. A passage once secured, the Cossacks rushed in by thousands, and, spreading themselves in front of the storming-party, put every soul to the bayonet who opposed their way.

The Polish works being gained, the Russians turned the cannon on its former masters, and as they rallied to the defence of what remained swept them down by whole regiments. The noise of artillery thundered from all sides of the camp; the smoke was so great that it was hardly possible to distinguish friends from foes. Nevertheless, the spirit of the Poles flagged not a moment; as fast as one rampart was wrested from them they threw themselves within another, which was as speedily taken by the help of hurdles, fascines, ladders and a courage as resistless as it was ferocious, merciless, and sanguinary. Every spot of vantage-position was at length lost, and yet the Poles fought like lions; quarter was neither offered to them nor required. They disputed every inch of ground until they fell upon it in heaps, some lying before the parapets, others filling the ditches, and the rest covering the earth for the enemy to tread on as they cut their passage to the heart of the camp.

Sobieski, almost maddened by the scene, dripping with his own blood and that of his brave friends, was seen in every part of the action: he was in the fosse defending the trampled bodies of the dying; he was on the dyke animating the few who survived. Wawrzecki was wounded, and every hope hung upon Thaddeus; his presence and voice infused new energy into the arms of his fainting countrymen. They kept close to his side, until the Russians, enraged at the dauntless intrepidity of this young hero, uttered the most unmanly imprecations, and, rushing on his little phalanx, attacked it with redoubled numbers and fury.

Sobieski sustained the shock with firmness, but wherever he turned his eyes they were blasted with some object which made them recoil; he beheld his companions and his soldiers strewing the earth, and their barbarous adversaries mounting their dying bodies as they hastened with loud huzzas to the destruction of Prague, whose gates were now burst open. His eyes grew dim at the sight, and at the very moment in which he tore them from spectacles so deadly to his heart a Lavonian officer struck him with a sabre—to all appearance, dead upon the field.

When Thaddeus recovered from the blow—which, having lit on the steel of his cap,

had only stunned him—he looked around and found that all near him was quiet, but a far different scene presented itself from the town. The roar of cannon and the bursting of bombs thundered through the air, which was rendered livid and tremendous by long spires of fire streaming from the burning houses and mingling with the volumes of smoke which rolled from the guns. The dreadful tocsin and the hurrahs of the victors pierced the soul of the count. Springing from the ground, he was preparing to rush toward the gates, when loud cries of distress issued from the interior of the place, and a moment after the grand magazine blew up with a horrible explosion.

In an instant the field before Prague was filled with women and children flying in all directions and rending the sky with their shrieks.

"Father almighty," cried Thaddeus, wringing his hands, "canst thou suffer this?"

While he yet spoke some straggling Cossacks from the town, who were prowling about, glutted but not sated with blood, seized the poor fugitives, and with a ferocity as wanton as unmanly released them at once from life and affliction.

MISS JANE PORTER.

THE FIRST PREDICTED ECLIPSE.

TO predict an eclipse of the sun the astronomer must sweep forward from new moon to new moon until he finds some new *moon* which should occur while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track. This certainly was possible. He knew the exact period from new moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. With eager eye he seizes the moon's place in the heavens, and her age, and rapidly computes where she will be at her next change: he finds the new moon occurring far from the sun's track. He runs round another revolution; the place of the new moon falls closer to the sun's path, and the next yet closer, until, reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and on the day of the occurrence of that new moon he announces to the startled inhabitants of the world that the sun shall expire in dark eclipse. Bold prediction! Mysterious prophet! With what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace! Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and at last hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone; the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on the slumbering world.

This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air and reaches the watching-place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, uncon-

scious of his intense anxiety, buoyant with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement. The sun slowly climbs the heavens, round and bright and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain-top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes! Blackness is eating away his round disc. Onward with slow but steady pace the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights. The gloom deepens; the ghastly hue of death covers the universe, the last ray is gone, and horror reigns. A wail of terror fills the murky air, the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds, an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God, who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory. Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm.

And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital! He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race, who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens and had written it in the sun with a "pen of iron and the point of a diamond," even this one has perished from the earth; name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion, but his proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands, and, although the touch of Time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory.

ORMSBY M. MITCHEL.

THE BELLE.

ON Sunday see the haughty maid
In all the glare of dress arrayed,
Decked in her most fantastic gown
Because a stranger's come to town;
Heedless at church she spends the day,
For homelier folks may serve to pray,
And for devotion those may go
Who can have nothing else to do.
Beauties at church may spend their care in
Far other work than pious hearing;
They've beaux to conquer, belles to rival:
To make them serious were uncivil.
For, like the preacher, they each Sunday
Must do their whole week's work in one day.

As though they meant to take by blows
The opposing galleries of beaux,
To church the female squadron move
All armed with weapons used in love.
Like colored ensigns gay and fair,
High caps rise floating in the air;
Bright silk its varied radiance flings,
And streamers wave in kissing-strings;
Each bears th' artillery of her charms
Like training-bands at viewing arms.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

RHIANUS.

RHIANUS, who lived about 250 or 225 A. D., was a native of Bena, in the island of Crete. He was originally master of the Palæstra, or circus of gymnastic exercises, but was afterward distinguished as a poet and grammarian. He wrote a history of Messene in verse, of which the accuracy is praised by Pausanias, and composed similar historic poems on different Grecian states. Suetonius relates that Tiberius was particularly partial to the poems of Rhianus, and that he placed his bust in the public libraries, among those of the most eminent poets.

HUMAN FOLLY.

FROM THE GREEK OF RHIANUS.

Still err our mortal souls, nor wisely bear
The Heaven-dealt lots that still depress the scale
From side to side. The man of indigence
Loads with his bitter blame the gods, and, stung
With discontent, neglects his mental powers
And energies, nor dares, courageous, aught
Of speech or action, trembling when the rich
Appear before him, sadness and despair
Eating his very heart; while he who swells
With proud prosperity, whom Heaven endows
With riches and with power above the crowd,
Forgets his being's nature—that his feet
Tread the low earth, and that himself was born
Of mortal parents; but with puffed-up mind,
Sinful in haughtiness, like Jove, he wields
The thunder, and, though small in stature, lifts
The neck with high-reined head, as though he wooed
Fair-armed Minerva, and had cleft a way
To high Olympus' top, that, with the gods
There numbered, he might feast in blessedness.
But, lo! Destruction, running with soft feet,
Unlooked for and unseen, bows suddenly
The loftiest heads. Deceitfully she steals
In unexpected forms upon their sins;
To youthful follies wears the face of age;
To aged crimes, the features of a maid;
And her dread deed is pleasant in the sight
Of Justice and of him who rules the gods.

CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS.

THIS author was born about B. C. 86 at Verona, but was early taken to Rome, where by his genius he acquired the friendship of Cicero. He satirized Julius Cæsar, who revenged himself, like a man of sense, by asking the satirist to sup with him.

DIRGE TO HIS BROTHER.

FROM THE LATIN OF CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS.

Slow faring on o'er many a land and sea,
Brother! I come to thy sad obsequy—
The last fond tribute to the dead impart,
And call thee, speechless ashes as thou art,
Alas! in vain! Since faith has ravished thee—
E'en thee, thyself, poor brother, torn from me
By too severe a blow—let this be paid,
This rite of ancestry, to soothe thy shade;
Let this, all bathed in tears, my friendship tell,
And oh, for ever bless thee, and farewell!

Translation of NOTT.

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

H, sacred Truth, thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum and twanged her trumpet-horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland and to man.

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid..
"O Heaven," he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live, with her to die."

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
"Revenge, or death"—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

In vain—alas, in vain!—ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell unwept without a crime—
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe.
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye and curbed her high career.
Hope for a season bade the world farewell
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there:
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air.
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay.
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call;
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry.

O righteous Heaven, ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance? where thy rod
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crushed proud Ammon when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead,
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled,
Friends of the world, restore your sword to man,
Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van;
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own.
Oh, once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell, the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall see
That man hath yet a soul and dare be free!
A little while along thy saddening plains
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven,
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE MODEL CHURCH.

WELL, wife, I've found the model church! I worshipped there to-day:
It made me think of good old times before my hairs were gray;
The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were years ago,
But then I felt, when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door:
He knew that I was old and deaf as well as old and poor;
He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through
The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin': it had the old-time ring;
The preacher said with trumpet-voice, "Let all the people sing!"
The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled
Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;

I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
And anchor in that blessed port for ever from the storm.

The prech'en? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said;
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read:
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye
Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery: 'twas simple gospel truth;
It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth:
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;
'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and not to Creed.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place!
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face!
Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend—
"When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbath has no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue;
I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evenin' gray,
The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory soon be won;
The shinin' goal is just ahead, the race is nearly run;
O'er the river we are nearin' they are throngin' to the shore
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

JOHN H. YATES.

THE MANIAC.

STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee,
For what I'm now too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I firmly, truly swear
I am not mad, I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail:
Oh, jailer, haste that fate to tell!
Oh, haste my father's heart to cheer!
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn and turns the key;
He quits the grate: I knelt in vain;
His glimmering lamp still, still I see;
'Tis gone, and all is gloom again.
Cold—bitter cold! No warmth! no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
Although not mad—no, no, not mad!

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain;
What! *I*, the child of rank and wealth—

Am *I* the wretch who clanks this chain,
  Bereft of freedom, friends and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled
  Which nevermore my heart must glad,
How aches my heart! how burns my head!
  But 'tis not mad—no, 'tis not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot ere this
  A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
  Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
  Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how— I'll drive such thoughts away!
  They'll *make* me mad—they'll *make* me mad!

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
  His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child,
  And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
  My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I will be free! Unbar the door!
  I am not mad, I am not mad!

Oh, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
  His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes: I see his glaring eyes;
  Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.—
Help! Help!—He's gone! Oh, fearful woe,
  Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain! I know, I know
  I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon; for, lo you! while I speak,
  Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
  He whirls a serpent high in air!
Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth
  Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad!
Ay, laugh, ye fiends; I feel the truth;
  Your task is done: I'm mad! I'm mad!

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O STREAM descending to the sea
  Thy mossy banks between,
The flowerets blow, the grasses grow,
  The leafy trees are green.

In garden-plots the children play
  The fields the laborers till,
The houses stand on either hand,
  And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death
  Our waking eyes behold
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
  Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,
  Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
  And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
  Inevitable sea
To which we flow, what do we know,
  What shall we guess, of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore
  As we our course fulfil;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine
  And be above us still.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

MICHELANGELO AND DECORATIVE ART.

FROM "TEN LECTURES ON ART."

MICHELANGELO* did not in any way excel the Greeks in anything that he did in the way of study from Nature, for the work of Phidias is brought to a perfection of truth and beauty which Michelangelo may have striven after, but which he certainly never achieved—at all events, in his sculpture, though I shall show you a copy of one of his painted figures shortly which to my mind equals in perfection of beauty anything done by Phidias, and that out of the force of his own single genius, for the work of Phidias was completely unknown to him. But this I say—that Michelangelo's best work is in no way inferior to the very highest Greek work in point of design, and that, his imitative faculty not being kept in subordination, he was enabled to see truths that no Greek ever dreamed of expressing. Above all, his vast imaginative gift, the stormy poetry of his mind, the passionate Italian nature that was in him, the soul of Dante living again in another form and finding its expression in another art, led him to contemplate a treatment of the human form which the intellectual Greek considered beyond the range of his art.

The Greeks aimed at the perfection of decorative design, and, insomuch as the study of the human form helped them to arrive at that perfection, they carried it farther and to a more consummate point than has ever been done before or since. But they gave themselves small scope for the display of human passion; when they represented it, it was in a cold and dignified manner which fails to awaken our sympathies. The figures of fighting warriors on the pediment of the temple of Ægina receive and inflict wounds and meet their death with a fixed smile which shows that the artist intended to avoid the expression of pain or passion. The Greek artists have the supreme right to the title of "Idealists." They are the true worshippers of the ideal; the ideal of beauty once achieved, they cared not to vary it. Witness the most perfect specimen of their decorative art which remains—the most perfect in the whole world: I mean the frieze of the Parthenon. There is not in the hundreds of figures which form the Panathenaic procession, except by accidents of execution, any variation of character in the beautiful ideal forms represented, whether they be of man, woman or animal; enough remains of the faces to show that they conform to two or three types throughout without variety of character or expression: all is as perfect as the most profound knowledge, the most skilful workmanship and the highest sense of beauty can make it. But with the great Florentine the realistic tendency is obvious from the beginning—not to work up to an ideal of humanity, but to study it in its countless forms of beauty and grandeur and its ever-varying moods, and to represent

* Michel Angelo.

these as truthfully as the deepest contemplation of Nature could enable him to do. I have not time to discuss further the subject of Greek art, but what I have said will show my meaning plainly enough, and, I hope, make it clear that I have no want of appreciation of those sublimely beautiful works which will be the school of art for the whole world as long as the world lasts. In Michelangelo we have an instance of a mind gifted with the highest imaginative faculties, and, with the most profound love and veneration for all that is most noble, most beautiful and grandest in Nature, following with the most unwearying perseverance the road most calculated to develop these faculties by studying with accurate minuteness the construction of the human form, so as to be able to give the highest reality to his conceptions. Luca Signorelli's imaginative faculty was akin to that of Michelangelo, and some go so far as to think that this painter's work had an influence on Michelangelo. This may possibly be true, and no doubt Michelangelo may have admired this painter's work greatly; but I do not see the necessity for supposing that Michelangelo was indebted to him for ideas, when we consider the vastness of his genius. The difference I wish to point out between two men alike in the character of their genius is that Michelangelo's marvellous knowledge of the human form, in which he stands alone, enabled him to give a splendid and truthful beauty to his figures, and to dwell on subtleties of modelling and of outline which are not to be found in Luca Signorelli's work. Astonishing as is the power of Luca Signorelli's imagination, and admirably true as are the action and expression of his figures, he fell short precisely on that point of realism which makes the enormous gulf between him and the greater artist. Michelangelo I consider the greatest realist the world has ever seen; the action, expression and drawing of his figures, down to the minutest folds of drapery and points of costume, down to the careful finish given to the most trivial accessories (when used), such as the books his figures hold and the desks they write on, are all studied from the point of view of being as true to Nature as they can be made. It was not he, but his imitators and followers, who made human bodies like sacks of potatoes; he who never made, never could make, a fault of anatomy in his life, has had such followers, and who would seem, moreover, to have gloried in thinking how Michelangelesque was their work. It is his followers, again, and not he, who make their saints and prophets write with pens without ink on scrolls of paper without desks.

And here there is a very general misconception which I must dwell on for a short time, it is so very important that it should be set right. I have heard it said again and again by artists (who ought to know better) and others that Michelangelo's works may be grand in style, they may be imaginative, they may even be beautiful (sometimes), but they cannot be said to be true to Nature, on account of their exaggeration. You will all recognize that this is the common way in which Michelangelo's works are spoken of. Now, my first notion connected with a lecture on art was that of vindicating Michelangelo's honor on this point. There are, I think, many reasons—and perhaps some good ones—for this opinion. The best and most uni-

versally known of his works is the "Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel—a work executed when he was sixty years old, by which time his magnificent manner had possibly developed into somewhat of a mannerism; that is to say, that whereas throughout his life the necessities of his subjects, chosen, no doubt, especially for the purpose, obliged him to depict the human form in every beautiful variety of action and position, in his later years this pleasure of exercising his ingenuity in inventing and correctly representing difficulties of foreshortening seemed to grow upon him, and in some parts of the "Last Judgment"—especially in the upper part—outweighed the more simple dignity with which most of it is invested. The stupendous work which to my mind has done most to make his name immortal is on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, executed twenty years before the "Last Judgment," which is on the end wall of the same chapel; and it is on this work that I take my stand in placing Michelangelo as the chief of realistic painters, not so much on the "Last Judgment," tremendous as it is both in conception and execution. Another, and the most important, reason for the charge of exaggeration is that for some reason or another no great man has ever suffered so much at the hands of the engravers. All, with one accord, have taken it into their heads that Michelangelo's work cannot be properly copied unless limbs and muscles are exaggerated in a way which they would never dream of using with another man's work; in fact, they think it necessary to import into their work every exaggerated defect which they find in the works of his imitators, or rather the defects of exaggeration to be found in the school formed on Raphael after his death. Raphael, indeed, himself is not exempt from having made exaggerated imitations of the great master. The "Incendio del Borgo" is perhaps the beginning of that lumpy and inflated style so different from the simple and elegant work of Michelangelo. Finding, apparently, that Michelangelo is not so Michelangelesque as they expected, they feel bound to improve upon him; and the greatest master of drawing the world has ever seen has had the most ill-drawn travesties of his finest works passed off on those who are unable to visit the originals and judge for themselves. Still, those who have eyes to see can very plainly make out from the wretched stuff that engravers have given us what manner of man it was whose work is thus caricatured. It is obvious that the mind which could conceive figures so amazingly grand in intention could not be guilty of altering Nature for the purpose of producing the grotesque forms and faces shown us by the engravers. I fortunately a little time ago had the opportunity of verifying for myself what I had surmised to be true, but, much as I expected in the way of beauty before entering the Sistine, I was prepared rather to be overwhelmed by a magnificent grandeur of imagination and design than to be charmed by refined beauties of form and face; and another element of beauty I found which I had not expected, for the engravings carefully avoid representing it in their copies, and on a point of excellence for which the palm has generally been given to another painter. I mean the amazing subtlety, variety and truth of expression in the faces of the Titanic beings who sit enthroned over one's head in that amazing work. Raphael

has been considered the master of expression and beauty of face, Michelangelo of grandeur of form; I find the latter supreme in all. He it was who found in Nature what beauty and what grandeur lie in the most trivial actions and first had the power to depict them. Raphael's receptive mind seized at once on the idea, adapted it to his style and followed close on the great master's steps. The possibility of verifying the truth of what I say is now, fortunately, within reach of all amateurs of art; for within the last eighteen months this amazing work of which I am speaking—in which the variety is so great that Vasari may well say "that no man who is a painter now cares to seek new inventions, attitudes, draperies, originality and force of expression"—this great work has been reproduced in all its details in photography, the enterprising German who has rendered this most important service having taken no less than one hundred and forty negatives, all (with the exception of seven or eight from the "Last Judgment") being taken from the ceiling. These photographs are a revelation in art; no one until now who has not seen the original fresco has had the slightest idea of what Michelangelo's work is. I have made copies of two of these photographs to a large scale for the purpose of giving you some idea of the beauty of his stupendous style, and, as I say, the photographs are within the reach of all who care to possess them, so every one who pleases may have the opportunity of verifying the truth of my words.

I allude to two of the naked figures which sit in pairs on the architectural projections which form the sides of the prophets' thrones. Each pair of these figures hold between them a large medallion on which, in imitation of a relief in bronze and gold, is painted a subject from the book of Kings, or supports a ponderous festoon of leaves and acorns, which is a common feature of decoration in classical architecture, but employed in a totally new way by Michelangelo, which the original inventor of the idea was far from dreaming of. For there are no less than twenty of these figures, and Michelangelo has taken advantage of their employment to represent not only almost every kind of action which the position of these figures could suggest to his great genius, but for the display of every variety and mood of the human mind. One of these seems the very type of life and activity. He laughs as he shifts the ribbon by which he supports his medallion from one shoulder to the other; he is in the act of uncrossing his legs as does it, and the great master of design has arrested him in the middle of this complicated, and to any other artist almost impossible, movement. An instantaneous photograph could not seize on the action with more absolute accuracy, and there is that look of life in his light and active limbs that you almost expect him to continue his movement. More grand is the other as he sits calmly reposing on his ponderous burden, profoundest and most melancholy thought reflected on his godlike face. Others seem to catch some faint sound of the inspiration which the cherubs of God are whispering in the ear of the prophet or sibyl below, and start with affrighted and awe-stricken looks. There is another laughing figure even more beautiful than this one; he lifts with ease his heavy weight of leaves and acorns, while his fellow looks at him with an angry glance as he struggles to raise

his own share, which has slipped from his shoulder. There is a pair who converse over their task, and another pair perform it with careless indifference, as if weary and uninterested; and all these various pictures are depicted with a realism of expression and action, a beauty of form and face, an absolute accuracy of anatomical expression, a splendor of light and shade, a roundness of modelling and minuteness of finish to perfect drawing of every nail on hand or foot and the graceful turn of every lock of hair, which never flags for a moment and which is never at fault. The beauty of the heads of these figures is beyond all that ever was done in art; nothing of Raphael's, to my mind, approaches them, and on one point he differs widely from the Greeks: while he gives to many of his faces the beautiful refinement of a woman's, he has never sacrificed one atom of the manliness. The figure before us, with all the melancholy tenderness of its face, has nothing but the character of a man, and the figure is massive as rock with all the beauty of its forms. Not so the Greeks, who made their Apollos so effeminate that it is difficult to tell from the head whether a man or woman is represented. The beauty of the heads of these figures is, as I say, beyond all that ever was done, but it is hardly more extraordinary than the beauty of the bodies and limbs. The hands and feet especially are invariably perfect, and, being the most difficult part of the figure, show in contrast to most of our modern work, for they are precisely the parts that are always the most perfectly done and the most finished. But more wonderful than all is the harmony of design; the figures being in pairs and facing each other, they are made to a certain extent to correspond. The perfectly natural way in which this is done without forcing the action of the figures into similar forms is not the least astounding part of the work. One pair is in action, another in repose, and yet it never occurs to the spectator, till he begins to examine the work as a composition, that this is a matter of most careful arrangement. The lines of composition, too, of each figure are not only most harmonious in themselves, but in perfect harmony with every figure round it. But what shall I say, in what words shall I express myself, when I come to speak of the inspired beings, sibyls and prophets, who sit enthroned below? The realization of these sublime forms is carried to the highest pitch. Nothing so true as the expression and action of these figures down to the most trivial points was ever done. The most magnificent of these figures, to my thinking, is the prophet Isaiah; he receives inspiration from a cherub, who, with excited looks, is pointing behind him, his flying drapery indicating that he has come, like the winged Mercury of the pagans, with a direct message from Heaven. With all the grandeur of this figure, the movement and expression are as exactly true as any painter of child-life could desire. Turn to the prophet himself; what a subtle combination of expressions on his face! His right hand drawing forth the book wherein he records the inspirations he receives from Heaven, he listens to the divine message with a mingled expression of attention and wonder. His downcast eyes have a fixed look, as though they saw not; his brow is half raised in wonder, half frowning in deepest thought, and a slight look of bewilderment plays hesitat-

ing round his mouth as with his left hand he seems to indicate that he has received the message and turns with the intention of recording it. The massive grandeur of his features is in accordance with the dignified repose of the action, and over all there is the lofty look of the prophet not unaccustomed to hold intercourse with God. I believe this to be the most triumphant realization of a complicated expression and action combined with the most consummate grandeur of face and form that was ever achieved. The first impression of the sight of this figure in its gigantic size on the ceiling, sixty feet above one's head, is that of amazement at the mighty art that produced it; in this case Nature really seems to have been surpassed and a new creation made. But the imagination of the artist—how justly called "divine"!—rises to yet higher flights when he treats of the creation of the world and the history of our first parents in the centre compartments of the ceiling. But throughout, from beginning to end, through all the hundreds of groups and figures which make up this triumph of the decorative art, there is this one predominant feeling—that no matter how supremely difficult the position or action of the figures, no matter whether he be representing prophet, cherub or ordinary mortal, or even those scenes where the Almighty manifests his glory in acts of creation, the expression of face and figure is realized with the utmost attention to truth. The draperies take not the least important place in this expression: they clothe and express the form of the limbs without affectation and in the most natural manner. As the figure moves, so the drapery moves; as the figure rests, so the drapery falls. Everything is in perfect balance: the turn of the shoulders follows the movement of the head: the limbs answer to and balance each other exactly as in Nature; and the figures have thus a more absolute vitality than any other artist has ever been able to give. All other artists—except, perhaps, Raphael, and he only when he had caught the inspiration from Michelangelo is to be excepted—seem to place their figures in attitudes. It is his amazing and almost incredible power of seizing the passing movement that makes Michelangelo's figures appear positively alive; an instant more, and the position is changed. To draw from one of his figures is like drawing from Nature itself; it was only in copying portions of these figures that I appreciated how profound a realism underlies the ideal of this greatest of artists.

These are the mighty works that like the gorgeous symphonies of Beethoven and the choruses of Handel stand out in sublime solitude above the efforts of other men. It will be well for students—and, indeed, for all artists—to remember that if they wish to catch some reflections of the beauties that appear revealed in these lofty creations of genius, they will fail most egregiously if they only aspire to imitate them; whereas it is in the power of each one to follow in the steps of this most glorious master by seeking in Nature, as he did, for some of her hidden truths, by never condescending to substitute dexterity for knowledge or to catch applause by wilfully falsifying for fear that truth should be misunderstood. In this way they will find that it is not necessary to treat of angels or prophets to produce a thing of beauty, for realism of this noble kind can glorify the humblest subject. EDWARD J. POYNTER, R. A.

THE SECOND CIRCLE OF THE INFERNO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE ALLIGHIERI.

FROM the first circle downward did we go
Unto the second, which a smaller space
Contains, but as much more of bitter woe.
There Minos stood, with darkly-frowning face;
He searches out the sins of those who come;
He judges them and sends them to their place.
'Tis said, when the lost souls unto their doom
Approach, each deed of guiltiness is told,
And he, the guardian of the place of gloom,
Perceives what gulf of hell their crime should hold:
As many grades as they must downward go,
So many times his tail doth round him fold.
Alway before him stands a mournful row:
Slowly in turn they come unto their fate;
They speak and hear, and sink unto their woe.
"O thou who comest to this dolorous gate,"
Said Minos, when he saw me enter there,
Leaving the office of such direful weight,
"Look well in whom thou trustest, and beware,
Although this place such ample entrance hath."
My master answered: "Why this angry air?
Stay not his fated journey with thy wrath;
Ask thou no more, for thus it hath been willed
Where will and power do hold one only path."
And now the air with mournful notes was filled,
And we were come unto a dismal site,
Where many wailings through my spirit thrilled.
I came unto a place devoid of light,
Still ever roaring as the stormy sea
When the strong, adverse winds against it fight.
The hellish blasts that never calmed may be
Do with their wrath these mournful spirits drive,
And strike and buffet them eternally.
When they before the shattered cliff arrive,
Here against Love Divine breaks forth their ire,
Laments and plaints and cries for ever strive;
And then I knew that to this torment dire
Those guilty ones were brought by carnal sin:
In life their reason bowed before desire;
And as the starlings, borne upon the wing,
Fly in large flocks in the cold winter air,
Thus did the blast those wretched spirits fling

Through all that dreary clime, now here, now there;
And never may they hope for happier day
Of rest, or even a lesser pain to bear.
As cranes that fly, and, singing still their lay,
Stretch out their lengthened line against the sky,
Thus did I see this shadowy array
Borne onward ever with a mournful cry.
I said, "My master, who are those that so
By the black air are chastened dolefully?"
"The first of those whose story thou wouldst know,"
At once to me he courteously replied,
"Was one before whom many lands did bow;
In such luxurious vice did she abide
That license was made lawful 'neath her sway;
Thus to escape the shame of guilt she tried.
She is Semiramis, of whom they say
She was the wife of Ninus, and his heir;
She ruled where reigns the sultan at this day.
And she who killed herself for love was there,
Who to Sichæus' ashes broke her faith;
Then Cleopatra came, that wanton fair;
Helen, for whom were done such deeds of death,
I saw, and great Achilles, on that shore,
Who loved and fought until his latest breath;
Paris was there, and Tristan. Many more
He showed to me, and pointed out by name,
Whom love from out the land of mortals bore.
After those knights and dames of ancient fame
To me were shown by my instructor kind,
Deep grief and pity all my heart o'er-came;
Then I began: "O poet, do thou find
Some means that I may speak unto yon pair
Who seem to fly so lightly on the wind."
He said, "When, borne along the doleful air,
They near us come, adjure them by the love
That leads them on, and they will hear thy prayer."
And when they came, his counsel I did prove,
And said, "O sad and weary souls, be still
And speak, if none forbid." And as the dove
Whom the sweet calling of desire doth thrill
With spread and moveless wing flies to the nest,
Borne onward only by the power of will,
Even thus those two, departing from the rest,
Came toward us through the darksome air malign:
So strong was the appeal to love addrest.
"O being who art gracious and benign,
And through the dismal air thy way dost wend
To us, who left on earth a bloody sign,
If but the sovereign Ruler were our friend,
We for thy happiness to him would pray,
Since thou to our sad case dost pity lend.
And now we willingly will hear, and say
Whatever thou wouldst know from this our speech
What time the stormy wind doth silent stay.

The city of my birth is near the beach
  Where, with its tributary streams, the Po
Flows to the sea, its place of rest to reach.
  Love, that all gentle hearts so quickly know,
For my fair form, from me so foully ta'en,
  Inspired the soul who by my side doth go;
Love that will have the loved to love again
  So bent my heart toward him that e'en yet
He doth not leave me in this place of pain,
  And love hath led us to a bloody fate;
For him who slew us waits the deepest hell."
  She said. And when I heard her thus narrate
The sorrows that those weary souls befell,
  In saddest thought I stood, with downcast face,
Until the poet said to me, "Now tell
  The thing thou ponderest." I said, "Alas!
What love and musings sweet those two have led
  The downward way unto this dolorous pass?"
Then unto them I turned myself and said,
  "Francesca, on my soul thy sorrow lies
So pitiful that these sad tears I shed.
  But tell me: in the season of sweet sighs
How did it e'er befall that ye should show
  Your mutual love unto each other's eyes?"
And she replied to me: "No greater woe
  Can be than to remember happy days
In misery; this doth thy leader know.
  But if desire to hear the early ways
Of our affection so thy spirit fill,
  I speak as one who weeps for what he says.
One day we read, for pastime, how the thrill
  Of love the heart of Lancelot had known.
We were alone, and had no thought of ill,
  And often from the book our eyes had gone,
And often did our flushing cheeks grow pale,
  But we were conquered by one word alone.
When we had read within that ancient tale
  How sweet of such a loving one the kiss,
Then he who from my side shall never fail
  His lips to mine all tremblingly did press:
Galeotto was the author, and his name.
  That day we read no more." And then while thus
One spake, such pity all my soul o'ercame,
  Beholding the sad tears the other shed,
That on the strand of dark and dreadful fame,
  Fainting, with sudden shock I fell as falls the dead.

Translation of MRS. RAMSAY.

THE DECLARATION.

AND he hath spoken! Knew I not he would?
  Though flitting fears, like clouds o'er lakes, would cast
Shadows o'er true love's trust. The tear-drop stood
  In his dark eye; he trembled. But 'tis past,
And I am his—he, mine. Why trembled he?
  This fond heart knew he not, and that his eye
Governed its tides as doth the moon the sea,
  And that with him, for him, 'twere bliss to die?

Yet said I naught. Shame on me, that my cheek
And eye my hoarded secret should betray!
Why wept I? And why was I sudden weak—
So weak his manly arm was stretched to stay?
How like a suppliant god he looked! His sweet,
Low voice, heart-shaken, spoke, and all was known;
Yet from the first I felt our souls must meet
Like stars that rush together and shine on,

ROBERT T. CONRAD.

THE DEATH OF MESHCHERSKY.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF GABRIEL ROMANOVICH DERZHAVIN.

AH, that funereal toll, loud tongue of time!
What woes are centred in that frightful sound!
It calls—it calls me with a voice sublime—
To the lone chambers of the burial-ground.
My life's first footsteps are midst yawning graves;
A pale, teeth-clattering spectre passes nigh;
A scythe of lightning that pale spectre waves,
Mows down man's days like grass, and hurries by.

Naught his untired rapacity can cloy:
Monarchs and slaves are all the earth-worm's food;
And the wild-raging elements destroy
Even the recording tomb. Vicissitude
Devours the pride of glory; as the sea
Insatiate drinks the waters, even so days
And years are lost in deep eternity;
Cities and empires vandal Death decays.

We tremble on the borders of the abyss,
And, giddy, totter headlong from on high,
For death with life our common portion is,
And man is only born that he may die.
Death knows no sympathy: he tramples on
All tenderness, extinguishes the stars,
Tears from the firmament the glowing sun,
And blots out worlds in his gigantic wars.

But mortal man forgets mortality:
His dreams crowd ages into life's short day;
While, like a midnight robber stealing by,
Death plunders time by hour and hour away.
When least we fear, then is the traitor nigh;
Where most secure we seem, he loves to come:
Less swift than he, the bolts of thunder fly;
Less sure than he, the lightning strikes the dome.

Thou son of luxury, child of dance and song,
Oh, whither, whither is thy spirit fled?
On life's dull sea thy bark delayed not long,
But sought the silent haven of the dead.
Here is thy dust; thy spirit is not here.
Where is it? There. Where there? 'Tis all unknown.
We weep and sigh; alas! we know not where,
For man is Doubt and Darkness' eldest son.

Where love and joy and health and worldly good,
And all life's pleasures, in their splendor glow,
He dries the nerves up, he congeals the blood,
And shakes the very soul with mighty woe.
The songs of joy are funeral cries become,
And luxury's board is covered with a pall;
The chamber of the banquet is a tomb:
Death, the pale autocrat, he rules o'er all.

He rules o'er all, and him must kings obey,
Whose will no counsel knows, and no control;
The proud and gilded great ones are his prey,
Who stand like pillars in a tyrant's hall.
Beauty and beauty's charms are naught to him;
Man's intellect is crushed by his decrees;
Man's brightest light his dreadful frown can dim:
He whets his scythe for trophies such as these.

Death makes all nature tremble. What are we?
To-morrow dust, though almost gods to-day—
A mixture strange of pride and poverty;
Now basking in hope's fair and gladdening ray,
To-morrow—what is man to-morrow? Naught!
How swiftly rolls the never-tarrying stream,
Hour after hour, to gloomy chaos brought,
While ages dawn and vanish like a dream!

Even like an infant's sweet imagining
My early, lovely springtide hurried on:
Beauty just smiled and sported, then took wing;
Joy laughed a moment, and then Joy was gone.
Now, less susceptible of bliss, less blest,
Wiser and worldlier, panting for a name,
With a vain thirst of honor, pained, oppprest,
I labor wearied up the hill of fame.

But manhood too, and manhood's care, will pass,
And glory's struggles be erelong forgot,
For Fame, like Wealth, has busy wings, alas!
And joy's and sorrow's sound will move us not.
Begone, ye vain pursuits, ye dreams of bliss!
Changing and false, no longer flatter me:
I stand upon the sepulchre's abyss,
In the dark portal of eternity.

To-day, my friend, may bring our final doom;
If not to-day, to-morrow surely will.
Why look we sadly on Meshchersky's tomb?
Here he was happy; he is happy still.
Life was not given for ages to endure,
Though Virtue even on Death may find a rest;
But know a spirit ordered well and pure
May make life's sorrows and life's changes blest.

Translation of JOHN BOWRING.

EPILOGUE TO "CATO."

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

J. M. SEWALL.

THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE.

CATILINE had twice failed in his designs upon the consulship; he solicited it again for the year 692, without abandoning his plans of conspiracy. The moment seemed favorable. Pompey being in Asia, Italy was bared of troops; Antonius, associated in the plot, shared the consulship with Cicero. Calm existed on the surface, whilst passions half extinguished and bruised interests offered to the first man bold enough numerous means of raising commotions. The men whom Sylla had despoiled, as well as those he had enriched, but who had dissipated the fruits of their immense plunder, were equally discontented; so that the same idea of subversion formed a bond of union between the victims and the accomplices of the past oppression.

Addicted to excesses of every kind, Catiline dreamed, in the midst of his orgies, of the overthrow of the oligarchy; but we may doubt his desire to put all to fire and sword, as Cicero says, and as most historians have repeated after him. Of illustrious birth, questor in 677, he distinguished himself in Macedonia in the army of Curio; he had been prætor in 686 and governor of Africa the year following. He was accused of having in his youth imbrued his hands in Sylla's murders, of having associated with the most infamous men, and of having been guilty of incest and other crimes; there would be no reason for exculpating him if we did not know how prodigal political parties in their triumph are of calumnies against the vanquished. Besides, we must acknowledge that the vices with which he was charged he shared in common with many personages of that epoch—among others, with Antonius, the colleague of Cicero, who subsequently undertook his defence. Gifted with a high intelligence and a rare energy, Catiline could not have meditated a thing so insensate as massacre and burning. It would have been to seek to reign over ruins and tombs. The truth will present itself better in the following portrait, traced by Cicero seven years after the death of Catiline, when, returning to a calmer appreciation, the great orator painted in less sombre colors him whom he had so disfigured: "This Catiline, you cannot have forgotten, I think had, if not the reality, at least the appearance, of the greatest virtues. He associated with a crowd of perverse men, but he affected to be devoted to men of greatest estimation. If for him debauchery had powerful attractions, he applied himself with no less ardor to labor and affairs. The fire of passions devoured his heart, but he had also a taste for the labors of war. No, I do not believe there ever existed on this earth a man who offered so monstrous an assemblage of passions and

qualities so varied, so contrary and in continual antagonism with each other."

The conspiracy, conducted by the adventurous spirit of its chief, had acquired considerable development. Senators, knights, young patricians, a great number of the notable citizens of the allied towns, partook in it. Cicero, informed of these designs, assembles the Senate in the Temple of Concord and communicates to it the information he had received: he informs it that on the 5th of the calends of November a rising was to take place in Etruria; that on the morrow a riot would break out in Rome; that the lives of the consuls were threatened; that, lastly, everywhere stores of warlike arms and attempts to enlist the gladiators indicated the most alarming preparations. Catiline, questioned by the consul, exclaims that the tyranny of some men, their avarice, their inhumanity, are the true causes of the uneasiness which torments the republic; then, repelling with scorn the projects of revolt which they imputed to him, he concludes with this threatening figure of speech: "The Roman people is a robust body, but without head: I shall be that head." He departed with these words, leaving the Senate undecided and trembling. The assembly, meanwhile, passed the usual decree enjoining the consuls to watch that the republic received no injury.

The election of consuls for the following year, till then deferred, took place on the 21st of October, 691, and, Silanus having been nominated with Murena, Catiline was a third time rejected. He then despatched to different parts of Italy his agents, and, among others, C. Mallius into Etruria, Septimius to the Picenum, and C. Julius into Apulia, to organize the revolt. At the mouth of the Tiber a division of the fleet previously employed against the pirates was ready to second his projects. At Rome even the assassination of Cicero was boldly attempted.

The Senate was convened again on the 8th of November. Catiline dared to attend and take his seat in the midst of his colleagues. Cicero, in a speech which has become celebrated, apostrophized him in terms of the strongest indignation, and by a crushing denunciation forced him to retire. Catiline, accompanied by three hundred of his adherents, left the capital next morning to join Mallius. During the following days alarming news arriving from all parts threw Rome into the utmost anxiety. Stupor reigned there. To the animation of *fêtes* and pleasures had all of a sudden succeeded a gloomy silence. Troops were raised; armed outposts were placed at various points: Q. Marcius Rex is despatched to Fæsulæ (Fiesole), Q. Metellus Creticus into Apulia, Pomponius Rufus to Capua, Q. Metellus Celer into the Picenum, and, lastly, the consul, C. Antonius, led an army into Etruria. Cicero had detached the latter from the conspiracy by giving him the lucrative government of Macedonia. He accepted in exchange that of Gaul, which he also subsequently renounced, not wishing, after his consulship, to quit the city and depart as proconsul. The principal conspirators, at the head of whom were the prætor Lentulus and Cethegus, remained at Rome. They continued energetically the preparations for the insurrection, and entered into communication with the envoys of the Allobroges. Cicero, secretly informed by his

spies, among others by Curius, watched their doings, and when he had indisputable proofs caused them to be arrested, convoked the Senate and exposed the plan of the conspiracy.

Lentulus was obliged to resign the prætorship. Out of nine conspirators convicted of the attempt against the republic, five only failed to escape; they were confided to the custody of the magistrates appointed by the consul. Lentulus was delivered to his kinsman Lentulus Spinther, L. Statilius to Cæsar, Gabinius to Crassus, Cethegus to Cornificius, and Cæparius, who was taken in his flight, to the senator Cn. Terentius. The Senate was on the point of proceeding against them in a manner in which all the forms of justice would have been violated. The criminal judgments were not within its competence, and neither the consul nor the assembly had the right to condemn a Roman citizen without the concurrence of the people. Be that as it may, the senators assembled for a last time on the 5th of December to deliberate on the punishment of the conspirators; they were less numerous than on the preceding days. Many of them were unwilling to pass sentence of death against citizens belonging to the great patrician families. Some, however, were in favor of capital punishment, in spite of the law Portia.

After others had spoken, Cæsar made the following speech, the bearing of which merits particular attention.

ADDRESS OF JULIUS CÆSAR IN FAVOR OF OBSERVING THE LAWS.

"Conscript fathers, all who deliberate upon doubtful matters ought to be uninfluenced by hatred, affection, anger or pity. When we are animated by these sentiments, it is hard to unravel the truth; and no one has ever been able to serve at once his passions and his interests. Free your reason of that which beclouds it, and you will be strong; if passion invade your mind and rules it, you will be without strength. It would be here the occasion, conscript fathers, to recall to mind how many kings and peoples, carried away by rage or pity, have taken fatal resolutions, but I prefer reminding you how our ancestors, unswayed by prejudice, performed good and just deeds. In our Macedonian war against King Perseus, the republic of Rhodes, in its power and pride, although it owed its greatness to the support of the Roman people, proved disloyal and hostile to us; but when, on the termination of this war, the fate of the Rhodians was brought under deliberation, our ancestors left them unpunished in order that no one should ascribe the cause of the war to their riches rather than to their wrongs. So, also, in all the Punic wars, although the Carthaginians had often, both during peace and during the truces, committed perfidious atrocities, our fathers, in spite of the opportunity, never imitated them, because they thought more of their honor than of vengeance, however just.

"And you, conscript fathers, take care that the crime of P. Lentulus and his accomplices overcome not the sentiment of your dignity, and consult not your anger more than your reputation. Indeed, if there be a punishment adequate to their offences, I will approve the new measure; but if, on the contrary, the vastness of the crime exceed all that can be imagined, we should adhere, I

think, to that which has been provided by the laws.

"Most of those who have expressed their opinion before me have deplored in studied and magniloquent terms the misfortune of the republic; they have recounted the horrors of war and the sufferings of the vanquished, the rapes of young girls and boys, infants torn from the arms of their parents, mothers delivered to the lusts of the vanquisher, the pillage of temples and houses, the carnage and burning everywhere; in short, arms, corpses, blood and mourning. But, by the immortal gods, to what tend these speeches? To make you detest the conspiracy? What! will he whom a plot so great and so atrocious has not moved be inflamed by a speech? No, not so; men never consider their personal injuries slight; many men resent them too keenly. But, conscript fathers, that which is permitted to some is not permitted to others. Those who live humbly in obscurity may err by passion, and few people know it: all is equal with them—fame and fortune; but those who, invested with high dignities, pass their life in an exalted sphere, do nothing of which every mortal is not informed. Thus the higher the fortune, the less the liberty: the less we ought to be partial, rancorous, and especially angry. What in others is named hastiness in men of power is called pride and cruelty.

"I think, then, conscript fathers, that all the tortures known can never equal the crimes of the conspirators, but among most mortals the last impressions are permanent, and the crimes of the greatest culprits are forgotten to remember only the punishment, if it has been too severe.

"What D. Silanus, a man of constancy and courage, has said has been inspired in him, I know, by his zeal for the republic, and in so grave a matter he has been swayed neither by partiality nor hatred. I know too well the wisdom and moderation of that illustrious citizen. Nevertheless, his advice seems to me, I will not say cruel—for can one be cruel toward such men?—but contrary to the spirit of our government. Truly, Silanus, either fear or indignation would have forced you, consul-elect, to adopt a new kind of punishment. As to fear, it is superfluous to speak of it, when, thanks to the active foresight of our illustrious consul, so many guards are under arms. As to the punishment, we may be permitted to say the thing as it is: in affliction and misfortune death is the termination of our sufferings, and not a punishment; it takes away all the ills of humanity: beyond are neither cares nor joy. But, in the name of the immortal gods, why not add to your opinion, Silanus, that they shall be forthwith beaten with rods? Is it because the law Portia forbids it? But other laws also forbid the taking away the lives of condemned citizens and prescribe exile. Is it because it is more cruel to be beaten with rods than to be put to death? But is there anything too rigorous, too cruel, against men convicted of so black a design? If, then, this penalty is too light, is it fitting to respect the law upon a less essential point and break it in its most serious part? But, it may be said, who will blame your decree against the parricides of the republic? Time, circumstances and fortune, whose caprice governs the world. Whatever happens to them they will have merited. But you, senators—consider the influence your

decision may have upon other offenders. Abuses often grow from precedents good in principle; but when the power falls into the hands of men less enlightened or less honest, a just and reasonable precedent receives an application contrary to justice and reason.

"The Lacedæmonians imposed upon Athens vanquished a government of thirty rulers. These began by putting to death without judgment all those whose crimes marked them out to public hatred; the people rejoiced and said it was well done. Afterward, when the abuses of this power multiplied, good and bad alike were sacrificed at the instigation of caprice; the rest were in terror. Thus Athens, crushed under servitude, expiated cruelly her insensate joy. In our days, when Sylla, conqueror, caused to be butchered Damasippus and other men of that description who had attained to dignities to the curse of the republic, who did not praise such a deed? Those villains. those factious men, whose seditions had harassed the republic, had, it was said, merited their death. But this was the signal for a great carnage; for if any one coveted the house or land of another, or only a vase or vestment, it was somehow contrived that he should be put in the number of the proscribed. Thus those to whom the death of Damasippus had been a subject for joy were soon themselves dragged to execution, and the massacres ceased not until Sylla had gorged all his followers with riches.

"It is true I dread nothing of the sort, either from M. Tullius or from present circumstances, but in a great state there are so many different natures! Who knows if at another epoch, under another consul, master of an army, some imaginary plot may not be believed real? And if a consul armed with this example and with a decree of the Senate once draw the sword, who will stay his hand or limit vengeance?

"Our ancestors, conscript fathers, were never wanting in prudence or decision, and pride did not hinder them from adopting foreign customs provided they appeared good. From the Samnites they borrowed their arms, offensive and defensive; from the Etruscans, the greater part of the insignia of our magistrates; in short, all that amongst their allies or their enemies appeared useful to themselves they appropriated with the utmost eagerness, preferring to imitate good examples than to be envious of them. At the same epoch, adopting a Grecian custom, they inflicted rods upon the citizens and death upon criminals. Afterward the republic increased, and with the increase of citizens factions prevailed more and the innocent were oppressed; they committed many excesses of this kind. Then the law Portia and many others were promulgated, which only sanctioned the punishment of exile against the condemned. This consideration, conscript fathers, is, in my opinion, the strongest for rejecting the proposed innovation. Certainly those men were superior to us in virtue and wisdom who with such feeble means have raised so great an empire, whilst we preserve with difficulty an inheritance so gloriously acquired. Are we, then, to set free the guilty and increase with them the army of Catiline? In no wise; but I vote that their goods be confiscated, themselves imprisoned in the municipia best

furnished with armed force, to the end that no one may hereafter propose their restoration to the Senate, or even to the people; that whoever shall act contrary to this measure be declared by the Senate an enemy of the state and of the public tranquillity."

EFFECT OF CÆSAR'S SPEECH.

Cæsar's speech had such an effect upon the assembly that many of the senators—amongst others, the brother of Cicero—adopted his opinion. Decimus Silanus, consul-elect, modified his own, and Cicero at last seemed ready to withdraw from his responsibility when he said, "If you adopt the opinion of Cæsar, as he has always attached himself to the party which passes in the republic as being that of the people, it is probable that a sentence of which he shall be the author and guarantee will expose me less to popular storms." However, he persevered in his demand for the immediate execution of the accused. But Cato mainly decided the vacillating majority of the Senate by words the most calculated to influence his auditors. Far from seeking to touch the strings of the higher sentiments and of patriotism, he appeals to selfish interests and fear. "In the name of the immortal gods," cried he, "I adjure you—you who have ever held your houses, your lands, your statues, your pictures, in greater regard than the republic, if these goods, of whatever kind they be, you desire to preserve, if for your enjoyments you would economize a necessary leisure—rise at last from your lethargy and take in hand the republic;" which means, in other terms, "If you wish to enjoy peaceably your riches, condemn the accused without hearing them." This is what the Senate did.

A singular incident happened in the midst of these debates to show to what point Cæsar had awakened people's suspicions. At the most animated moment of the discussion a letter was brought to him; he read it with eagerness. Cato and other senators, supposing it to be a message from one of the conspirators, insisted upon its being read to the Senate. Cæsar handed the letter to Cato, who was seated near him. The latter saw it was a love-letter from his sister Servilia, and threw it back indignantly, crying out, "There! keep it, drunkard!"—a gratuitous insult, since he himself did justice to the temperance of Cæsar the day when he said that, of all the men who had overthrown the state, he was the only one who had done it fasting. Cato expressed with still greater force the fears of his party when he said, "If, in the midst of such great and general alarms, Cæsar alone is without fear, it is for you as well as me an additional motive for fear." Cato went farther. After the condemnation of the accused to death he tried to drive Cæsar to extremities by turning against them an opinion which the latter had expressed in their interest: he proposed to confiscate their goods. The debate became then warmer than ever. Cæsar declared that it was an indignity, after having rejected the humane part of his opinion, to adopt from it the rigorous spirit it contained for the purpose of aggravating the lot of the condemned and adding to their punishment. As his protestation met with no echo in the Senate, he adjured the tribunes to use their right of intercession; but they remained deaf to his appeal. The agitation was at its height, and to put an end to it the consul, in haste to terminate a struggle the issue of

which might become doubtful, agreed that the confiscation should not form a part of the *Senatus-consultum.*

Whilst the populace outside, excited by the friends of the conspirators, raised seditious clamors, the knights who formed the guard around the Temple of Concord, exasperated by the language of Cæsar and the length of the debates, broke in upon the assembly; they surrounded Cæsar, and with threatening words, despite his rank of pontiff and of prætor-elect, they drew their swords upon him, which M. Curio and Cicero generously turned aside. Their protection enabled him to regain his home; he declared, however, that he would not appear again in the Senate until the new consuls could ensure order and liberty for the deliberations.

Cicero without loss of time went with the prætors to seek the condemned and conducted them to the prison of the Capitol, where they were immediately executed. Then a restless crowd, ignorant of what was taking place, demanding what had become of the prisoners, Cicero replied with these simple words: "They have lived." NAPOLEON III.

THE REPUBLIC OF SWITZERLAND.

FROM SPEECH ON THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION, A. D. 1788.

SWITZERLAND consists of thirteen cantons expressly confederated for national defence. They have stood the shock of four hundred years; that country has enjoyed internal tranquillity most of that long period. Their dissensions have been, comparatively to those of other countries, very few. What has passed in the neighboring countries? Wars, dissensions and intrigues—Germany involved in the most deplorable civil war thirty years successively, continually convulsed with intestine divisions and harassed by foreign wars; France with her mighty monarchy perpetually at war. Compare the peasants of Switzerland with those of any other mighty nation; you will find them far more happy. For one civil war among them, there have been five or six among other nations. Their attachment to their country and to freedom, their resolute intrepidity in their defence, the consequent security and happiness which they have enjoyed, and the respect and awe which these things produce in their bordering nations, have signalized those republicans. Their valor, sir, has been active; everything that sets in motion the springs of the human heart engaged them to the protection of their inestimable privileges. They have not only secured their own liberty, but have been the arbiters of the fate of other people.

Here, sir, contemplate the triumph of republican governments over the pride of monarchy. I acknowledge, sir, that the necessity of national defence has prevailed in invigorating their councils and arms, and has been in a considerable degree the means of keeping these honest people together. But, sir, they have had wisdom enough to keep together and render themselves formidable. Their heroism is proverbial. They would heroically fight for their government and their laws. One of the illumined sons of these times would not fight for those objects. Those virtuous and simple people have not a mighty and splendid president nor enormously extensive navies and armies to support. No, sir; those brave republicans have acquired their repu-

tation no less by their undaunted intrepidity than by the wisdom of their frugal and economical policy. Let us follow their example, and be equally happy.

PATRICK HENRY.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

RETURNED as it were from the dead, Columbus the visionary was welcomed as the conqueror; the needy adventurer was recognized as admiral of the Western ocean and viceroy of a new continent, was received in solemn state by the haughtiest sovereigns in the world, rising at his approach, and invited (Castilian punctilio overcome by intellectual power) to be seated before them. He told his wondrous story, and exhibited as vouchers for its truth the tawny savages and the barbaric gold. King, queen and court sunk on their knees, and the *Te Deum* sounded as for some glorious victory.

That night, in the silence of his chamber, what thoughts may have thronged on Columbus's mind! What exultant emotions must have swelled his heart! A past world had deemed the eastern hemisphere the entire habitable earth. Age had succeeded to age, century had passed after century, and still the interdict had been acquiesced in that westward beyond the mountain-pillars it belonged not to man to explore. And yet he, the chosen of God to solve the greatest of terrestrial mysteries, affronting what even the hardy mariners of Palos had regarded as certain destruction—he. the hopeful one where all but himself despaired—had wrested from the deep its mighty secret, had accomplished what the united voice of the past had declared to be an impossible achievement.

But how, if in the stillness of that night to this man—enthusiast, dreamer, believer as he was—there had suddenly appeared some Nostradamus of the fifteenth century, of prophetic mind instinct with the future, and had declared to the ocean-compeller that not four centuries would elapse before that vast intervening gulf of waters, from the farther shore of which through months of tempest he had just groped back his weary way, should interpose no obstacle to the free communication of human thought, that a man standing on the western shore of Europe should within three hundred and seventy years from that day engage in conversation with his fellow standing on the eastern shore of the new-found world; nay—marvel of all marvels! —that the same fearful bolt which during his terrible voyage had so often lighted up the waste of waters around him should itself become the agent of communication across that storm-tossed ocean, that mortal creatures, unaided by angel or demon, without intervention of heaven or pact with hell, should bring that lightning under domestic subjection, and employ it, as they might some menial or some carrier-dove, to bear their daily messages,—to a prediction so wildly extravagant, so surpassingly absurd, as that, what credence could even Columbus lend?

What answer to such a prophetic vision may we imagine that he, with all a life's experience of a man's short-sightedness, would have given? Probably some reply like this: that, though in the future many strange things might be, such a tampering with Nature as that, short of a direct miracle from God, was impossible.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

SENECA.

THIS philosopher and poet was born 7 B. C, at Cordova, in Spain. He was the tutor of Nero, and attempted during that emperor's reign to check his tyranny and vices, but without avail. He became wealthy, and Nero, coveting his possessions, sent a band of soldiers to kill him, giving him the choice of the manner of his death. He received his slayers calmly, comforting his wife and friends by the precepts of philosophy. He permitted his wife, at her own request, to die with him, and at the same time the veins in their arms were opened and they expired together. Thus died Seneca, A. D. 65.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

FROM THE LATIN OF SENECA.

The soul of man is great and generous, admitting no other bounds to be set to her than what are common with God. She claims for her country the universe, the whole convex wherein are included the lands and the seas, wherein the air, expending itself between the earth and the heavens, conjoins them both. Nor does she suffer herself to be confined to any number of years. All years, says she, are mine. No age is locked up from the penetration of learned men—no time so distant or dark that is not pervious to thought.

When the day shall come that will separate this composition, human and divine, I will leave this body here, where I found it, and return to the gods. Not that I am altogether absent from them even now, though detained from superior happiness by this heavy earthly clog. This short stay in mortal life is but the prelude to a better and more lasting life above.

Look, then, with an intrepid eye upon that determined happy hour. It is not the last to the soul, if it be to the body. Whatever things are spread around thee, look upon them only as the furniture of an inn. We must leave them and go on. Nature throws us out of the world as she threw us into it. We can carry nothing away with us, as we brought with us nothing into it. Nay, even a great part of that which attended us when we came into the world must be thrown off. This skin which Nature threw over us as a veil must be stripped off; our flesh, and our blood that so wonderfully circulates through every part of it, must be dispersed, as also the solids, the bones and nerves which supported the fluids and weaker parts. That day which men are apt to dread as their last is but the birthday of an eternity.

You will then say you lived in darkness before when you shall behold the full glories of that light which now thou seest dimly through the narrow circles of the eyes, and yet at so great a distance as to fill the mind with admiration and astonishment. How, then, will it amaze you when I say you shall behold that divine light in its full spread of glory in heaven! Such a reflection as this cannot but raise the mind above every mean thought and deter us from every vile and cruel practice. It informs us the gods are witnesses of all our actions; it commands us to make ourselves acceptable to them, to prepare ourselves for communion with them, and have always eternity in view; which whoever hath any conception of, he dreads no enemies: he hears the trumpet's sound undismayed. Nor can all the threats in the world terrify his manly soul, for why should he be afraid of anything?

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well,
Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself till one suggestion rose:
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow;
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right—
For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew—
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scollop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way,
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then, near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
And "Hail, my son!" the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind deceived the road,
Till, each with other pleased and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm round.

Now sunk the sun, the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray,
Nature in silence bade the world repose,
When near the road a stately palace rose;

There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep and silk and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on and looks with fear,
So seemed the sire when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask, to part;
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong and large and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mixed with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind and battered by the rain.

At length some pity warmed the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair.
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervor through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine—
Each hardly granted—served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit viewed
In one so rich a life so poor and rude;
"And why should such," within himself he cried,
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In every settling feature of his face
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear:
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here;
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky:
Again the wanderers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh;
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great,
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion and the master greet;
Their greeting fair bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all I yield a part;
From him you come: for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride—
Oh strange return!—grew black, and gasped, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed:
His steps the youth pursues. The country lay
Perplexed with roads: a servant showed the way;
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find: the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and, rising, lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!" But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
And wings whose colors glittered on the day
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display;
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do:
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke):
"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the Throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky.
Nay, cease to kneel: thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let the scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world he made:
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends;

'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle learn to trust.

"The great, vain man who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor—
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half weaned his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had this dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun:
"Lord, as in heaven on earth thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

THOMAS PARNELL.

You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

YEARS, YEARS HAVE PASSED.

YEARS, years have passed,
My sweetest, since I heard
thy voice's tone
Saying thou wouldst be mine,
and mine alone;
Dark years have cast
Their shadows on me, and
my brow no more
Smiles with the happy light
that once it wore.

My heart is sere
As a leaf tossed upon the autumnal gale;
The early rose-hues of my life are pale,
Its garden drear,
Its bower deserted, for my singing-bird
Among its dim retreats no more is heard.

Oh, trust them not
Who say that I have long forgotten thee,
Or even now thou art not dear to me,
Though far my lot
From thine, and though Time's onward-rolling tide
May never bear me, dearest, to thy side.

I would forget;
Alas! I strive in vain: in dreams, in dreams,
The radiance of thy glance upon me beams;
No star has met
My gaze for years whose beauty doth not shine,
Whose look of speechless love is not like thine.

The evening air—
Soft witness of the floweret's fragrant death—
Strays not so sweetly to me as thy breath;
The moonlight fair
On snowy waste sleeps not with sweeter ray
Than thy clear memory on my heart's decay.

I love thee still,
And I shall love thee ever, and above
All earthly objects with undying love:
The mountain-rill
Seeks with no surer flow the far bright sea
Than my unchanged affection flows to thee.

A year has flown,
My heart's best angel, since to thee I strung
My frail poetic lyre—since last I sung,
In faltering tone,
My love undying, though in all my dreams
Thy smiles have lingered like the stars in streams.

On ruffled wing,
Like storm-tossed bird, that year has sped away
Into the shadowed past, and not a day
To me could bring
Familiar joys like those I knew of yore,
But morn and noon and night a sorrow bore.

Alas for Time!
For me his sickle reaps the harvest fair
Of hopes that blossomed in the summer air
Of youth's sweet clime,
But leaves to bloom the deeply-rooted tree
Which thou hast planted, deathless Memory.

Beneath its shade
I muse, and muse alone, while daylight dies,
Changing its dolphin hues in western skies;
And when they fade,
And when the moon, of fairy stars the queen,
Waves her transparent wand o'er all the scene,

I seek the vale,
And while inhaling the moss-rose's breath—
Less sweet than thine, unmatched Elizabeth—
A vision pale
As the fair robes of seraphs in the night
Rises before me with supernal light.

I seek the mount,
And there, in closest commune with the blue,
Thy spiritual glances meet my view;
I seek the fount,
And thou art my Egeria, and the glade
Encircling it around is holier made;

I seek the brook,
And in the silver shout of waters hear
Thy merry melting tones salute mine ear,
And in the look
Of lilies floating from the flowery land
See something soft and stainless as thy hand.

All things convey
A likeness of my early, only love,
All fairest things around, below, above—
The foamy spray
Over the billow, and the bedded pearls,
And the light flag the lighter breeze unfurls.

For in the grace
As well as in the beauty of the sea
I find a true similitude to thee,
And I can trace
Thine image in the loveliness that dwells
'Mid inland forests and sequestered dells.

I am thine own,
My dearest, though thou never mayst be mine;
I would not, if I could, the band untwine
Around me thrown
Since first I breathed to thee that word of fire
Re-echoed now—how feebly!—by my lyre.

Love, constant love!
Age cannot quench it; like the primal ray
From the vast fountain that supplies the day,
Far, far above
Our cloud-encircled region, it will flow
As pure and as eternal in its glow.

Oh, when I die—
If until then thou mayst not drop a tear—
Weep then for one to whom thou wert most dear,
To whom thy sigh,
Denied in life, in death, if fondly given,
Will seem the sweetest incense-air of heaven.

Dost thou not turn,
Fairest and sweetest, from the flowery way
On which thy feet are treading every day,
And seek to learn
Tidings sometimes of him who loved thee well—
More than his pen can write or tongue can tell?

Gaze not thine eyes—
O wild and lustrous eyes, ye were my fate—
Upon the lines he fashioned not of late,
But when the skies

Of joy were over him and he was blessed
That he could sing of treasures he possessed?

Treasures more dear
Than gold in ingots or barbaric piles
Of pearls and diamonds, thy most precious smiles:
Bring, bring me here,
O ruthless Time, some of those treasures now,
And print a hundred wrinkles on my brow.

Make me grow old
Before my years are many; take away
Health, youth, ambition; let my strength decay,
My mind be sold
To be the slave of some strange, barren lore:
Only those treasures to my heart restore.

Ah! I implore
A boon that cannot be, a blessing flown
Unto a realm so distant from my own
That, could I soar
On eagle's wings, it still would be afar
As if I strove by flight to reach a star.

The future vast
Before me lifts majestic steeps on high
Which I must stand upon before I die;
For in the past
Love buried lies, and nothing lives but fame
To speak unto the coming age my race and name.

PARK BENJAMIN.

HE either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

MANHOOD.*

BOYHOOD hath gone or ever I was 'ware—
Gone like the birds that have sung out their summer
And fly away, but never to return;
Gone like the memory of a fairy vision;
Gone like the stars that have burnt out in heaven,
Like flowers that open once an hundred years
And have just folded up their golden petals,
Like maidenhood to one no more a virgin,
Like all that's bright and beautiful and transient,
And yet in its surpassing loveliness
And swift dispersion into empty nothing
Like its own self alone—like life, like boyhood!
Now on the traversed scene I leave for ever
Doth Memory cast already her pale look,
And through the mellow light of bygone summers,
Gay, like a bride that leaveth her home-valley,
She, with faint heart, upon the bending hill-top
Turns her fair neck, one moment unperceived,
And through the sunset and her tearful eye
Throws a last glimpse upon her father's dwelling,
Blesses the roof-tree and the groves and garden
Where romp her younger sisters, still at home.

* Written the night the author came of age, May 10, 1839.

I have just wakened from a darling dream,
And fain would sleep again. I have been roving
In a sweet isle, and would return once more.
I have just come, methinks, from Fairyland,
And grieve for its sweet landscapes. Wake, my soul!
Thy holiday is over, playtime done,
And a stern master calls thee to thy task.

How shall I ever go through this rough world?
How grow still older every coming day?
How merge my childish heart in manliness?
How take my part upon this tricking stage?
How wear the mask to seem what I am not?
Ah me! for I forget: I'll need no mask,
And soon old age will need no mimicry.
I've taken my first step adown the valley,
And e'er I reach it e'en my pace shall change;
I shall go down as men have ever done,
And tread the pathway worn by constant tramp
Since first the giants of old time descended,
And Adam, leading on our mother Eve,
In ages older than antiquity.
This voice so buoyant shall be all unstrung,
Like harps that chord by chord grow musicless;
These hands must totter on a smooth-topped staff
That whirled so late the ball-club vigorously;
This eye grow glassy that can sparkle now
And on the clear earth's hues look dotingly;
And these brown locks, which tender hands have twined
In loving curls about their taper fingers,
Must silver soon and bear about such snows
As freeze away all touch of tenderness.
And this—the end of every human story
Is always this, whatever its beginning:
To wear the robes of being in their rags,
To bear, like the old Tuscan prisoners,
A corpse still with us, insupportable.
And then to sink in clay, like earth to earth,
And hearse for ever from the gaze of man
What long they thought—now dare to call—our relics.

Glory to Him who doth subject the same
In hope of immortality, my song shall change!
I go from strength to strength, from joy to joy,
From being unto being. I have learned
This doctrine from the vanishing of youth.
The pictured primer, true, is thrown aside,
But its first lesson liveth in my heart:
I shall go on through all eternity.
Thank God, I am only an embryo still,
The small beginning of a glorious soul,
An atom that shall fill immensity.

The bell hath tolled; my birth-hour is upon me—
The hour that made me child, now makes me man.
"Put childish things away" is in the warning,
And grant me, Lord, with this, the Psalmist's prayer:
"Remember not the follies of my youth,
But in thy goodness think upon me, Lord!"

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

THE RETURN.

"COME, Lily, to the lattice, and see the lads go by;
Their white plumes in the morning air how merrily they fly!

They come back scarred and battered who hale and blooming went,
But the Red Cross flag waves o'er them still, and 'tis not soiled nor rent.
With clarions and with cymbals their merry march draws nigh:
Come, Lily, to the lattice come, and see the lads go by.

"Here's Walter in his bravery, so proud—and well he may!
Dear fellow! but he's handsome now, the bitterest tongue must say.
As stern as any lion in the battle-field is he;
Now gentle as a mother young with her infant on her knee:
Sure from the fiercest enemy he'll never flinch nor fly.
Look, Lily, from the lattice look! How gayly they go by!

"Nay, how the sturdy ringers make the old belfry reel!
There's triumph and there's welcome home in every lusty peal;
And see the girls with garlands, a mad and merry crowd,
And the old folk swarming to their doors and thanking Heaven aloud,
And the little tottering children, who clap their hands and cry,
'Hurrah! the glorious victory! The gallant Twelfth go by!'

"I can bide here no longer: I'll down into the street;
Oh, not in that thronged noisy place should such as we two meet;
And he's as fond and faithful as when by yonder stile
I wept and blessed and bade him go: I know it by his smile
As he looked up to the window with proud and glistening eye.
Come quick, my true and bravest love, before of joy I die."

She ceased her song. Hark! footsteps on the stair,
And well-known voices pleading at the door.
"Ah, truant! why so long?" That maiden fair
Greets one withal, too blest to gaze once more
On his pale brow. Her sister doth not care
Her soldier-love to chide, but with an air
Half grave authority, half mockery sweet,
Signs the proud man to sit, a suppliant, at her feet.

LITERARY SOUVENIR.

THE LOVER'S CHOICE.

SWEET, I blame you not, for mine the fault was: had I not been made of common clay,
I had climbed the higher heights unclimbed yet, seen the fuller air, the larger day.

From the wildness of my wasted passion I had struck a better, clearer song,
Lit some lighter light of freer freedom, battled with some Hydra-headed wrong.

Had my lips been smitten into music by the kisses that but made them bleed,
You had walked with Bicè and the angels on that verdant and enamelled mead.

I had trod the road which Dante treading
saw the suns of seven circles shine;
Ay! perchance had seen the heavens opening as they opened to the Florentine.

And the mighty nations would have crowned me, who am crownless now and without name,
And some orient dawn had found me kneeling on the threshold of the house of fame.

I had sat within that marble circle where the oldest bard is as the young,
And the pipe is ever dropping honey, and the lyre's strings are ever strung,

Keats had lifted up his hymenæal curls from out the poppy-seeded wine,
With ambrosial mouth had kissed my forehead, clasped the hand of noble love in mine.

And at springtide, when the apple-blossoms brush the burnished bosom of the dove,
Two young lovers lying in an orchard would have read the story of our love—

Would have read the legend of my passion, known the bitter secret of my heart,
Kissed as we have kissed, but never parted as we two are fated now to part;

For the crimson flower of our life is eaten by the canker-worm of truth,
And no hand can gather up the fallen withered petals of the rose of youth.

Yet I am not sorry that I loved you—ah! what else had I, a boy, to do?—
For the hungry teeth of Time devour, and the silent-footed years pursue.

Rudderless we drift athwart a tempest; and when once the storm of youth is past,
Without lyre, without lute or chorus, Death, a silent pilot, comes at last.

And within the grave there is no pleasure, for the blindworm battens on the root,
And desire shudders into ashes, and the tree of Passion bears no fruit.

Ah! what else had I to do but love you? God's own mother was less dear to me,
And less dear the Cytheræan rising like an argent lily from the sea.

I have made my choice, have lived my poems, and, though youth is gone in wasted days,
I have found the lover's crown of myrtle better than the poet's crown of bays.

OSCAR WILDE.

WHERE IS YOUR HAME, MY BONNIE BIRD?

"WHERE is your hame, my bonnie bird
That sings the lee-lang day,
And wherefore chant ye wi' a voice
Sae lightsome an' sae gay?
Wha is't that hears the merry peal
Your sweet voice pours amain,
And wha's the bird on yonder bough
That answering sings again?"—
"I hae a bonnie hame, gudewife—
A hame on yonder tree—
An' it's my sweet mate fra out her nest
That sings again to me.
An' oh, I chant the lee-lang day
That my bonnie mate may hear,
An' the callow young aneath her wing
May ken that I am near."—

"Whence do ye come, my bonnie hound,
  Wi' footstep like the fawn,
An' whither, whither hae ye been
  Sin I missed ye at the dawn?
Oh, did ye gae the game to track
  Or hear the laverock sing,
Or did ye gae the deer to chase
  Or plover on the wing?"—
"Oh, I hae been to the field, gudewife,
  Where the warriors brave are sleeping,
And sadly ower each clay-cauld breast
  Their little ones are weeping.
I didna track the fallow-deer
  Nor chase the wingèd prey,
But I drove the vulture frae the dead
  An' scared the wolf away."—

"And why gae ye sae sad, my heart,
  An' fill the woods wi' sighing,
An' why think ye o' the battle-field
  Where the clay-cauld dead are lying?
An' why beneath the auld aik tree
  Do ye pour the saut, saut tear,
An' aye alane mak dolesome mane
  An' groan when nane are near?"—
"Oh, I maun greet, thou waefu' soul,
  An' oh, but I maun mourn,
And ever pour the saut, saut tears
  For them that ne'er return.
Three lie on yonder battle-field,
  An' twa 'neath yonder tree:
O' five braw sons that I hae borne,
  Nane, nane is left to me."

MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

'TWAS far beyond yon mountains, dear,
  We plighted vows of love;
The ocean-wave was at our feet,
  The autumn sky above;
The pebbly shore was covered o'er
  With many a varied shell,
And on the billow's curling spray
  The sunbeams glittering fell.
The storm has vexed that billow oft,
  And oft that sun has set,
But plighted love remains with us
  In peace and lustre yet.

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt
  That bashful love might speak
Where none could hear what love revealed
  Or see the crimson cheek;
The shore was all deserted
  And we wandered there alone,
And not a human step impressed
  The sand-beach but our own.
The footsteps all have vanished
  From the willow-beaten strand;
The vows we breathed remain with us:
  They were not traced in sand.

Far, far we left the seagirt shore
  Endeared by childhood's dream
To seek the humble cot that smiled
  By fair Ohio's stream;
In vain the mountain-cliff opposed,
  The mountain-torrent roared,
For Love unfurled her silken wing
  And o'er each barrier soared;
And many a wide domain we passed,
  And many an ample dome,
But none so blessed, so dear, to us
  As wedded love's first home.

Beyond those mountains now are all
  That e'er we loved or knew—
The long-remembered many
  And the dearly-cherished few;
The home of her we value
  And the grave of him we mourn

Are there, and there is all the past
  To which the heart can turn.
But dearer scenes surround us here,
  And lovelier joys we trace,
For here is wedded love's first home,
  Its hallowed resting-place.

JAMES HALL.

FAREWELL.

DEFILÈD is my name full sore,
  Through cruel spite and false report,
That I may say, for evermore,
  Farewell, my joy! adieu, comfort!
For wrongfully ye judge of me—
  Unto my fame a mortal wound;
Say what ye list, it will not be:
  Ye seek for that cannot be found.

O Death, rock me on sleep;
  Bring me a quiet rest;
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
  Out of my carefull breast.
Toll on the passing-bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let the sound my death tell,
  For I must die:
  There is no remedy,
  For now I die.

My paines who can express?
  Alas! they are so strong
My dolour will not suffer strength
  My life for to prolong.
Toll on the passing-bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let the sound my death tell,
  For I must die:
  There is no remedy,
  For now I die.

Alone in prison strong,
  I wail my destiny;
Woe worth this cruel hap that I
  Should taste this misery!
Toll on the passing-bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let the sound my death tell,
  For I must die:
  There is no remedy,
  For now I die.

Farewell, my pleasures past;
  Welcome, my present pain;
I feel my torments so increase
  That life cannot remain.
Cease now the passing-bell,
Rung is my doleful knell,
For the sound my death doth tell.
  Death doth draw nigh:
  Sound my end dolefully,
  For now I die.

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN.

DISCONTENT.

DRY those fair, those crystal, eyes,
  Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks: grief's suller brooks
Would better flow in furrowed looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain,
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

WILLIAM KING.

LUCRETIUS.

TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS was born about B. C. 95, at Rome, and educated at Athens. He destroyed himself in his forty-fourth year, and his poem was produced to the world under the auspices and revision of Cicero. His contempt of the pagan polytheism indicates a penetrating understanding and a strong moral sense: it was by a natural revulsion of the human mind that he turned from such gods as those of paganism—

> Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
> Whose attributes were rage, revenge or lust.

As a didactic poet and reasoner in verse there is no writer, with the exception of Pope, who can be compared with Lucretius.

PRIMITIVE MANKIND.

FROM THE LATIN OF TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS.

Then hardier, as beseemed, the race of earth,
Since the hard ground had ushered them to birth;
More vast their solid bones, and firm within
Were strung the nerves that branched beneath their skin.
No change of skies impaired that giant mould,
Proof 'gainst the heat and braced to feel the cold;
No unknown ailment their frames diseased,
No plagues infectious on their bodies seized;
While rolling lustres round the heavens had fled,
Wild as the beasts their wandering lives they led.
No swain robust had turned with guiding hand
The crooked plough, no iron delved the land;
None then to set the tender sapling knew
Or from tall trees the withered branches hew
What earth spontaneous gave, and sun and shower
Matured, sufficed them for the passing hour;
'Midst oaks whose rustling mast bestrewed the ground
Nourished they lay, their feasts with acorns crowned.
Then wintry arbutes, that allure the sight,
With blushing hue of ripened scarlet bright;
Earth poured more plenteous and of ampler size,
For the new world, in fresh varieties,
Blossomed with genial fruits, abundant then
To sate the wants of miserable men.
Rivers and fountains with their gurgling sound
Called them to slake their thirst in crowds around.
Nor fire to them its uses had revealed,
Nor did the skins of beasts a vesture yield;
With uncouth limbs they crouched in mountain-cave,
Or groves and woodland glens a shelter gave,
And close in thickets, till the storm were past,
They shunned the pelting shower and beating blast.
No common weal the human tribe allied;
Bound by no laws, by no fixed morals tied,
Each snatched the booty which his fortune brought,
And, wise in instinct, each his welfare sought.
With wondrous force of feet and hands endued,
They the wild race of woodland beasts pursued;
With missile stones and ponderous clubs opprest,
Full many fell: deep lairs concealed the rest

And when the chase was done, in night's dark shade,
Like bristly boars beneath the forest laid,
They stretched their naked limbs upon the ground,
With broken boughs and leaves enveloped round.
No cause was left for distrust or amaze
Lest when the sun withdrew his fading rays
For ever sink the glory of his light
And earth be wrapped in one eternal night.
The shaggy boar or lion, rushing nigh,
Would force them from their rocky cells to fly,
Quit to their savage guests the leaf-strewn bed
And face the storm of night with bare unsheltered head;
Nor then did more forsake life's pleasing ray
Than perish now with swiftly-gliding day.
Yet then no bannered hosts, by thousands led,
In one short day were mingled with the dead;
Yet then no turbid seas with whirlpool shock
Dashed men and ships upon the sunken rock.
Then dearth would oft the pining frame consume:
Now bloated plenty sinks us to the tomb;
Then for themselves would simple men infuse
Herbs in their cups that reeked with deadly dews:
For others now with meditated skill
The hands of man the venomed juice distil.

PHILIP AND ALEXANDER.

FROM THE LATIN OF M. JUNIANUS JUSTINUS (ABOUT B. C. 250).

PHILIP took more pains and had more pleasure in the preparation of a battle than in the arrangement of a feast. Money was with him only a sinew of war. He knew better how to acquire riches than how to preserve them, and, living on plunder, was always poor. It cost him no more to pardon than to deceive. His conversation was sweet and alluring. He was prodigal of promises, which he did not keep, and, whether he were serious or gay, he had always a design at the bottom. His constant maxim was to caress those whom he hated, to instigate quarrels between those who loved him, and separately to flatter each party whom he had alienated from the other. He was possessed of eloquence, had a ready apprehension and a graceful delivery. He had for his successor his son Alexander, who had greater virtues and greater vices than himself. Both triumphed over their enemies, although by different means. The one employed open force only; the other had recourse to artifice. The one congratulated himself when he had deceived his enemies; the other, when he had conquered them. Philip had more policy; Alexander, more dignity. The father knew how to dissemble his rage, and sometimes to conquer it; the son in his vengeance knew neither delay nor bounds. Both loved wine too well, but drunkenness, which opens the heart, produced different effects in them. Philip in going from a feast went to seek for danger and exposed himself with temerity; Alexander turned his rage against the associates of his revelry. The one often returned from battle covered with wounds received from his enemies; the other rose from table defiled with the blood of his friends. The father wished to be loved; the son desired only to be feared. Both cultivated letters—the former through policy, the latter through taste.

VIOLET TEMPEST.

I.

LOVE AND WAR.

THEY were all back at the Abbey House again early in June, and Vixen breathed more freely in her sweet native air. How dear, how doubly beautiful, everything seemed to her after even so brief an exile! But it was a grief to have missed the apple-bloom and the bluebells. The woods were putting on their ripe summer beauty; the beeches had lost the first freshness of their tender green; the amber glory of the young oak-leaves was over; the last of the primroses had paled and faded among the spreading bracken; masses of snowy hawthorn bloom gleamed white amidst the woodland shadows: bean-fields in full bloom filled the air with delicate odors; the summer winds swept across the long lush grass in the meadows, beautiful with ever-varying lights and shadows; families of sturdy black piglings were grubbing on the waste turf beside every road, and the forest-fly was getting strong upon the wing. The depths of Mark Ash were dark at noontide under their roof of foliage.

Vixen revelled in the summer weather. She was out from morning till evening, on foot or on horseback, sketching or reading in some solitary corner of the woods, with Argus for her companion and guardian. It was an idle, purposeless existence for a young woman to lead, no doubt, but Violet Tempest knew of no better thing that life offered for her to do. Neither her mother nor Captain Carmichael interfered with her liberty. The captain had his own occupations and amusements, and his wife was given up to frivolities which left no room in her mind for anxiety about her only daughter. So long as Violet looked fresh and pretty at the breakfast-table and was nicely dressed in the evening, Mrs. Carmichael thought that all was well, or, at least, as well as it ever could be with a girl who had been so besotted as to refuse a wealthy young nobleman. So Vixen went her own way, and nobody cared. She seemed to have a passion for solitude, and avoided even her old friends the Scobels, who had made themselves odious by their championship of Lord Mallow.

The London season was at its height when the Carmichaels went back to Hampshire. The Dovedales were to be at Kensington till the beginning of July, with Mr. Vawdrey in attendance upon them. He had rooms in Ebury street, and had assumed an urban air which in Vixen's opinion made him execrable.

"I can't tell you how hateful you look in lavender gloves and a high hat," she said to him one day in Clarges street.

"I dare say I look more natural dressed like a gamekeeper," he answered, lightly; "I was born so. As for the high hat, you can't hate it more than I do; and I have

always considered gloves a foolishness on a level with pigtails and hair-powder."

Vixen had been wandering in her old haunts for something less than a fortnight, when, on one especially fine morning, she mounted Arion directly after breakfast and started on one of her rambles, with the faithful Bates in attendance to open gates or to pull her out of bogs if needful. Upon this point Mrs. Carmichael was strict. Violet might ride when and where she pleased, since these meanderings in the Forest were so great a pleasure to her, but she must never ride without a groom.

On this particular morning Vixen was in a thoughtful mood and Arion was lazy. She let him walk at a leisurely pace under the beeches of Gretnam Wood and through the quiet paths of the New Park plantations. He came slowly out into Queen's Bower, tossing his delicate head and sniffing the summer air. The streamlets were rippling gayly in the noontide sun; far off on the yellow common a solitary angler was whipping the stream—quite an unusual figure in the lonely landscape. A delicious slumberous quiet reigned over all the scene. Vixen was lost in thought, Bates was dreaming, when a horse's hoofs came up stealthily beside Arion, and a manly voice startled the sultry stillness.

"I've got rid of the high hat for this year, and I'm my own man again," said the voice; and then a strong brown hand was laid upon Vixen's glove and swallowed up her slender fingers in its warm grasp.

"When did you come back?" she asked as soon as their friendly greetings were over and Arion had reconciled himself to the companionship of Mr. Vawdrey's hack.

"Late last night."

"And have the duchess and her people come back to Ashbourne?"

"*Pas si bête.* The duchess and her people—meaning Mabel—have engagements six deep for the next month: breakfasts, lawn-parties, music, art, science, horticulture, dancing, archery, every form of laborious amusement that the genius of man has invented. One of our modern sages has said that life would be tolerable but for its amusements; I am of that wise man's opinion. Fashionable festivities are my aversion, so I told Mabel frankly that I found my good spirits being crushed out of me by the weight of too much pleasure, and that I must come home to look after my farm. The dear old duke recognized that duty immediately, and gave me all sorts of messages and admonitions for his bailiff."

"And you are really free to do what you like for a month?" exclaimed Vixen, naively. "Poor Rorie! how glad you must be!"

"My liberty is of even greater extent. I am free till the middle of August, when I am to join the Dovedales in Scotland. Later, I suppose, the duke will go to Baden, or to some newly-discovered fountain in the Black Forest. He could not exist for a twelvemonth without German waters."

"And after that there will be a wedding, I suppose?" said Violet.

She felt as if called upon to say something of this kind. She wanted Rorie to know that she recognized his position as an engaged man. She hated talking about the business, but she felt somehow that this was incumbent upon her.

"I suppose so," answered Rorie; "a man must be married once in his life. The sooner

he gets the ceremony over, the better. My engagement has hung fire, rather. There is always a kind of flatness about the thing between cousins, I dare say. Neither of us is in a hurry. Mabel has so many ideas and occupations, from orchids to Greek choruses."

"She is very clever," said Vixen.

"She is clever and good, and I am very proud of her," answered Rorie, loyally.

He felt as if he were walking on the brink of a precipice, and that it needed all his care to steer clear of the edge.

After this there was no more said about Lady Mabel. Vixen and Rorie rode on happily side by side, as wholly absorbed in each other as Lancelot and Guinevere when the knight brought the lady home through the smiling land, in the glad boyhood of the year, by tinkling rivulet and shadowy covert and twisted ivy and spreading chestnut fans, and with no more thought of Lady Mabel than those two had of King Arthur.

It was the first of many such rides in the fair June weather. Vixen and Rorie were always meeting in that sweet pathless entanglement of oak and beech and holly where the cattle-line of the spreading branches was just high enough to clear Vixen's coquettish little hat, or in the long, straight fir plantations where the light was darkened even at noonday, and where the slumberous stillness was broken only by the hum of summer flies. It was hardly possible, it seemed to Violet, for two people to be always riding in the Forest without meeting each other very often. Various as the paths are, they all cross somewhere; and what more natural than to see Rorie's brown horse trotting calmly along the grass by the wayside at the first bend of the road? They made no appointments, or were not conscious of making any; but they always met. There was a fatality about it; yet neither Rorie nor Violet ever seemed surprised at this persistence of fate. They were always glad to see each other; they had always a world to tell each other. If the earth had been newly made every day, with a new set of beings to people it, those two could hardly have had more to say.

"Darned if I can tell what our young miss and Muster Vawdrey can find to talk about," said honest old Bates over his dish of tea in the servants' hall, "but their tongues ha' never done wagging."

Sometimes Miss Tempest and Mr. Vawdrey went to the kennels together and idled away an hour with the hounds, while their horses stood at ease with their bridles looped round the five-barred gate, their heads hanging lazily over the topmost bar, and their big soft eyes dreamily contemplating the opposite pine-wood with that large capacity for perfect idleness common to their species. Bates was chewing a straw and swinging his hunting-crop somewhere in attendance. He went with his young mistress everywhere and played the part of the "dragon of prudery placed within call," but he was a very amiable dragon and nobody minded him. Had it come into the minds of Rorie and Vixen to elope, Bates would not have barred their way. Indeed, he would have been very glad to elope with them himself. The restricted license of the Abbey House had no charm for him.

Whither were those two drifting in the happy summer weather, lulled by the whisper of forest leaves faintly stirred by the soft

south wind, or by the low murmur of the forest river stealing on its stealthy course under overarching boughs, mysterious as that wondrous river in Kubla Khan's dream, and anon breaking suddenly out into a clamor loud enough to startle Arion as the waters came leaping and bawling over the shining moss-green bowlders? Where were these happy comrades going as they rode side by side under the glancing lights and waving shadows? Everybody knows what became of Lancelot and Guinevere after that famous ride of theirs. What of these two who rode together day after day in sun and shower, who loitered and lingered in every loveliest nook in the forest, who had the same tastes, the same ideas, the same loves, the same dislikes? Neither dared ask that question. They took the happiness fate gave them, and sought not to lift the veil of the future. Each was utterly and unreasonably happy, and each knew very well this deep and entire happiness was to last no longer than the long summer days and the dangling balls of blossoms on the beechen boughs. Before the new tufts on the fir branches had lost their early green this midsummer dream would be over. It was to be brief as a schoolboy's holiday.

What was the good of being so happy only to be so much the more miserable afterward? A sensible young woman might have asked herself that question, but Violet Tempest did not. Her intentions were pure as the innocent light shining out of her hazel eyes—a gaze frank, direct and fearless as a child's. She had no idea of tempting Roderick to be false to his vows. Had Lady Mabel, with her orchids and Greek plays, been alone in question, Violet might have thought of the matter more lightly, but filial duty was involved in Rorie's fidelity to his betrothed. He had promised his mother on her deathbed. That was a promise not to be broken.

One day—a day for ever to be remembered by Vixen and Rorie, a day that stood out in the foreground of memory's picture awfully distinct from the dreamy happiness that went before it—these two old friends prolonged their ride even later than usual. The weather was the loveliest that ever blessed their journeyings, the sky Italian, the west wind just fresh enough to fan their cheeks and faintly stir the green feathers of the ferns that grew breast-high on each side of the narrow track. The earth gave forth her subtlest perfumes under the fire of the midsummer sun. From Boldrewood the distant heights and valleys had an Alpine look in the clear bright air, the woods rising line above line in the far distance, in every shade of color, from deepest umber to emerald-green, from darkest purple to translucent azure, yonder where the farthest line of azure met the sunlit sky. From Stony Cross the vast stretch of wood and moor lay basking in the warm vivid light, the yellow of the dwarf furze flashing in golden patches amidst the first bloom of the crimson heather. The southern corner of Hampshire was a glorious world to live in on such a day as this. Violet and her cavalier thought so as their horses cantered up and down the smooth stretch of turf in front of the Forester's Inn.

"I don't know what has come to Arion," said Vixen as she checked her eager horse in his endeavor to break into a mad gallop. "I think he must be what Scotch people call 'fey.'"

"And pray what may that mean?" asked Rorie, who was like the young lady made famous by Sydney Smith: what he did not know would have made a big book.

"Why, I believe it means that in certain moments of life, just before the coming of a great sorrow, people are wildly gay. Sometimes a man who is doomed to die breaks out into uproarious mirth, till his friends wonder at him. Haven't you noticed that sometimes, in the accounts of suicides, the suicide's friends declare that he was in excellent spirits the night before he blew out his brains?"

"Then I hope I'm not 'fey,'" said Rorie, "for I feel uncommonly jolly."

"It's only the earth and sky that make us feel happy," sighed Violet, with a sudden touch of seriousness. "It is but an outside happiness, after all."

"Perhaps not; but it's very good of its kind."

They went far afield that day—as far as the yews of Sloden; and the sun was low in the west when Vixen wished her knight good-bye and walked her horse down the last long glade that led to the Abbey House. She was very serious now, and felt that she had transgressed a little by the length of her ride. Poor Bates had gone without his dinner, and that dismal yawn of his just now doubtless indicated a painful vacuity of the inner man. Rorie and she were able to live upon air and sunshine, the scent of the clover and the freshness of the earth, but Bates was of the lower type of humanity, which requires to be sustained by beef and beer, and for Bates this day of sylvan bliss had been perhaps a period of deprivation and suffering.

Violet had been accustomed to be at home and freshly dressed in time for Mrs. Carmichael's afternoon tea. She had to listen to the accumulated gossip of the day—complaints about the servants, praises of Conrad, speculations upon impending changes of fashion which threatened to convulse the world over which Theodore presided, for the world of fashion seems ever on the verge of a crisis awful as that which periodically disrupts the French Chamber.

To have been absent from afternoon tea was a breach of filial duty which the mild Pamela would assuredly resent. Violet felt herself doomed to one of those gentle lectures which were worrying as the perpetual dropping of rain. She was very late—dreadfully late: the dressing-bell rang as she rode into the stable-yard. Not caring to show herself at the porch lest her mother and the captain should be sitting in the hall ready to pronounce judgment upon her misconduct, she ran quickly up to her dressing-room, plunged her face in cold water, shook out her bright hair, brushed and plaited the long tresses with deft, swift fingers, put on her pretty dinner-dress of pale-blue muslin fluttering all over with pale-blue bows, and went smiling down to the drawing-room like a new Hebe dressed in an azure cloud.

Mrs. Carmichael was sitting by an open window, while the captain stood outside and talked to her in a low, confidential voice. His face had a dark look which Vixen knew and hated, and his wife was listening with trouble in her air and countenance. Vixen, who meant to have marched straight up to her mother and made her apologies, drew back involuntarily at the sight of those two faces.

Just at this moment the dinner-bell rang. The captain gave his wife his arm, and the two passed Vixen without a word. She followed them to the dining-room, wondering what was coming.

The dinner began in silence, and then Mrs. Carmichael began to falter forth small remarks feeble as the twittering of birds before the coming storm. How very warm it had been all day! almost oppressive; and yet it had been a remarkably fine day. There was a fair at Emery Down—at least, not exactly a fair, but a barrow of nuts and some horrid pistols and a swing. Violet answered, as in duty bound, but the captain maintained his ominous silence. Not a word was said about Violet's long ride. It seemed hardly necessary to apologize for her absence, since her mother made no complaint. Yet she felt that there was a storm coming.

"Perhaps he is going to sell Arion," she thought, "and that is why the dear thing was 'fey.'"

And then that rebellious spirit of hers arose within her, ready for war:

"No, I would not endure that; I would not part with my father's last gift. I shall be rich seven years hence, if I live so long. I'll do what the young spendthrifts do: I'll go to the Jews. I will not be Captain Carmichael's helot. One slave is enough for him, I should think. He has enslaved poor mamma. Look at her now, poor soul! She sits in bodily fear of him, crumbing her bread with her pretty fingers shining and sparkling with rings. Poor mamma! it is a bad day for her when fine dresses and handsome jewels cannot make her happy."

It was a miserable dinner. Those three were not wont to be gay when they sat at meat together, but the dinner of to-day was of a gloomier pattern than usual. The strawberries and cherries were carried round solemnly; the captain filled his glass with claret; Mrs. Carmichael dipped the ends of her fingers into the turquoise-colored glass and disseminated a faint odor of roses.

"I think I'll go and sit in the garden, Conrad," she said, when she had dried those tapering fingers on her fringed doyley. "It's so warm in the house."

"Do, dear; I'll come and smoke my cigar on the lawn presently," answered the captain.

"Can't you come at once, love?"

"I've a little bit of business to settle first. I won't be long."

Mrs. Carmichael kissed her hand to her husband and left the room, followed by Vixen.

"Violet," she said, when they were outside, "how could you stay out so long? Conrad is dreadfully angry."

"Your husband angry because I rode a few miles farther to-day than usual? Dear mother, that is too absurd. I was sorry not to be at home in time to give you your afternoon tea, and I apologize to you with all my heart; but what can it matter to Captain Carmichael?"

"My dearest Violet, when will you understand that Conrad stands in the place of your dear father?"

"Never, mamma, for that is not true. God gave me one father, and I loved and honored him with all my heart. There is no sacrifice he could have asked of me that I would not have made—no command of his, however difficult, that I would not have obeyed. But I will obey no spuri-

ous father. I recognize no duty that I owe to Captain Carmichael."

"You are a very cruel girl," wailed Pamela, "and your obstinacy is making my life miserable."

"Dear mother, how do I interfere with your happiness? You live your life, and I mine. You and Captain Carmichael take your own way, I mine. Is it a crime to be out riding a little longer than usual, that you should look so pale and the captain so black when I come home?"

"It is worse than a crime, Violet: it is an impropriety."

Vixen blushed crimson and turned upon her mother with an expression that was half startled, half indignant:

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"Had you been riding about the Forest all those hours alone, it would have been eccentric, unladylike—masculine even. You know that your habit of passing half your existence on horseback has always been a grief to me. But you were not alone."

"No, mamma; I was not alone. I had my oldest friend with me—one of the few people in this big world who care for me."

"You were riding about with Roderick Vawdrey, Lady Mabel Ashbourne's future husband."

"Why do you remind me of his engagement, mamma? Do you think that Roderick and I have ever forgotten it? Can he not be my friend as well as Lady Mabel's husband? Am I to forget that he and I played together as children, that we have always thought of each other and cared for each other as brother and sister, only because he is engaged to Lady Mabel Ashbourne?"

"Violet, you must know that all talk about brother and sister is sheer nonsense. Suppose I had set up brother and sister with Captain Carmichael. What would you—what would the world—have thought?"

"That would have been different," said Vixen. "You did not know each other as babies. In fact, you couldn't have done so, for you had left off being a baby before he was born," added Vixen, naively.

"You will have to put a stop to these rides with Roderick. Everybody in the neighborhood is talking about you."

"Which everybody?"

"Colonel Carteret, to begin with."

"Colonel Carteret slanders everybody; it is his only intellectual resource. Dearest mother, be your own sweet easy-tempered self, not a speaking-tube for Captain Carmichael. Pray leave me my liberty. I am not particularly happy; you might at least let me be free."

Violet left her mother with these words. They had reached the lawn before the drawing-room windows. Mrs. Carmichael sank into a low basket-chair like a hall-porter's, which a friend had sent her from the sands of Trouville, and Vixen ran off to the stables to see if Arion was in any way the worse for his long round.

The horses had been littered down for the night and the stable-yard was empty. The faithful Bates, who was usually to be found at this hour smoking his evening pipe on a stone bench beside the stable pump, was nowhere in sight. Vixen went into Arion's loose box, where that animal was nibbling clover lazily, standing knee-deep in freshly spread straw, his fine legs carefully bandaged. He gave his mistress the usual grunt of friendly greeting, allowed her to

feed him with the choicest bits of clover, and licked her hands in token of gratitude.

"I don't think you're any the worse for our canter over the grass, old pet," she cried, cheerily, as she caressed his sleek head, "and Captain Carmichael's black looks can't hurt you."

As she left the stable she saw Bates, who was walking slowly across the court-yard, wiping his honest old eyes with the cuff of his drab coat and hanging his grizzled head dejectedly.

Vixen ran to him with her cheeks aflame, divining mischief. The captain had been wreaking his spite upon this lowly head.

"What's the matter, Bates?"

"I've lived in this house, Miss Voylet, man and boy, forty year come Michaelmas, and I've never wronged my master by so much as the worth o' a handful o' wuts or a carriage candle. I was stable-boy in your grandfeyther's time, miss, as is well beknown to you, and I remember your feyther when he was the finest and handsomest young squire within fifty mile. I've loved you and yours better than I ever loved my own flesh and blood, and to go and pluck me up by the roots and chuck me out amongst strangers in my old age is crueller than it would be to tear up the old cedar on the lawn, which I've heard Joe the gardener say be as old as the day when such-like trees were fust beknown in England. It's crueller, Miss Voylet, for the cedar ain't got no feelings, but I feel it down to the deepest fibres in me. The lawn ud look ugly and empty without the cedar and mayhap nobody'll miss me, but I've got the heart of a man, miss, and it bleeds."

Poor Bates relieved his wounded feelings with this burst of eloquence. He was a man who, although silent in his normal condition, had a great deal to say when he felt aggrieved. In his present state of mind his only solace was in many words.

"I don't know what you mean, Bates," cried Vixen, very pale now, divining the truth in part, if not wholly. "Don't cry, dear old fellow; it's too dreadful to see you. You don't mean—you can't mean—that my mother has sent you away?"

"Not your ma, miss, bless her heart! She wouldn't sack the servant that saddled her husband's horse, fair weather and foul, for twenty year. No, Miss Voylet, it's Captain Carmichael that's given me the sack. He's master here now, you know, miss."

"But for what reason? What have you done to offend him?"

"Ah, miss, there's the hardship of it! He's turned me off at a minute's notice, and without a character too. That's hard, isn't it, miss? Forty year in one service, and to leave without a character at last! That do cut a old fellow to the quick."

"Why don't you tell me the reason, Bates? Captain Carmichael must have given you his reason for such a cruel act."

"He did, miss, but I ain't going to tell you."

"Why not, in goodness's name?"

"Because it's an insult to you, Miss Voylet, and I am not going to insult my old master's granddaughter. If I don't love you for your own sake—and I do dearly love you, miss, if you'll excuse the liberty—I'm bound to love you for the sake of your grandfeyther. He was my first master, and a kind one. He gave me my first pair o' tops. Lor, miss, I

can call to mind the day as well as if it was yesterday. Didn't I fancy myself a buck in 'em!"

Bates grinned and sparkled at the thought of those first top-boots. His poor old eyes, dim with years of long service, twinkled with the memory of those departed vanities.

"Bates," cried Vixen, looking at him resolutely, "I insist upon knowing what reason Captain Carmichael alleged for sending you away."

"He didn't allege nothing, miss, and I ain't a-going to tell you what he said."

"But you must. I order you to tell me; you are still my servant, remember. You have always been a faithful servant, and I am sure you won't disobey me at the last. I insist upon knowing what Captain Carmichael said; however insulting his words may have been to me, they will not surprise me or wound me much. There is no love lost between him and me; I think everybody knows that. Don't be afraid of giving me pain, Bates. Nothing the captain could say would do that: I despise him too much."

"I'm right down glad o' that, miss. Go on a-despising of him. You can't give it him as thick as he deserves."

"Now, Bates, what did he say?"

"He said I was a fool, miss, or a old rogue, he weren't quite clear in his mind which. I'd been actin' as go-between with you and Mr. Vawdrey, encouragin' of you to meet the young gentleman in your rides, and never givin' the cap'en warnin', as your stepfeyther, of what was goin' on behind his back. He said it was shameful, and you was makin' yourself the talk of the county, and I was no better than I should be for aidin' and abettin' of you in disgracin' yourself. And then I blazed up a bit, miss, and maybe I cheeked him; and then he turned upon me sharp and short and told me to get out of the house this night, bag and baggage, and never to apply to him for a character; and then he counted out my wages on the table, miss, up to this evening, except to a halfpenny, by way of showing me that he meant business, perhaps. But I came away and left his brass upon the table staring him in the face. I ain't no pauper, praise be to God! I've had a good place and I've saved money, and I needn't lower myself by taking his dirty halfpence."

"And you're going away to-night!" exclaimed Vixen, hardly able to realize this calamity.

That Captain Carmichael should have spoken insultingly of her and of Rorie touched her but lightly—she had spoken truly just now when she said that she scorned him too much to be easily wounded by his insolence—but that he should dismiss her father's old servant as he had sold her father's old horse, that this good old man who had grown from boyhood to age under her ancestral roof, who remembered her father in the bloom and glory of early youth, that this faithful servant should be thrust out at the bidding of an interloper, a paltry schemer, who in Vixen's estimation had been actuated by the basest and most mercenary motives when he married her mother,—that these things should be, moved Violet Tempest with an overwhelming anger. She kept her passion under so far as to speak very calmly to Bates. Her face was white with suppressed rage, her great brown eyes

shone with angry fire, her lips quivered as she spoke, and the rings on one clinched hand were ground into the flesh of the slender fingers.

"Never mind, Bates," she cried, very gently; "I'll get you a good place before ten o'clock to-night. Pack up your clothes and be ready to go where I tell you two hours hence. But first saddle Arion."

"Bless your heart, Miss Voylet, you're not going out riding this evening? Arion's done a long day's work."

"I know that, but he's fresh enough to do as much more: I've just been looking at him. Saddle him at once, and keep him ready in his stable till I come for him. Don't argue, Bates. If I knew that I were going to ride him to death, I should ride him to-night all the same. You are dismissed without a character, are you?" cried Vixen, laughing bitterly. "Never mind, Bates; I'll give you a character, and I'll get you a place."

She ran lightly off and was gone, while Bates stood stock-still, wondering at her. There never was such a young lady. What was there in life that he would not have done for her, were it to the shedding of blood? And to think that he was no more to serve and follow her, no longer to jog contentedly through the pine-scented forest, watching the meteoric course of that graceful figure in front of him, the lively young horse curbed by the light and dextrous hand, the ruddy brown hair glittering in the sunlight, the flexible form moving in unison with every motion of the horse that carried it! There could be no deeper image of desolation in Bates's mind than the idea that this rider and this horse were henceforth to be severed from his existence. What had he in life save the familiar things and faces among which he had grown from youth to age? Separate him from these beloved surroundings, and he had no standpoint in the universe. The reason of his being would be gone. Bates was as strictly local in his ideas as the zoophyte which has clung all its life to one rock. He went to the harness-room for Miss Tempest's well-worn saddle and brought Arion out of his snug box, and wisped him and combed him, and blacked his shoes, and made him altogether lovely—a process to which the intelligent animal was inclined to take objection, the hour being unseemly and unusual. He had scarcely finished Arion's toilet when Miss Tempest opened the stable door and looked in, ready to mount. She had her hunting-crop, with the strong horn hook for opening gates, her short habit, and looked altogether ready for business.

"Hadn't I better come with you, miss?" Bates asked as he lifted her into her saddle.

"No, Bates; you are dismissed, you know. It wouldn't do for you to take one of Captain Carmichael's horses; he might have you sent to prison for horse-stealing."

"Lord, miss, so he might," said Bates, grinning; "I reckon he's capable of it. But I cheeked him pretty strong, Miss Voylet. The thought o' that'll always be a comfort to me. You wouldn't hav' knowed me for your feyther's old sarvant if you'd heard me. I felt as if Satan had got hold o' my tongue and was wagging it for me, the words came so pat. It seemed as if I'd got all the dictionary at the tip of my poor old tongue."

"Open the gate," said Vixen; "I am going out by the wilderness."

Bates opened the gate under the old brick archway, and Vixen rode slowly away by unfrequented thickets of rhododendron and arbutus, holly and laurel, with a tall mountain-ash or a stately deodora rising up among them here and there, dark against the opal evening sky.

It was a lovely evening. The crescent moon rode high above the tree-tops; the sunset was still red in the west. The secret depths of the wood gave forth their subtle perfume in the cool, calm air. The birds were singing in suppressed and secret tones among the low branches. Now and then a bat skimmed across the open glade and melted into the woodland darkness, or a rabbit flitted past, gray and ghost-like. It was an hour when the woods assumed an awful beauty. Not to meet ghosts seemed stranger than to meet them. The shadows of the dead would have been in harmony with the mystic loveliness of this green solitude—a world remote from the track of men.

Even to-night, though her heart was swelling with indignant pain, Violet felt all the beauty of these familiar scenes. They were a part of her life, and so long as she lived she must love and rejoice in them. To-night, as she rode quietly along, careful not to hurry Arion after his long day's work, she looked around her with eyes full of deep love and melancholy yearning. It seemed to her to-night that out of all that had been sweet and lovely in her life only these forest scenes remained. Humanity had not been kind to her. The dear father had been snatched away just when she had grown to the height of his stout heart, and had fullest comprehension of his love and greatest need of his protection. Her mother was a gentle, smiling puppet to whom it were vain to appeal in her necessities. Her mother's husband was an implacable enemy. Rorie, the friend of her childhood, who might have been so much, had given himself to another. She was quite alone.

"The charcoal-burner in Mark Ash is not so solitary as I am," thought Vixen, bitterly. "Charcoal-burning is only part of his life: he has his wife and children in his cottage at home."

By and by she came out of the winding forest way into the straight high road that led to Briarwood, and now she put her horse at a smart trot, for it was growing dark already, and she calculated that it must be nearly eleven o'clock before she could accomplish what she had to do and get back to the Abbey House. And at eleven doors were locked for the night, and Captain Carmichael made a circuit of inspection as severely as the keeper of a prison. What would be said if she should not get home till after the gates were locked and the keys delivered over to that stern janitor?

At last Briarwood came in sight above the dark clumps of beech and oak—a white portico, shining lamplit windows. The lodge-gate stood hospitably open, and Violet rode in without question, and up to the porch.

Roderick Vawdrey was standing in the porch, smoking. He threw away his cigar as Vixen rode up, and ran down the steps to receive her.

"Why, Violet, what has happened?" he asked, with an alarmed look.

It seemed to him that only sudden death or dire calamity could bring her to him thus

Briarwood.

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in the late gloaming, pale and deeply moved. Her lips trembled faintly as she looked at him, and for the moment she could find no words to tell her trouble.

"What is it, Violet?" he asked again, holding her gloved hand in his and looking up at her, full of sympathy and concern.

"Not very much, perhaps, in your idea of things, but it seems a great deal to me. And it has put me into a tremendous passion. I have come to ask you to do me a favor."

"A thousand favors if you like; and when they are all granted, the obligation shall be still on my side. But come into the drawing-room and rest, and let me get you some tea, lemonade, wine—something to refresh you after your long ride."

"Nothing, thanks. I am not going to get off my horse. I must not lose a moment. Why, it must be long after nine already, and Captain Carmichael locks up the house at eleven."

Rorie did not care to tell her that it was on the stroke of ten. He called in a stentorian voice for a servant, and told the man to get Blue Peter saddled that instant.

"Where's your groom, Violet?" he asked, wondering to see her unattended.

"I have no groom. That's just what I came to tell you: Captain Carmichael has dismissed Bates at a minute's warning, without a character."

"Dismissed old Bates, your father's faithful servant! But in Heaven's name what for?"

"I would rather not tell you that. The alleged reason is an insult to me. I can tell you that it is not for dishonesty or lying or drunkenness or insolence, or any act that a good servant need be ashamed of. The poor old man is cast off for a fault of mine, or for an act of mine which Captain Carmichael pleases to condemn. He is thrust out of doors homeless, without a character, after forty years of faithful service. He was with my grandfather, you know. Now, Rorie, I want you to take Bates into your service. He is not so ornamental as a young man, perhaps, but he is ever so much more useful. He is faithful and industrious, honest and true. He is a capital nurse for sick horses, and I have heard my dear father say that he knows more than the common run of veterinary surgeons. I don't think you would find him an encumbrance. Now, dear Rorie," she concluded, coaxingly, with innocent childish entreaty, almost as if they had still been children and playfellows, "I want you to do this for me: I want you to take Bates."

"Why, you dear, simple-minded baby, I would take a regiment of Bateses for your sake. Why, this is not a favor—"

"'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,'" cried Vixen, quoting Desdemona's speech to her general.

Rorie's ready promise had revived her spirits. She felt that, after all, there was such a thing as friendship in the world. Life was not altogether blank and dreary. She forgot that her old friend had given himself away to another woman. She had a knack of forgetting that little fact when she and Rorie were together; it was only in her hours of solitude that the circumstance presented itself distinctly to her mind.

"I am so grateful to you for this, Rorie!" she cried; "I cannot tell you what a load you have taken off my mind. I felt sure you

would do me this favor. And yet if you had said 'No'! It would have been too dreadful to think of poor old Bates loafing about Beechdale, living upon his savings. I shall be able to pension him by and by, when I am of age, but now I have only a few pounds in the world, the remains of a quarter's pocket-money, according to the view and allowance of the forester," added Vixen, quoting the Forest law, with a little mocking laugh. "And now good-night; I must go home as fast as I can."

"So you must, but I am coming with you," answered Rorie; and then he roared again in his stentorian voice in the direction of the stables: "Where's that Blue Peter?"

"Indeed, there is no reason for you to come," cried Vixen. "I know every inch of the Forest."

"Very likely, but I am coming with you all the same."

A groom led out Blue Peter—a strong, useful-looking hack which Mr. Vawdrey kept to do his dirty work, hunting in bad weather, night-work and extra journeys of all kinds. Rorie was in the saddle and by Vixen's side without a minute's lost time, and they were riding out of the grounds into the straight road.

They rode for a considerable time in silence. Vixen had seldom seen her old friend so thoughtful. The night deepened, the stars shone out of the clear heaven, at first one by one, and then suddenly in a multitude that no tongue could number. The leaves whispered and rustled with faint mysterious noises as Violet and her companion rode slowly down the long steep hill.

"What a beast that Carmichael is!" said Rorie, when they got to the bottom of the hill, as if he had been all this time arriving at an opinion about Violet's stepfather. "I'm afraid he must make your life miserable."

"He doesn't make it particularly happy," answered Vixen, quietly, "but I never expected to be happy after mamma married. I did not think there was much happiness left for me after my father's death, but there was at least peace. Captain Carmichael has made an end of that."

"He is a wretch, and I should like to shoot him," said Rorie, vindictively. "Dear little Vixen—yes, I must call you by the old pet name—to think that you should be miserable, you whom I remember so bright and happy, you who were born for happiness! But you are not always wretched, dear," he said, leaning over to speak to her in closer, more confidential tones, as if the sleepy birds and the whispering forest-leaves could hear and betray him. "You were happy—we were happy—this morning."

He had laid his hand on hers. That useful Blue Peter needed no guidance. They were just leaving the road and entering a long glade that led through a newly-opened fir plantation—a straight ride of a mile and a half or so. The young moon was gleaming cool and clear above the feathering points of the firs.

"Yes," she answered, recklessly, involuntarily, with a stifled sob; "I am always happy with you. You are all that remains to me of my old life."

"My dearest, my loveliest, then be happy for ever!" he cried, winding his arm round her slim waist and leaning over her till his head almost rested on her shoulder. Their

horses were close together, walking at a foot-pace, Blue Peter in nowise disconcerted by this extraordinary behavior of his rider. "My love, if you can be happy at so small a price, be happy always," said Rorie, his lips close to the girl's pale cheek, his arm feeling every beat of the passionate heart. "I will break the toils that bind me; I will be yours, and yours only. I have never truly loved any other one but you, and I have loved you all my life—I never knew how dearly till of late. No, dearest love, never did I know how utterly I loved you till these last summer days which we have lived together, alone and supremely happy, in the Forest that is our native land. My Violet, I will break with Mabel to-morrow. She and I were never made for one another; you and I were. Yes, love, yes; we have grown up together side by side, like the primroses and violets in the woods. It is my second nature to love you. Why should we be parted? Why should I go on acting a dismal farce, pretending to love Mabel, pretending friendship to you, alike false to both? There is no reason, Violet, none, except—"

"Except your promise to your dying mother," said Violet, escaping from his arm and looking at him steadily, bravely, through the dim light. "You shall not break that for my sake; you ought not, were I ten times a better woman than I am. No, Rorie; you are to do your duty and keep your word. You are to marry Lady Mabel and be happy ever after, like the prince in the fairy-tale. Depend upon it, happiness always comes in the long run to the man who does his duty."

"I don't believe it," cried Roderick, passionately; "I have seen men who have done right all through life—men who have sacrificed feeling to honor—and been miserable. Why should I imitate them? I love you, I loved you always; but my mother worried and teased me, vaunting Mabel's perfections, trying to lessen you in my esteem. And then, when she was dying and it seemed a hard thing to oppose her wishes or to refuse her anything, were it even the happiness of my life, I was weak, and let myself be persuaded and sold myself into bondage. But it is not too late, Violet. I will write to Mabel an honest letter to-morrow and tell her the truth for the first time in my life."

"You will do nothing of the kind," cried Violet, resolutely. "What! do you think I have no pride, no sense of honor? Do you think I would let it be said of me that I, knowing you to be engaged to your cousin, set myself to lure you away from her—that we rode together, and were seen together, happy in each other's company, and as careless of slander as if we had been brother and sister, and that the end of all was that you broke your faith to your promised wife in order to marry me? No, Rorie; that shall never be said. If I could stoop so low, I should be worthy of the worst word my mother's husband could say of me."

"What does it matter what people say—your mother's husband above all? Malice can always find something evil to say of us, let us shape our lives how we may. What really matters is that we should be happy, and I can be happy with no one but you, Violet; I know that now. I will never marry Mabel Ashbourne."

"And you will never marry me," answered

Vixen, giving Arion a light touch of her whip, which sent him flying along the shadowy ride.

Blue Peter followed as swiftly. Rorie was by Violet's side again in a minute, with his hand grasping hers.

"You mean that you don't love me?" he exclaimed, angrily. "Why could you not have said so at the first? Why have you let me live in a fool's paradise?"

"The paradise was of your own making," she answered. "I love you a little for the past, because my father loved you—because you are all that remains to me of my happy childhood. Yes, if it were not for you, I might look back and think those dear old days were only a dream. But I hear your voice, I look at you and know that you are real, and that I once was very happy. Yes, Rorie, I do love you—love you; yes, with all my heart, dearer, better than I have ever loved any one upon this earth since my father was laid in the ground. Yes, dear." Their horses were walking slowly now, and her hand was locked in his as they rode side by side. "Yes, dear, I love you too well, and you and I must part. I had schooled myself to believe that I loved you only as I might have loved a brother—that you could be Lady Mabel's husband and my true friend. But that was a delusion; that can never be. You and I must part, Rorie. This night-ride in the forest must be our last. Never any more, by sun or moon, must you and I ride together. It is all over, Rorie, the old childish friendship. I mean to do my duty, and you must do yours."

"I will never marry a woman I do not love."

"You will keep your promise to your mother; you will act as a man of honor should. Think, Rorie, what a shameful thing it would be to do to break off an engagement which has been so long publicly known, to wound and grieve your good aunt and uncle."

"They have been very kind to me," sighed Rorie. "It would hurt me to give them pain."

His conscience told him she was right, but he was angry with her for being so much wiser than himself.

Then, in a moment, love, that had slumbered long, idly happy in the company of the beloved, and had suddenly awakened to know that this summer-day idlesse meant a passion stronger than death—love got the better of conscience, and he cried, vehemently,

"What need I care for the duke and duchess? They can have their choice of husbands for their daughter; an heiress like Mabel has only to smile, and a man is at her feet. Why should I sacrifice myself, love, truth, all that makes life worth having? Do you think I would do it for the sake of Ashbourne and the honor of being a duke's son-in-law?"

"No, Rorie, but for the sake of your promise. And now look: there is Lyndhurst steeple above the woods. I am near home, and must say 'Good-night.'"

"Not till you are at your own gate."

"No one must see you. I want to ride in quietly by the stables. Don't think I am ashamed of my errand to-night—I am not—but I want to save my mother trouble; and if Captain Carmichael and I were to discuss the matter, there would be a disturbance."

Roderick Vawdrey seized Arion by the bridle.

"I shall not let you go so easily," he said,

resolutely. "Vixen, I have loved you ever since I can remember you. Will you be my wife?"

"No."

"Why did you say that you love me?"

"Because I cannot tell a lie. Yes, I love you, Rorie, but I love your honor and my own better than the chance of a happiness that might fade and wither before we could grasp it. I know that your mother had a very poor opinion of me while she was alive; I should like her to know—if the dead know anything—that she was mistaken, and that I am not quite unworthy of her respect. You will marry Lady Mabel Ashbourne, Rorie, and ten years hence, when we are sober middle-aged people, we shall be firm friends once again, and you will thank and praise me for having counselled you to cleave to the right. Let go the bridle, Rorie; there's no time to lose. There's a glorious gallop from Queen's Bower to the Christchurch road."

It was a long, grassy ride, safe only for those who knew the country well, for it was bordered on each side by treacherous bogs. Violet knew every inch of the way. Arion scented his stable afar off, and went like the wind; Blue Peter stretched his muscular limbs in pursuit. It was a wild ride along the grassy track, beside watery marshes and reedy pools that gleamed in the dim light of a new moon. The distant woods showed black against the sky. There was no light to mark a human habitation within ken. There was nothing but night and loneliness and the solemn beauty of an unpeopled waste. A forest pony stood here and there, pastern-deep in the sedges, and gazed at those two wild riders, grave and gray, like a ghost. A silvery snake glided across the track; a water-rat plunged with a heavy splash into a black pool as the horses galloped by. It was a glorious ride. Miserable as both riders were, they could not but enjoy that wild rush through the sweet, soft air under the silent stars.

Vixen gave a long sigh presently, when they pulled up their horses on the hard road.

"I think I am 'fey' now," she said. "I wonder what is going to happen to me?"

"Whatever misfortunes come to you henceforth will be your own fault," protested Rorie, savagely. "You won't be happy or make me so."

"Don't be angry with me, Rorie," she answered, quite meekly. "I would rather be miserable in my own way than happy in yours."

Arion, having galloped for his own pleasure, would now have liked to crawl. He was beginning to feel the effects of unusual toil and hung his head despondingly, but Vixen urged him into a sharp trot, feeling that matters were growing desperate.

Ten minutes later they were at the lodge leading to the stables. The gate was locked, the cottage wrapped in darkness.

"I must go in by the carriage-drive," said Vixen. "It's rather a bore, as I am pretty sure to meet Captain Carmichael. But it can't be helped."

"Let me go in with you."

"No, Rorie; that would do no good. If he insulted me before you, his insolence would pain me."

"And I believe I should pain him," said Rorie. "I should give him the sweetest horsewhipping he ever had in his life."

"That is to say, you would bring disgrace upon me and make my mother miserable. That's a man's idea of kindness. No, Rorie, we part here. Good-night, and—good-bye."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Rorie. "I shall wait for you all to-morrow morning at the kennels."

Vixen had ridden past the open gate. The lodge-keeper stood at his door waiting for her. Roderick respected her wishes and stayed outside.

"Good-night," she cried, again, looking back at him; "Bates shall come to you to-morrow morning."

The hall door was wide open, and Captain Carmichael stood on the threshold waiting for his stepdaughter. One of the underlings from the stable was ready to take her horse. She dismounted unaided, flung the reins to the groom, and walked up to the captain with her firmest step. When she was in the hall, he shut the door and bolted and locked it with a somewhat ostentatious care. She seemed to breathe less freely when that great door had shut out the cool night. She felt as if she were in jail.

"I should like half a dozen words with you in the drawing-room before you go up stairs," Captain Carmichael said, stiffly.

"A hundred if you choose," answered Vixen, with supreme coolness.

She was utterly fearless. What risks or hazards had life that she need dread? She hoped nothing, feared nothing. She had just made the greatest sacrifice that Fate could require of her: she had rejected the man she fondly loved. What were the stings and arrows of her stepfather's petty malice compared with such a wrench as that?

She followed Captain Carmichael to the drawing-room. Here there was more air; one long window was open, and the lace curtains were faintly stirred by the night-winds. A large moderator lamp burned upon Mrs. Carmichael's favorite table; her books and basket of crewels were there, but the lady of the house had retired.

"Mother has gone to bed, I suppose?" inquired Vixen.

"She has gone to her room, but I fear she is too much agitated to get any rest. I would not allow her to wait any longer for you."

"Is it so very late?" asked Vixen, with the most innocent air.

Her heart was beating violently, and her temper was not at its best. She stood looking at the captain with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes and her whip tightly clinched.

She was thinking of that speech of Rorie's about the "sweetest horsewhipping." She wondered whether Captain Carmichael had ever been horsewhipped—whether that kind of chastisement was numbered in the sum of his experiences. She opined not. The captain was too astute a man to bring himself in the way of such punishment. He would do things that deserved horsewhipping and get off scot-free.

"It is a quarter-past eleven. I don't know whether you think that a respectable hour for a young lady's evening ride. May I ask the motive of this nocturnal expedition?"

"Certainly. You deprive Bates of a comfortable place—he has only been in the situation forty years—and I went to get him another. I am happy to say that I succeeded."

"And pray who is the chivalrous employer willing to receive my dismissed servant without a character?"

"A very old friend of my father's—Mr. Vawdrey."

"I thought as much," retorted the captain. "And it is to Mr. Vawdrey you have been late at night unattended?"

"It is your fault that I went unattended. You have taken upon yourself to dismiss my groom—the man who broke my first pony, the man my father gave me for an attendant and protector, just as he gave me my horse. You will take upon yourself to sell my horse next, I suppose."

"I shall take a great deal more upon myself before you and I have done with each other, Miss Tempest," answered the captain, pale with passion.

Never had Vixen seen him so strongly moved. The purple veins stood out darkly upon his pale forehead, his eyes had a haggard look; he was like a man consumed inwardly by some evil passion that was stronger than himself—like a man possessed by devils. Vixen looked at him with wonder. They stood facing each other, with the lamplit table between them, the light shining on both their faces.

"Why do you look at me with that provoking smile?" he asked. "Do you want to exasperate me? You must know that I hate you."

"I do," answered Vixen, "but God only knows why you should do so."

"Do you know no reason?"

"No."

"Can't you guess one?"

"No, unless it is because my father's fortune will belong to me by and by, if I live to be five-and-twenty, and your position here will be lessened."

"That is not the reason; no, I am not so base as that. That is not why I hate you, Violet. If you had been some dumpy, homely country lass with thick features and a clumsy figure, you and I might have got on decently enough. I would have made you obey me, but I would have been kind to you. But you are something very different. You are the girl I would have perilled my soul to win—the girl who rejected me with careless scorn. Have you forgotten that night in the pavilion garden at Brighton? I have not. I never look up at the stars without remembering it, and I can never forgive you while that memory lives in my mind. If you had been my wife, Violet, I would have been your slave. You forced me to make myself your stepfather, and I will be master instead of slave. I will make your life bitter to you if you thwart me. I will put a stop to your running after another woman's sweetheart. I will come between you and your lover, Roderick Vawdrey. Your secret meetings, your clandestine love-making, shall be stopped. Such conduct as you have been carrying on of late is a shame and disgrace to your sex."

"How dare you say that?" cried Vixen, beside herself with anger.

She grasped the lamp with both her hands, as if she would have hurled it at her foe. It was a large moon-shaped globe upon a bronze pedestal—a fearful thing to fling at one's adversary. A great wave of blood surged up into the girl's brain. What she was going to do she knew not, but her whole being was convulsed by the passion of that moment.

The room reeled before her eyes, the heavy pedestal swayed in her hands, and then she saw the big moon-like globe roll on into the carpet, and after it, and darting beyond it, a stream of liquid fire that ran and ran, quicker than thought, toward the open window.

Before she could speak or move the flame had run up the lace curtains like a living thing, swift as the flight of a bird or the gliding motion of a lizard. The wide casement was wreathed with light. They two —Vixen and her foe—seemed to be standing in an atmosphere of fire.

Captain Carmichael was confounded by the suddenness of the catastrophe. While he stood dumb, bewildered, Vixen sprang through the narrow space between the flaming curtains as if she had plunged into a gulf of fire. He heard her strong, clear voice calling to the stable-men and gardeners. It rang like a clarion in the still summer night.

There was not a moment lost. The stable-men rushed with pails of water, and directly after them the Scotch gardener with his garden-engine, which held several gallons. His hose did some damage to the drawing-room carpet and upholstery, but the strong jet of water speedily quenched the flames. In ten minutes the window stood blank and black and bare, with Vixen standing on the lawn outside contemplating the damage she had done.

Mrs. Carmichael rushed in at the drawing-room door, ghost-like in her white *peignoir*, pale and scared.

"Oh, Conrad, what has happened?" she cried, distractedly, just able to distinguish her husband's figure standing in the midst of the disordered room.

"Your beautiful daughter has been trying to set the house on fire," he answered. "That is all."

II.

VIXEN IN EXILE.—LOVE AND PEACE.

"WHY is Jersey the peculiar haunt of the vulgar?" Vixen wondered. "It is such a lovely place that it deserves to be visited by something better than the refuse of Margate and Ramsgate."

There was a meadow-path which lessened the distance between Les Tourelles and Mount Orgueil. Vixen had just left the road and entered the meadow when Argus set up a joyous bark and ran back to salute a passing vehicle. It was St. Helier's fly, driving at a tremendous pace in the direction from which she had come. A young man lay back in the carriage, smoking a cigar, with his hat slouched over his eyes. Vixen could just see the strong sunburned hand flung up above his head. It was a foolish fancy, doubtless, but the broad brown hand reminded her of Rorie's. Argus leaped the stile, rushed after the vehicle and saluted it clamorously. The poor brute had been mewed up for a week in a dull courtyard, and was rejoiced to have something to bark at.

Vixen walked on to the seashore and the smiling little harbor and the brave old castle. To-day she went to her favorite corner, a seat in an angle of the battlemented wall, and sat there, with her arms folded, on the stone parapet, looking dreamily seaward across the blue Channel to the still bluer coast of Normandy, where the towers of Coutances showed dimly in the distance.

The sun was gaining power, the air was

drowsy, the soft ripple of the tide upon the golden sand was like a lullaby. Even that long sleep of the morning had not cured Vixen's weariness; there were long arrears of slumber yet to be made up. Her eyelids drooped, then closed altogether; the ocean lullaby took a still softer sound, the distant voices of the tourists grew infinitely soothing, and Vixen sank quietly to sleep, her head leaning on her folded arms, the gentle west wind faintly stirring her loose hair.

"'Oh, happy kiss that woke thy sleep!'" cried a familiar voice close in the slumberer's ear; and then a warm breath which was not the summer wind fanned the cheek which lay upmost upon her arm, two warm lips were pressed against that glowing cheek in ardent greeting.

The girl started to her feet, every vein tingling with the thrilling recognition of her assailant. There was no one else—none other than he—in this wide world who would do such a thing. She sprang up and faced him, her eyes flashing, her cheeks crimson.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Then it was you I saw in the fly? Pray, is this the nearest way to Norway?"

Yes, it was Rorie, looking exactly like the familiar Rorie of old, not one whit altered by marriage with a duke's only daughter; a stalwart young fellow in a rough gray suit, a dark face sunburned to the deepest bronze, eyes with a happy smile in them, firmly-cut lips half hidden by the thick brown beard, a face that would have looked well under a lifted helmet—such a face as the scared Saxons must have seen among the bold followers of William the Norman when those hardy Norse warriors ran amuck in Dover town.

"Not to my knowledge," answered this audacious villain, in his lightest tone. "I am not very geographical, but I should think it was rather out of the way."

"Then you and Lady Mabel have changed your plans?" said Vixen, trembling very much, but trying desperately to be as calmly commonplace as a young lady talking to an ineligible partner at a ball. "You are not going to the North of Europe?"

"Lady Mabel and I have changed our plans. We are not going to the North of Europe."

"Oh!"

"In point of fact, we are not going anywhere."

"But you have come to Jersey. That is part of your tour, I suppose?"

"Do not be too hasty in your suppositions, Miss Tempest. *I* have come to Jersey; I am quite willing to admit as much as that."

"And Lady Mabel? She is with you, of course?"

"Not the least bit in the world. To the best of my knowledge, Lady Mabel—I beg her pardon: Lady Mallow—is now on her way to the fishing-grounds of Connemara with her husband."

"Rorie!" What a glad, happy cry that was! It was like a gush of sudden music from a young blackbird's throat on a sunny spring morning.

The crimson dye had faded from Violet's cheeks a minute ago and left her deadly pale. Now the bright color rushed back again, the happy brown eyes, the sweet blush-rose lips, broke into the gladdest smile that ever Rorie had seen upon her face. He held out his arms, he clasped her to his breast, where she rested unresistingly, infinitely happy. Great

Heaven! how the whole world and herself had become transformed in this moment of unspeakable bliss! Rorie, the lost, the surrendered, was her own true lover, after all!

"Yes, dear, I obeyed you. You were hard and cruel to me that night in the fir plantation, but I knew in my heart of hearts that you were wise and honest and true, and I made up my mind that I would keep the engagement entered upon beside my mother's death-bed. Loving or unloving, I would marry Mabel Ashbourne and do my duty to her, and go down to my grave with the character of a good and faithful husband, as many a man has done who never loved his wife. So I held on, Vixen—yes, I will call you by the old pet name now; henceforward you are mine, and I shall call you what I like—I held on, and was altogether an exemplary lover: went wherever I was ordered to go, and always came when they whistled for me; rode at my lady's jog-trot pace in the Row, stood behind her chair at the opera, endured more classical music than ever man heard before and lived, listened to my sweetheart's manuscript verses, and, in a word, did my duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call me; and my reward has been to be jilted with every circumstance of ignominy on my wedding-morning."

"'Jilted'!" cried Vixen, her big brown eyes shining in pleasantest mockery. "Why, I thought Lady Mabel adored you?"

"So did I," answered Roderick, naively, "and I pitied the poor dear thing for her infatuation. Had I not thought that, I should have broken my bonds long ago; it was not the love of the duke's acres that held me. I still believe that Mabel was fond of me once, but Lord Mallow bowled me out. His eloquence, his parliamentary success, and, above all, his flattery, proved irresistible. The scoundrel brought a marriage-certificate in his pocket when he came to stay at Ashbourne, and had the art to engage rooms at Southampton and sleep there a night *en passant*. He left a portmanteau and a hat-box there, and that constituted legal occupancy; so, when he won Lady Mabel's consent to an elopement—which I believe he did not succeed in doing till the night before our intended wedding-day—he had only to ride over to Southampton and give notice to the parson and clerk. The whole thing was done splendidly. Lady Mabel went out at eight o'clock under the pretence of going to early church; Mallow was waiting for her with a fly half a mile from Ashbourne. They drove to Southampton together, and were married at ten o'clock in the old church of St. Michael. While the distracted duchess and her women were hunting everywhere for the bride, and all the visitors at Ashbourne were arraying themselves in their wedding-finery, and the village children were filling their baskets with flowers to strew upon the pathway of the happy pair, emblematical of the flowers which did *not* blossom in the highway of life, the lady was over the border with Jock of Hazeldean. Wasn't it fun, Vixen?" and the jilted one flung back his handsome head and laughed long and loud. It was too good a joke, the welcome release coming at the last moment. "At half-past ten there came a telegram from my runaway bride: 'Ask Roderick to forgive me, dear mamma. I found at the last that my heart was not mine to give, and I am married to Lord Mallow. I do not

think my cousin will grieve very much.' That last clause was sensible, anyhow, was it not, Vixen?"

"I think the whole business was very sensible," said Vixen, with a sweet grave smile. "Lord Mallow wanted a clever wife, and you did not; it was very wise of Lady Mabel to find that out before it was too late."

"She will be very happy as Lady Mallow," said Roderick. "Mallow will legislate for Ireland, and she will rule him. He will have quite enough of home rule, poor beggar! Hibernia will be Mabelized. She is a dear good little thing; I quite love her now she has jilted me."

"But how did you come here?" asked Vixen, looking up at her lover in simple wonder. "All this only happened yesterday morning."

"Is there not a steamer that leaves Southampton nightly? Had there not been one, I would have chartered a boat for myself. I would have come in a cockle-shell, I would have come with a swimming-belt—I would have done anything wild and adventurous to hasten to my love. I started for Southampton the minute I had seen that too-blessed telegram, went to St. Michael's, saw the registry with its entry of Lord Mallow's marriage hardly dry, and then went down to the docks and booked my berth. Oh what a long day yesterday was!—the longest day of my life."

"And of mine," sighed Vixen, between tears and laughter, "in spite of the shepherd-kings."

"Are those Jersey people you have picked up?" Rorie asked, innocently.

This turned the scale, and Vixen burst into a joyous peal of laughter.

"How did you find me here?" she asked.

"Very easily. Your custodian—what a grim-looking personage she is, by the way!—told me where you were gone and directed me how to follow you. I told her I had a most important message to deliver to you from your mother. You don't mind that artless device, I hope?"

"Not much. How is dear mamma? She complains in her letters of not feeling very well."

"I have not seen her lately; when I did, I thought her looking ill and worn. She will get well when you go back to her, Vixen; your presence will be like sunshine."

"I shall never go back to the Abbey House."

"Yes, you will—for one fortnight, at least; after that your home will be at Briarwood. You must be married from your father's house."

"Who said I was going to be married, sir?" asked Vixen, with delicious coquetry.

"I said it—I say it. Do you think I am too bold, darling? Ought I to go on my knees, love, and make you a formal offer? Why, I have loved you all my life, and I think you have loved me as long."

"So I have, Rorie," she answered, softly, shyly, sweetly; "I forswore myself that night in the fir wood. I always loved you; there was no stage of my life when you were not dearer to me than any one on earth, except my father."

"Dear love, I am ashamed of my happiness," said Roderick, tenderly. "I have been so weak and unworthy! I gave away my hopes of bliss in one foolishly soft moment to gratify my mother's dying

wish—a wish that had been dinned into my ear for the last years of her life—and I have done nothing but repent my folly ever since. Can you forgive me, Violet? I shall never forgive myself."

"Let the past be like a dream that we have dreamed. It will make the future seem so much the brighter."

"Yes."

And then under the blue August sky, fearless and unabashed, these happy lovers gave each other the kiss of betrothal.

"What am I to do with you?" Vixen asked, laughingly. "I ought to go home to Les Tourelles."

"Don't you think you might take me with you? I am your young man now, you know. I hope it is not a case of 'no followers allowed'?"

They found Miss Skipwith pacing the weedy gravel-walk in front of her parlor window with a disturbed air and a yellow envelope in her hand.

"My dear, this has been an eventful day," she exclaimed; "I have been very anxious for your return. Here's a telegram for you, and, as it is the first you have had since you have been staying here, I conclude it is of some importance."

Vixen took the envelope eagerly from her hand.

"If you were not standing by my side, a telegram would frighten me," she whispered to Roderick. "It might tell me you were dead."

The telegram was from Captain Carmichael to Miss Tempest:

"Come home by the next boat. Your mother is ill and anxious to see you. The carriage will meet you at Southampton."

Poor Vixen looked at her lover with a conscience-stricken countenance.

"Oh, Rorie! And I have been so wickedly, wildly happy!" she cried, as if it were a crime to have so rejoiced.

Violet's portmanteaus were immediately packed. All was ready. There would be just time for a hurried breakfast with Miss Skipwith, and then the fly from St. Helier's would be at the gate to carry the exile on the first stage of the journey home.

Oh what a happy voyage that was over the summer sea! They sat side by side upon the bridge, sheltered from wind and sun, and talked the happy nonsense lovers talk, but which can hardly be so sweet between lovers whose youth and childhood have been spent far apart as between these two who had been reared amidst the same sylvan world and had every desire and every thought in unison. How brief the voyage seemed! It was but an hour or so since Roderick had been buying peaches and grapes as they lay at the end of the pier at Guernsey, and here were the Needles and the chalky cliffs and undulating downs of the Wight. The Wight! That meant Hampshire and home.

"How often those downs have been our weather-glass, Rorie, when we have been riding across the hills between Lyndhurst and Beaulieu!" said Vixen.

She had a world of questions to ask him about all that had happened during her exile. She almost expected to hear that Lyndhurst steeple had fallen, that the hounds had died of old age, that the Knightwood Oak had been struck by lightning, or that some among those calamities which time naturally brings had befallen the surroundings of her home.

It was the strangest thing in the world to hear that nothing had happened—that everything was exactly the same as it had been when she went away. That dreary year of exile had seemed long enough for earthquakes and destructions, or even for slow decay.

Long before sunset they were steaming into Southampton Water, and the yellow light was still shining on the furzy levels when the brougham that contained Vixen and her fortunes drove along the road to Lyndhurst. She had asked the coachman for news of his mistress, and had been told that Mrs. Carmichael was pretty much the same. The answer was in some measure reassuring, yet Violet's spirits began to sink as she drew nearer home and must so soon find herself face to face with the truth. There was a sadness, too, in that quiet evening-hour, and the shadowy distances seemed full of gloom after the dancing waves and the gay morning light.

The dusk was creeping slowly on as the carriage passed the lodge and drove between green walls of rhododendron to the house. Captain Carmichael was smoking his cigar in the porch, leaning against the Gothic masonry in the attitude Vixen knew so well of old.

"If my mother were lying in her coffin, I dare say he would be just the same," she thought, bitterly.

The captain came down to open the carriage door. Vixen's first glance at his face showed her that he looked worn and anxious.

"Is mamma very ill?" she asked, tremulously.

"Very ill," he answered, in a low voice. "Mind, you are to do or say nothing that can agitate her; you must be quiet and cheerful. If you see a change, you must take care to say nothing about it."

"Why did you leave me so long in ignorance of her illness? Why did you not send for me sooner?"

"Your mother has only been seriously ill within the last few days; I sent for you directly I saw any occasion for your presence," the captain answered, coldly.

He now for the first time became aware of Mr. Vawdrey, who had got out of the brougham on the other side and come round to assist in the unshipment of Violet's belongings.

"Good-evening, Mr. Vawdrey. Where in Heaven's name did you spring from?" he inquired, with a vexed air.

"I have had the honor of escorting Miss Tempest from Jersey, where I happened to be when she received your telegram."

"Wasn't that rather an odd proceeding and likely to cause scandal?"

"I think not, for before people can hear that Miss Tempest and I crossed in the same boat I hope they will have heard that Miss Tempest and I are going to be married."

"I see!" cried the captain, with a short laugh of exceeding bitterness; "being off with the old love, you have made haste to be on with the new."

"I beg your pardon. It is no new love, but a love as old as my boyhood," answered Rorie. "In one weak moment of my life I was foolish enough to let my mother choose a wife for me, though I had made my own choice, unconsciously, years before."

"May I go to mamma at once?" asked Vixen.

The captain said "Yes," and she went up

the staircase and along the corridor to Mrs. Carmichael's room. Oh how dear and familiar the old house looked! how full of richness and color after the bareness and decay of Les Tourelles! brocaded curtains hanging in heavy folds against the carved oaken framework of a deep-set window; gleams of evening light stealing through old stained glass—everywhere a rich variety of form and hue that filled and satisfied the eye; a house worth living in, assuredly, with but a little love to sanctify and hallow all these things. But how worthless these things if discord and hatred found a habitation among them!

The door of Mrs. Carmichael's room stood half open, and the lamplight shone faintly from within. Violet went softly in. Her mother was lying on a sofa by the hearth, where a wood-fire had been newly lighted. Pauline was sitting opposite her, reading aloud in a very sleepy voice out of the *Court Journal:*

"The bride was exquisitely attired in ivory satin with flounces of old *duchesse* lace, the skirt covered with *tulle*, *bouilone*, and looped with garlands of orange-blossoms—"

"Pauline," murmured the invalid, feebly, "will you never learn to read with expression? You are giving me the vaguest idea of Lady Evelyn Fitzdamer's appearance."

Violet went over to the sofa and knelt by her mother's side and embraced her tenderly, looking at her earnestly all the while in the clear, soft lamplight. Yes, there was indeed a change. The always delicate face was pinched and shrunken; the ivory of the complexion had altered to dull gray; premature age had hollowed the cheeks and lined the forehead. It was a change that meant decline and death. Violet's heart sunk as she beheld it, but she remembered the captain's warning and bravely strove to put on an appearance of cheerfulness.

"Dear mother, I am so happy to come home to you!" she said, gayly; "and I am going to nurse and pet you for the next week or so, till you get tremendously well and strong and are able to take me to innumerable parties."

"My dear Violet, I have quite given up parties, and I shall never be strong again."

"Dearest, it has always been your habit to fancy yourself an invalid."

"Yes, Violet, once I may have been full of fancies, but now I know that I am ill. You will not be unkind or unjust to Conrad, will you, dear? He sent for you directly I asked him. He has been all goodness to me. Try and get on with him nicely, dear, for my sake."

This was urged with such piteous supplication that it would have needed a harder heart than Violet's to deny the prayer.

"Dear mother, forget that the captain and I ever quarrelled," said Vixen. "I mean to be excellent friends with him henceforward. And, darling, I have a secret to tell you, if you would like to hear it."

"What secret, dear?"

"Lady Mabel Ashbourne has jilted Roderick."

"My love, that is no secret; I heard all about it the day before yesterday: people have talked of nothing else since it happened. Lady Mabel has behaved shamefully."

"Lady Mabel has behaved admirably. If other women were wise enough to draw

back at the last moment, there would be fewer unhappy marriages. But Lady Mabel's elopement is only the prologue to my story."

"What can you mean, child?"

"Roderick came to Jersey to make me an offer."

"So soon? Oh, Violet, what bad taste!"

"Ought he to have gone into mourning? He did not even sing 'Willow,' but he came straight off to me and told me he had loved me all his life; so now you will have my trousseau to think about, dearest, and I shall want all your good taste. You know how little I have of my own."

"Ah, Violet, if you had only married Lord Mallow! I could have given my whole mind to your trousseau then. But it is too late now, dear: I have not strength enough to interest myself in anything."

The fatal hour came unawares one calm September afternoon about six weeks after Violet's return from Jersey. Captain Carmichael had been reading one of Tennyson's idyls to his wife till she sank into a gentle slumber. He left her, with Pauline seated at work by one of the windows, and went to his study to write some letters. Five o'clock was the established hour for kettledrum, but of late the invalid had been unable to bear even the mild excitement of two or three visitors at this time. Violet now attended alone to her mother's afternoon tea, kneeling by her side as she sipped the refreshing infusion, and coaxing her to eat a wafer-like slice of bread and butter or a few morsels of sponge-cake.

This afternoon, when Violet went softly into the room, carrying the little Japanese tray and tiny teapot, she found her mother lying just as the captain had left her an hour before.

"She's been sleeping so sweetly, miss!" whispered Pauline. "I never knew her sleep so quiet since she's been ill."

That stillness which seemed so good a thing to the handmaid frightened the daughter. Violet sat her tray down hastily on the nearest table and ran to her mother's sofa. She looked at the pale and sunken cheek just visible in the downy hollow of the pillows; she touched the hand lying on the silken coverlet. That marble coldness, that waxen hue of the cheek, told her the awful truth. She fell on her knees before the sofa with a cry of sharp and sudden sorrow.

"Oh, mother, mother! I ought to have loved you better all my life!"

The day before the funeral Captain Carmichael received a letter from his stepdaughter offering to execute any deed he might choose to have prepared settling upon him the income which his wife was to have had after Violet's majority.

"I know that you are a heavy loser by my mother's death," she wrote, "and I shall be glad to do anything in my power to lessen that loss; I know well that it was her earnest wish that your future should be provided for. I told her a few days before she died that I should make you this offer; I do it with all my heart, and I shall consider myself obliged by your acceptance of it."

The captain's reply was brief and firm.

"I thank you for your generous offer," he said, "which I feel assured is made in good faith, but I think you ought to know that there are reasons why it is impossible I should accept any benefit from your hand.

I shall not re-enter the Abbey House after my wife's funeral; you will be sole and sovereign mistress of all things from that hour."

He kept his word. He was chief mourner at the quiet but stately burial under the old yew tree in Beechdale churchyard. When all was over, he got into a fly and drove to the station at Lyndhurst road, whence he departed by the first train for London. He told no one anything about his plans for the future; he left no address but his club. He was next heard of, six months later, in South America.

Violet had telegraphed for her old governess directly after Mrs. Carmichael's death, and that good and homely person arrived on the day after the funeral to take up her abode with her old pupil as companion and chaperon until Miss Tempest should have become Mrs. Vawdrey and would have but one companion henceforward in all the journey of life. Rorie and Vixen were to be married in six months; Mrs. Carmichael had made them promise that her death should delay their marriage as little as possible.

"You can have a very quiet wedding, you know, dear," she said. "You can be married in your travelling-dress—something pretty in gray silk and terry velvet, or with chinchilla trimming if it should be winter. Chinchilla is so distinguished-looking! You will go abroad, I suppose, for your honeymoon—Pau or Monaco, or any of those places on the Mediterranean."

It had pleased her to settle everything for the lovers. Violet remembered all these speeches with a tender sorrow; there was comfort in the thought that her mother had loved her according to her lights.

It had been finally settled between the lovers that they were to live at the Abbey House. Briarwood was to be let to any wealthy individual who might desire a handsome house surrounded by exquisitely arranged gardens and burdened with glass that would cost a small fortune annually to maintain. Before Mr. Vawdrey could put his property into the hands of the auctioneers, he received a private offer which was in every respect satisfactory.

Lady Mallow wished to spend some part of every year near her father and mother, who lived a good deal at Ashbourne, the duke becoming yearly more devoted to his Chillingham oxen and monster turnips. Lord Mallow, who loved his native isle to distraction, but always found six weeks in a year a sufficient period of residence there, was delighted to please his bride, and agreed to take Briarwood, furnished, on a seven years' lease. The orchid-houses were an irresistible attraction, and by this friendly arrangement Lady Mallow would profit by the alterations and improvements her cousin had made for her gratification when he believed she was to be his wife. Briarwood thus disposed of, Rorie was free to consider the Abbey House his future home, and Violet had the happiness of knowing that the good old house in which her childhood had been spent would be her habitation always till she too was carried to the family-vault under the old yew tree.

Vixen and Rorie were married in the spring, when the forest-glades were yellow with primroses, the mossy banks blue with violets, and the cuckoo was heard with monotonous iteration from sunrise to sundown. They were married in the little village church at Beechdale, and Mrs. Scobel declared that

Miss Tempest's wedding was the prettiest that ever had been solemnized in that small Gothic temple. Never, perhaps, even at Easter-tide, had been seen such a wealth of spring-blossoms, the wildings of the woods and hills. The duchess had offered the contents of her hothouses, Lady Ellangowan had offered wagon-loads of azaleas and camellias, but Vixen had refused them all: she would allow no decorations but the wild flowers which the school-children could gather—primroses, violets, blue-bells, the firstlings of the fern tribe, cowslips, and all the tribe of innocent forest-blossoms, with their quaint rustic names, most of them as old as Shakespeare.

Among Roderick's wedding-gifts was one from Lord Mallow—Bullfinch, the best horse in that nobleman's stable.

"I know your wife would like you to have her father's favorite hunter," wrote Lord Mallow. "Tell her that he has never been sick or sorry since he has been in my stable, and that I have always taken particular care of him for her sake."

Among Violet's presents was a diamond bracelet from Lady Mallow, accompanied by a very cordial letter; and almost the first visit that the Vawdreys received after they came home was from Lord and Lady Mallow. The first great dinner to which they were bidden was at Briarwood, where it seemed a curious thing for Rorie to go as a guest.

Matrimony with the man of her choice had wondrously improved Mabel Ashbourne. She was less self-sufficient and more conciliating; her ambition, hitherto confined to the desire to excel all other women in her own person, had assumed a less selfish form. She was now only ambitious for her husband, greedy of parliamentary fame for him, full of large hopes about the future of Ireland. She looked forward complacently to the day when she and Lord Mallow would be reigning at Dublin Castle, and when Hibernian arts and industries would revive and flourish under her fostering care.

From afar there comes news of Captain Carmichael, who has married a Jewish lady at Frankfort, only daughter and heiress of a well-known money-lender. The bride is reported ugly and illiterate, but there is no doubt as to her fortune. The captain has bought a villa at Monaco—a villa in the midst of orange-groves, the abandoned plaything of an Austrian princess—and he has hired an apartment in one of the new avenues, just outside the Arc de Triomphe, where, as his friends anticipate, he will live in grand style and receive the pleasantest people in Paris. He too is happy after his kind, and has won the twenty-thousand-pound prize in the lottery of life; but it is altogether a different kind of happiness from the simple and unalloyed delight of Rorie and Vixen in their home among the beechen woods whose foliage sheltered them when they were children.

MISS M. E. BRADDON.

ENGLAND AND HER CHILDREN.

FROM SPEECH ON AMERICAN TAXATION.

A NOBLE lord who spoke some time ago is full of the fire of ingenuous youth; and when he has modelled the ideas of a lively imagination by further experience, he will be an ornament to his country in either house. He has said that the Americans are our children, and how can they revolt against

their parent? He says that if they are not free in their present state England is not free, because Manchester and other considerable places are not represented. So, then, because some towns in England are not represented, America is to have no representative at all. They are "our children;" but when children ask for bread, we are not to give a stone. Is it because the natural resistance of things and the various mutations of time hinder our government, or any scheme of government, from being any more than a sort of approximation to the right,—is it therefor that the colonies are to recede from it infinitely? When this child of ours wishes to assimilate to its parent and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory, and the slough of slavery, which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?

EDMUND BURKE.

THE SUBLIME.

THE feeling of the sublime is acknowledged on all hands to be intimately connected with the idea of the infinite. In the formation—or, rather, in the attempt at the formation—of this idea the mind shows in a very striking manner both its strength and its weakness. In expanding any image spatially it finds itself incapable of doing anything more than representing to itself a volume with a spherical boundary; in following out its contemplation in respect of time the image is of a line of great length, but terminating in a point at each end. But where the mind shows its weakness, there it also exhibits its strength. It can only imagine this bounded sphere and outline, but it is led to believe in vastly more. It strives to conceive the infinite, but ever feels as if it were baffled and thrown back. But, while the mind cannot embrace the infinite, it feels, at the place where it is arrested by its own impotency, that there is an infinite beyond. Looking forth, as it were, on the sky, it can see only a certain distance, but is constrained to believe that there is much more beyond the range of the vision—nay, that, to whatever point it might go, there would still be a something farther on. "If the mind," says John Foster, "were to arrive at the solemn ridge of mountains which we may fancy to bound creation, it would eagerly ask, 'Why no farther? What is beyond?'" It is here that we find the origin and genesis of such idea as the mind can form of the infinite, and of the belief, to which it ever clings, in the boundless and eternal.

Now, whatever calls forth this exercise of the mind and the feeling of awe awakened by it may be described as sublime. So far as picturesque objects are concerned, the imaging-power of the mind rejoices to find that it can print them upon its surface. But there are objects which it tries in vain to picture or represent: the imaging-power is filled, but they will not be compressed within it. Everywhere in nature are there scenes which are

> "like an invitation in space
> Boundless, a guide into eternity."

A vast height, such as a lofty mountain, is a step to help us to this elevation of thought

and emotion. The revelations of astronomy awaken the feeling, because they carry out the soul into far depths of space, but without carrying it to the verge of space. The discoveries in geology extend the mind in much the same way by the long vistas opened of ages which yet do not go back to the beginning. Every vast display of power evokes this overawing sentiment: we see effects which are great arguing a power which is greater. The howl of the tempest, the ceaseless lashing of the ocean, the roar of the waterfall, the crash of the avalanche, the growl of the thunder, the shaking of the very foundation on which we stand when the earth trembles,—all these fill the imagination, but are suggestive of something more tremendous behind and beyond. For a similar reason the vault of heaven is always a sublime object when serene; we feel, in looking into it, as if we were looking into immensity. Hence it is that a clear, bright space in the sky or in a painting always allures the eye toward it: it is an outlet by which the mind may, as it were, go out into infinity.

But, whatever may suggest the infinite, there is, after all, but one Infinite. The grandest objects presented to our view in earth or sky, the most towering heights, the vastest depths, the most resistless agencies, —these are but means to help us to the contemplation of Him who is "high-throned above all height," whose counsels reach from eternity to eternity, and who is the Almighty unto perfection. They are fulfilling their highest end when they lift us above this cold earth and above our narrow selves to revel and lose ourselves in the height and depth, the length and breadth, of an infinite Wisdom lightened and warmed by an infinite Love.

JAMES M'COSH, LL.D.

ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THE stars, as a matter of course, represent States. The origin of the stripes, I think, if searched out, would be found to be a little curious. All I know upon that point is that on the 4th day of July, 1776, after the Declaration of Independence was carried, a committee was appointed by Congress, consisting of Mr. Jefferson, Dr. Franklin and John Adams, to prepare a device for a seal of the United States. This seal, as reported, or the device in full, as reported, was never adopted; but in it we see the emblems, in part, which are still preserved in the flag. The stripes, or lines, which on Mr. Jefferson's original plan were to designate the six quarterings of the shield, as signs of the six countries from which our ancestors came, are now, I believe, considered as representations of the old thirteen States, and with most persons the idea of a shield is lost sight of. You perceive that by drawing six lines or stripes on a shield-figure it will leave seven spaces of the original color, and, of course, give thirteen apparent stripes; hence the idea of their being all intended to represent the old thirteen States. My opinion is that this was the origin of the stripes. Mr. Jefferson's quartered shield for a seal device was seized upon as a national emblem, that was put upon the flag. We have now the stars as well as the stripes. When each of these was adopted I cannot say; but the flag, as it now is, was designed by Captain Reid and adopted by Congress.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

IT is impossible to contemplate the annals of Greek literature and art without being struck with them as by far the most extraordinary and brilliant phenomena in the history of the human mind. The very language, even in its primitive simplicity, as it came down from the rhapsodists who celebrated the exploits of Hercules and Theseus, was as great a wonder as any it records. All the other tongues that civilized man has spoken are poor and feeble and barbarous in comparison with it. Its compass and flexibility, its riches and its powers, are altogether unlimited. It not only expresses with precision all that is thought or known at any given period, but it enlarges itself naturally with the progress of science, and affords, as if without an effort, a new phrase or a systematic nomenclature whenever one is called for. It is equally adapted to every variety of style and subject —to the most shadowy subtlety of distinction and the utmost exactness of definition as well as to the energy and the pathos of popular eloquence; to the majesty, the elevation, the variety, of the epic and the boldest license of the dithyrambic no less than to the sweetness of the elegy, the simplicity of the pastoral or the heedless gayety and delicate characterization of comedy. Above all, what is an unspeakable charm, a sort of *naïveté* is peculiar to it, which appears in all those various styles, and is quite as becoming and agreeable in a historian or a philosopher—Xenophon, for instance—as in the light and jocund numbers of Anacreon. Indeed, were there no other object in learning Greek but to see to what perfection language is capable of being carried, not only as a medium of communication, but as an instrument of thought, we see not why the time of a young man would not be just as well bestowed in acquiring a knowledge of it—for all the purposes, at least, of a liberal or elementary education—as in learning algebra, another specimen of a language or arrangement of signs perfect in its kind.

But this wonderful idiom happens to have been spoken, as was hinted in the preceding paragraph, by a race as wonderful. The very first monument of their genius—the most ancient relic of letters in the Western world—stands to this day altogether unrivalled in the exalted class to which it belongs. What was the history of this immortal poem and of its great fellow? Was it a single individual, and who was he, that composed them? Had he any master or model? What had been his education, and what was the state of society in which he lived? These questions are full of interest to a philosophical inquirer into the intellectual history of the species, but they are especially important with a view to the subject of the present discussion. Whatever causes account for the matchless excellence of these primitive poems, and for that of the language in which they are written, will go far to explain the extraordinary circumstance that the same favored people left nothing unattempted in philosophy, in letters and in arts, and attempted nothing without signal, and in some cases unrivalled, success.

Winkleman undertakes to assign some reasons for this astonishing superiority of the Greeks, and talks very learnedly about a fine climate, delicate organs, exquisite susceptibility, the full development of the human form by gymnastic exercises, etc. For our own part, we are content to explain the phenome-

non after the manner of the Scottish school of metaphysicians, in which we learned the little that we profess to know of that department of philosophy by resolving it at once in an original law of nature; in other words, by substantially but decently confessing it to be inexplicable. HUGH SWINTON LEGARE.

SHINGEBISS.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

THERE was once a Shingebiss* living alone in a solitary lodge on the shores of the deep bay of a lake in the coldest winter weather. The ice had formed on the water, and he had but four logs of wood to keep his fire. Each of these would, however, burn a month, and, as there were but four cold winter months, they were sufficient to carry him through till spring.

Shingebiss was hardy and fearless, and cared for no one. He would go out during the coldest day and seek for places where flags and rushes grew through the ice, and, plucking them up with his bill, would dive through the openings in quest of fish. In this way he found plenty of food, while others were starving, and he went home daily to his lodge dragging strings of fish after him on the ice.

Kabebonicca† observed him, and felt a little piqued at his perseverance and good luck in defiance of the severest blasts of wind he could send from the North-west.

"Why, this is a wonderful man," said he; "he does not mind the cold, and appears as happy and contented as if it were the month of June. I will try whether he cannot be mastered."

He poured forth tenfold colder blasts and drifts of snow, so that it was next to impossible to live in the open air. Still the fire of Shingebiss did not go out; he wore but a single strip of leather around his body, and he was seen in the worst weather searching the shores for rushes and carrying home fish.

"I shall go and visit him," said Kabebonicca one day as he saw Shingebiss dragging along a quantity of fish; and accordingly that very night he went to the door of his lodge.

Meantime, Shingebiss had cooked his fish and finished his meal, and was lying partly on his side before the fire singing his songs. After Kabebonicca had come to the door and stood listening there, he sang as follows:

> "Ka be bon oc ca Neej in in ec we-ya!
> Ka be bon oc ca Neej in in ec we-ya!"

The number of words in this song are few and simple, but they are made up from compounds which carry the whole of their original meanings and are rather suggestive of the ideas floating in the mind than actual expressions of those ideas. Literally, he sings,

> "Spirit of the North-west, you are but my fellow-man."

By being broken into syllables to correspond with a simple chant, and by the power of intonation and repetition, with a chorus, these words are expanded into melodious utterance, if we may be allowed the term, and may be thus rendered:

> "Windy god, I know your plan:
> You are but my fellow-man.
> Blow you may your coldest breeze,
> Shingebiss you cannot freeze;

* The name of a kind of duck.

† A personification of the North-west.

Sweep the strongest wind you can,
Shingebiss is still your man.
Heigh for life! and ho for bliss!
Who so free as Shingebiss?"

The hunter knew that Kabebonicca was at his door, for he felt his cold and strong breath, but he kept on singing his songs and affected utter indifference. At length Kabebonicca entered and took his seat on the opposite side of the lodge, but Shingebiss did not regard or notice him. He got up as if nobody were present, and, taking his poker, pushed the log, which made his fire burn brighter, repeating as he sat down again,

"You are but my fellow-man."

Very soon the tears began to flow down Kabebonicca's cheeks, which increased so fast that presently he said to himself,

"I cannot stand this; I must go out."

He did so, and left Shingebiss to his songs, but resolved to freeze up all the flag-orifices and make the ice thick, so that he could not get any more fish. Still, Shingebiss, by dint of great diligence, found means to pull up new roots and dive under for fish. At last Kabebonicca was compelled to give up the contest.

"He must be aided by some Monedo," said he; "I can neither freeze him nor starve him. He is a very singular being; I will let him alone."

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ROMAN CONQUEST UPON THE GAULS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

THE ancient Celts made their appearance as the most formidable enemies of the civilized nations on whose confines they dwelt, and whom for centuries they threatened with destruction. Their sole occupation was war, which, repelled by no natural boundaries, they waged, as an inborn passion for adventure suggested, in vast masses and with irresistible force. They overflowed Upper and Middle Italy and conquered Rome; they scattered the hitherto invincible phalanx of the Macedonians and carried to Tolosa the treasures of the Delphic temple; they seized the ships which were to have prevented them from crossing over into Asia and by their means effected the passage, and for a time the ancient Ilion was their stronghold. It became a vital necessity for the polished nations of the ancient world to free themselves from these enemies. When, after long and severe conflicts, this had been effected, Julius Cæsar sought them out in their own homes and subdued them in those memorable campaigns.

By these means not only were the two great peninsulas of the Mediterranean and the adjacent islands and coasts upon which the Greek and Roman culture unfolded itself —for a long period, at least—secured against all danger from the interior of the European continent, but at the same time in the very midst of it new abodes were prepared for civilization. Tribes of an inexhaustible vital energy, brave and ingenious, were drawn within its circle and subjected to its ideas. After their defeat the Gauls begin for the first time the general cultivation of their native land, and to enjoy the advantages which its geographical position afforded for peaceful occupations. The Romans filled the country with those great works which everywhere indicate their presence—amphitheatres, baths, aque-

ducts and military roads, which last, as they traversed the land in various directions, were the chief cause of the progress of the Gauls; for they brought every portion into immediate connection with the principal centres of Roman influence. Lyons became the Transalpine Rome.

It were to be wished that a computation could be made of the number of persons of Latin or Italian extraction who settled in Gaul; the first centuries were characterized by a colonizing and civilizing activity which produced here an entirely new world, but there is no doubt that the native inhabitants united with the new-comers with joyful alacrity. From the blending of the tribes and races which had hitherto inhabited the land with the colonies of the conquerors there arose a new people—a great and distinct Romanic nation. In the second century Gaul was the most populous, and in the fourth one of the most civilized, of the Roman provinces, although in the interior many national peculiarities were still preserved.

Wherever the peculiar genius of the native races came in contact with some branch of the Latin culture they attained at once to a remarkable degree of perfection. For a long time there were no schools more frequented than those in Gaul; Romans themselves learned Latin eloquence, in the acceptation of the age, on the banks of the Garonne. The most important operation of this change was its effect upon the religion of the primitive races. It has been remarked that the religion of the Gallic Druids was the only one whose peculiarities the Romans did not tolerate; wherever altars are found on which the Celtic gods are represented together with those of Greece and Rome, they appear simply as idols, without any reference to nationality or polity. The human sacrifices had to disappear. This prohibition cannot be regarded, however, as a mere political transaction. The emperor Claudius, who destroyed the Druidical system, was, without knowing it, an ally of the universal religion of humanity, which even then was beginning to appear in another place. When Christianity, then, made more and more progress in its contest with the various systems of pagan idolatry, the Romanized Gauls, among others, were most deeply interested in its doctrines and in the questions to which it gave rise. They accounted it an honor that the house of the Roman emperors which in the contest between the various religions gave the decision in favor of Christianity had its chief abode in Gaul; it was there, it was said, that Constantine had placed the sign of the Christian faith upon the *labarum*. Some time elapsed, however, before the people were converted. It was not till the second half of the fourth century that the Pannonian warrior St. Martin appeared, who, exposing his own person, destroyed before the eyes of the people the objects of their worship—the conic monuments and sacred trees of the native gods, as well as the temples and statues of the Roman deities, for both had stood, and now both fell, together—and erected Christian churches on their ruins. He founded the great minster at Tours, which was succeeded by many other monkish institutions, both in the interior of the land and on the neighboring islands—seminaries alike for theological studies and for the service of the Church, which gave bishops to the cities and missionaries to the rural districts.

Translation of M. A. GARVEY.

THE MAY QUEEN.

YOU must wake and call me early—call me early, mother dear:
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new year—
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say,
So I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom, think ye, should I see
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday;
But I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother: what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the queen;
For the shepherd-lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint, sweet cuckoo-flowers,

Queen o' the May.

LIBRARY

And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslips and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play;
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early—call me early, mother dear:
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new year;
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early—call me early, mother dear;
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year.
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see;
Then you may lay me low i' the mound and think no more of me.

To night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New Year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day:
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me queen of May;
And we danced about the Maypole and in the hazel copse
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again;
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die!

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave;
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel casement and upon that grave of mine
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'ill shine

Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night—
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother: I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go.
Nay, nay! you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother: you have another child.

If I can, I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night! When I have said "Good-night" for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor;
Let her take 'em; they are hers: I shall never garden more;
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set
About the parlor-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother! Call me before the day is born:
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year;
So, if you're waking, call me—call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am,
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here!

Oh, sweet is the new violet that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,

And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay; and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release,
And that good man the clergyman has told me words of peace.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair,
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
Oh, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me all the sin:
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in;
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat:
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call:
It was when the moon was setting and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear:
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me: I know not what was said,
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping, and I said, "It's not for them: it's mine;"
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But Effie—you must comfort her when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret:
There's many a worthier than I would make him happy yet.
If had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

Oh, look! The sun begins to rise; the heavens are in a glow:
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know;
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine,
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me that ere this day is done
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true;
And what is life, that we should moan? Why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God as I lie upon your breast;
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CHANGES.

WHOM first we love, you know, we seldom wed:
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all, who need, indeed, his care,
And yet I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—Heaven help and pity me!—
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been— Ah! what I dare not think.
We all are changed: God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not if some appear
  Too cold at times, and some too gay and light:
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear.
  Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah! were we judged by what we might have been,
  And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
  These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all.

EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

REWARD OF VIRTUE.

AH! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness, those unsullied hopes
Of happiness, those longings after fame,
Those restless cares, those busy, bustling days,
Those gay-spent, festive nights, those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished. Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn—the second birth
Of heaven and earth. Awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word and starts to life,
In every heightened form from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads
To Reason's eye refined clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise, ye blind presumptuous, now
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraigned; see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected; why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude, while Luxury
In palaces lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth
And Moderation fair wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge; why licensed Pain—
That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe—
Imbittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed,
Ye noble few who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

JAMES THOMSON.

A POET FEARLESS OF TRIBUTE.

WHAT is't to us if taxes rise or fall?
  Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms who in dirty acres deal
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.

His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago:
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labors and excise our brains.
Burdens like these vile earthly buildings bear:
No tribute's laid on castles in the air.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

SO they've sent you a card, my Adonis,
For the countess's ball of to-night?
You fancy no fate like your own is,
No future so charmingly bright.

It costs half a crown for a hansom
To go to that beautiful ball,
Though shortly a duchess's ransom
You'd give to have not gone at all.

For you dance with some lovely young creature
With a winning soft grace and a smile,
And you dwell on each look and each feature
As if Paradise opened the while.

You clasp her slight waist in the "Dewdrop,"
Though you feel that your touch is profane,
And think that fair burden ere you'd drop
You would die to the cornet's wild strain.

The cornet blows louder and brisker;
She grows more confiding and weak;
Her soft tresses tickle your whisker,
Her soft breath is warm on your cheek;

And, in the excitement grown bolder,
You murmur soft words in her ear,
And in blushes quite low on your shoulder
She replies that mamma must not hear—

Replies, "I delight in these crushes:
One can talk though the dances are full;
You don't go next week to the duchess'?
Then I'm sure I shall find it quite dull."

But now for the next dance they're starting;
She shrinks to the chaperon's wings;
You press the small hand in the parting,
And her eyes say unspeakable things.

You cherish for many days after
The look that so lovingly beams:
'Tis a sorrow that stifles your laughter,
'Tis a joy that is bright on your dreams.

You fancy, so lightly she dances,
Her dear little foot on your stair;
You people with those sunny glances
A sweet little home in May Fair.

You saw that all eyes were upon her
As she moved down that glittering room,
And you fancy, when once you have won her,
How pretty she'll look in your brougham.

Oh visions that madly you cherish!
Oh smile that was cruelly false!
Oh hopes that were born but to perish!
Oh dream that has fled with the valse!

When next you meet, doffing your beaver,
You look for her bow, but in vain:

The dear little ballroom deceiver
  Doesn't offer to know you again.

Can it be you have flirted together?
  Now she on her hack canters by,
And you're not worth one wave of her feather;
  You're not worth one glance of her eye.

Then, like ships without sailors to man 'em,
  Your visions seem drifting away,
And you count your few hundreds per annum,
  And their fractions at each quarter-day.

And this, when you sum the case up, is
  The result, though your feelings it hurts:
All men are self-confident puppies,
  All women are frivolous flirts.

R. Benson.

THE CHAMELEON.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop:
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen, and sure I ought to know;"
So begs you'd pay a due submission
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this and then of that,
Discoursed a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its tooth with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! And then its hue!
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there!" the other quick replies;
"'Tis green: I saw it with these eyes
As late with open mouth it lay
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue:
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green! 'tis green, sir, I assure ye!"—
"Green?" cries the other, in a fury.
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"—
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always use you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."

So high, at last, the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows,
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," said the umpire, "cease your pother;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight;
I marked it well: 'twas black as jet.
You stare, but, sirs, I've got it yet,

And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."—
"And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile you'll pronounce him green."—
"Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said, then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and, lo! 'twas white!

Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise.
"My children," the chameleon cries—
Then first the creature found a tongue—
"You all are right, and all are wrong.
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you,
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

JAMES MERRICK.

THE PENT OCEAN.

TO men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire and usurps the shore,
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile—
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts;
But view them closer: craft and fraud appear;
Even liberty itself is bartered here;
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies:
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THERE CAME FROM THE WARS.

THERE came from the wars, on a jet-black steed,
A knight with a snowy plume;
He flew o'er the heath like a captive freed
From a dungeon's dreary gloom.

And gayly he rode to his lordly home,
But the towers were dark and dim,
And he heard no reply when he called for some
Who were dearer than life to him.

The gate, which was hurled from its ancient place,
Lay mouldering on the bare ground,
And the knight rushed in, but saw not a trace
Of a friend as he gazed around.

He flew to the grove where his mistress late
Had charmed him with love's sweet tone,
But 'twas desolate now, and the strings were mute,
And she he adored was gone.

The wreaths were all dead in Rosalie's bower
And Rosalie's dove was lost,
And the winter's wind had withered each flower
On the myrtle she valued most.

But a cypress grew where the myrtle's bloom
Once scented the morning air,
And under its shade was a marble tomb,
And Rosalie's home was there.

ANONYMOUS.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

HAVE you heard the tale of the aloe-plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming-time,
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers:
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers,
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this aloe-plant,
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming-time,
Is an infant plant, that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground,
And, fast as they drop from the dying stem,
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the pelican—
The Arab's Gimel el Bahr—
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!—
The blood of its bosom, and, feeding them, dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then, in the soft, still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven,
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies;
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard those tales; shall I tell you one—
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall—
How he left the choirs and anthems above
For earth, in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of his foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine?

Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but his life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, his loss is our gain—
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

SEVENTY AND SEVEN.

HE sat in silence on her knee;
His hand smoothed soft and lovingly
The wrinkles on the aged face.
His eager eyes and face so fair,
Against the calm of her snow-white hair,
And the rosy glow that the fireside threw,
Gave lights that a picture never knew.
He cried, in a loving voice and mood,
"Poor, bony gran'ma, dear and good!"
A new light flashed in the faded eyes;
It kindled their depths with a rapt surprise,
And the hidden thoughts of the bygone days
Looked out to answer his steadfast gaze.
"Ah, laddie," she cried, "you did not know
Gran as she was long years ago.
'A bonnie lass' were the words they said
When they hung the veil o'er the young bride's head."
A hush fell over the eager tone
As she mused a while on the days long flown,
And a dreamlight shone in the tear-dimmed sight
As she looked afar in the fireside light.
He, watching her face with a childish awe,
With honest heart the deception saw,
For, breaking the silence, he spoke again:
"I didn't say 'bonny,' but 'bony,' gran."—
"'Twas 'bony,' was it? I see! I see!
You're not well versed in flattery!"—
"I'm very sorry for what I said,"
He cried as he hung his curly head.
She kissed him soft as he lay at rest,
With tired head on her loving breast,
And while the clock ticked silently
She murmured low and musingly:
"Even in age am I still so vain
That the words of truth have a touch of pain,
When in my face less care might be
If all I'd loved had been true as he?"

EDITH K. PERRY.

TUBAL CAIN.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung,
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear

Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong
Till they shouted loud for glee
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind—
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe,
And his hand forbore to smite the ore.
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handicraft!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

CHARLES MACKAY.

NOT OURS THE VOWS.

NOT ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer,
And rendered us by sorrow's ties
Each to the other dearer.

Love born in hours of joy and mirth
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time
And through death's shadowy portal,
Made by adversity sublime;
By faith and hope, immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

FABIUS MAXIMUS AND HANNIBAL.

FROM THE GREEK OF PLUTARCH.

WHEN the Romans lost the battle of Trebia, neither the generals sent a true account of it nor the messenger represented it as it was: both pretended the victory was doubtful. But, as to the last, as soon as the prætor Pomponius was apprised of it, he assembled the people, and without disguising the matter in the least made this declaration:

"Romans, we have lost a great battle, our army is cut in pieces, and Flaminius the consul is slain; think, therefore, what is to be done for your safety."

The same commotion which a furious wind causes in the ocean did these words of the prætor produce in so vast a multitude. In the first consternation they could not fix upon anything, but at length all agreed that affairs required the direction of an absolute power, which they called the dictatorship, and that a man should be fixed upon for it who would exercise it with steadiness and intrepidity; that such a man was Fabius Maximus, who had a spirit and dignity of manners equal to so great a command, and besides was of an age in which the vigor of the body is sufficient to execute the purposes of the mind and courage is tempered with prudence.

Pursuant to these resolutions, Fabius was chosen dictator, and he appointed Lucius Minutius his general of the horse. But first he desired permission of the Senate to make use of a horse when in the field. This was forbidden by an ancient law, either because they placed their greatest strength in the infantry, and therefore chose that the commander-in-chief should be always posted among them, or else because they would have the dictator, whose power in all other respects was very great, and indeed arbitrary, in this case at least appear to be dependent upon the people. In the next place, Fabius, willing to show the high authority and grandeur of his office in order to make the people more tractable and submissive, appeared in public with twenty-four lictors carrying the fasces before him; and when the surviving consul met him, he sent one of his officers to order him to dismiss his lictors and the other ensigns of his employment, and to join him as a private man. Then, beginning with an act of religion—which is the best of all beginnings—and assuring the people that their defeats were not owing to the cowardice of the soldiers, but to the general's neglect of the sacred rites and auspices, he exhorted them to entertain no dread of the enemy, but by extraordinary honors to propitiate the gods. Not that he wanted to infuse into them a spirit of superstition, but to confirm their valor by piety, and to deliver them from

every other fear by a sense of the divine protection. On that occasion he consulted several of those mysterious books of the sybils which contained matters of great use to the state, and it is said that some of the prophecies found there perfectly agreed with the circumstances of those times; but it was not lawful for him to divulge them. However, in full assembly he vowed to the gods a *ver sacrum*—that is, all the young which the next spring should produce, on the mountains, the fields, the rivers and meadows, of Italy from the goats, the swine, the sheep and the cows. He likewise vowed to exhibit the great games in honor of the gods, and to expend upon those games three hundred and thirty-three thousand sesterces, three hundred and thirty-three denarii, and one third of a denarius, which sum in our Greek money is eighty-three thousand five hundred and eighty-three drachmas and two oboli. What his reason might be for fixing upon that precise number is not easy to determine, unless it were on account of the perfection of the number three, as being the first of odd numbers, the first of plurals, and containing in itself the first differences and the first elements of all numbers.

Fabius, having taught the people to repose themselves on acts of religion, made them more easy as to future events. For his own part, he placed all his hopes of victory in himself, believing that Heaven blesses men with success on account of their virtue and prudence; and therefore he watched the motions of Hannibal, not with a design to give him battle, but by length of time to waste his spirit and vigor, and gradually to destroy him by means of his superiority in men and money. To secure himself against the enemy's horse, he took care to encamp above them on high and mountainous places. When they sat still, he did the same; when they were in motion, he showed himself upon the heights at such a distance as not to be obliged to fight against his inclination, and yet near enough to keep them in perpetual alarm, as if, amidst his arts to gain time, he intended every moment to give them battle. These dilatory proceedings exposed him to contempt among the Romans in general, and even in his own army. The enemy, too, excepting Hannibal, thought him a man of no spirit. He alone was sensible of the keenness of Fabius and of the manner in which he intended to carry on the war, and therefore was determined, if possible, either by stratagem or force, to bring him to a battle, concluding that otherwise the Carthaginians must be undone, since they could not decide the matter in the field, where they had the advantage, but must gradually wear away and be reduced to nothing, when the dispute was only who should be superior in men and money. Hence it was that he exhausted the whole art of war, like a skilful wrestler, who watches every opportunity to lay hold of his adversary. Sometimes he advanced and alarmed him with the apprehensions of an attack; sometimes by marching and countermarching he led him from place to place, hoping to draw him from his plan of caution. But, as he was fully persuaded of its utility, he kept immovable to his resolution. Minutius, the general of the horse, gave him, however, no small trouble by his unseasonable courage and heat, haranguing the army and filling them with a furious desire to come to action and a vain confidence of success.

Thus the soldiers were brought to despise Fabius and by way of derision to call him the *pedagogue* of Hannibal, while they extolled Minutius as a great man and one that acted up to the dignity of Rome. This led Minutius to give a freer scope to his arrogance and pride, and to ridicule the dictator for encamping constantly upon the mountains —"as if he did it on purpose that his men might more clearly behold Italy laid waste with fire and sword." And he asked the friends of Fabius "whether he intended to take his army up to heaven, as he had bid adieu to the world below, or whether he would screen himself from the enemy with clouds and fogs." When the dictator's friends brought him an account of these aspersions and exhorted him to wipe them off by risking a battle, "In that case," said he, "I should be of a more dastardly spirit than they represent me, if, through fear of insults and reproaches, I should depart from my own resolution. But to fear for my country is not a disagreeable fear. That man is unworthy of such a command as this who shrinks under calumnies and slanders and complies with the humor of those whom he ought to govern, and whose folly and rashness it is his duty to restrain."

After this Hannibal made a disagreeable mistake; for, intending to lead his army farther from Fabius and to move into a part of the country that would afford him forage, he ordered the guides, immediately after supper, to conduct him to the plains of Casinum. They, taking the word wrong by reason of his barbarous pronunciation of it, led his forces to the borders of Campania, near the town of Casilinum, through which runs the river Lothronus, which the Romans call Vulturnus. The adjacent country is surrounded by mountains, except only a valley that stretches out to the sea. Near the sea the ground is very marshy and full of large banks of sand, by reason of the overflowing of the river. The sea is there very rough, and the coast almost impracticable.

As soon as Hannibal was entered into this valley, Fabius, availing himself of his knowledge of the country, seized the narrow outlet and placed in it a guard of four thousand men. The main body of his army he posted to advantage on the surrounding hills, and with the lightest and most active of his troops fell upon the enemy's rear, put their whole army in disorder, and killed about eight hundred of them.

Hannibal then wanted to get clear of so disadvantageous a situation, and, in revenge of the mistake the guides had made and the danger they had brought him into, he crucified them all. But not knowing how to drive the enemy from the heights they were masters of, and sensible, besides, of the terror and confusion that reigned amongst his men, who concluded themselves fallen into a snare from which there was no escaping, he had recourse to stratagem. The contrivance was this: He caused two thousand oxen which he had in his camp to have torches and dry bavins well fastened to their horns. These, in the night, upon a signal given, were to be lighted, and the oxen to be driven to the mountains, near the narrow pass that was guarded by the enemy. While those that had it in charge were thus employed, he decamped and marched slowly forward. So long as the fire was moderate and burnt only the torches and bavins the oxen moved softly on as they were driven up the hills.

and the shepherds and herdsmen on the adjacent heights took them for an army that marched in order with lighted torches; but when their horns were burnt to the roots and the fire pierced to the quick, terrified, and mad with pain, they no longer kept any certain route, but ran up the hills with their foreheads and tails flaming and setting everything on fire that came in their way. The Romans who guarded the pass were astonished, for they appeared to them like a great number of men running up and down with torches which scattered fire on every side. In their fears, of course, they concluded that they should be attacked and surrounded by the enemy; for which reason they quitted the pass and fled to the main body in the camp. Immediately, Hannibal's light-armed troops took possession of the outlet, and the rest of his forces marched safely through, loaded with a rich booty.

Fabius discovered the stratagem that same night, for some of the oxen, as they were scattered about, fell into his hands; but, for fear of an ambush in the dark, he kept his men all night under arms in the camp. At break of day he pursued the enemy, came up with their rear and attacked them; several skirmishes ensued in the difficult passes of the mountains, and Hannibal's army was put in some disorder, until he detached from his van a body of Spaniards, light and nimble men who were accustomed to climb such heights. These, falling upon the heavy-armed Romans, cut off a considerable number of them and obliged Fabius to retire. This brought upon him more contempt and calumny than ever; for having renounced open force, as if he could subdue Hannibal by conduct and foresight, he appeared now to be worsted at his own weapons.

Hannibal, to incense the Romans still more against him, when he came to his lands, ordered them to be spared, and set a guard upon them to prevent the committing of the least injury there, while he was ravaging all the country around them and laying it waste with fire. An account of these things being brought to Rome, heavy complaints were made thereupon. The tribunes alleged many articles of accusation against him before the people, chiefly at the instigation of Metilius, who had no particular enmity to Fabius; but, being strongly in the interest of Minutius, the general of the horse, whose relation he was, he thought by depressing Fabius to raise his friend. The Senate, too, was offended, particularly with the terms he had settled with Hannibal for the ransom of prisoners, for it was agreed between them that the prisoners should be exchanged man for man, and that if either of them had more than the other he should release them for two hundred and fifty drachmas each man; and upon the whole account there remained two hundred and forty Romans unexchanged. The Senate determined not to pay this ransom, and blamed Fabius as taking a step that was against the honor and interest of the state in endeavoring to recover men whom cowardice had betrayed into the hands of the enemy.

When Fabius was informed of the resentment of his fellow-citizens, he bore it with invincible patience; but being in want of money, and not choosing to deceive Hannibal or to abandon his countrymen in distress, he sent his son to Rome with orders to sell

part of his estate and bring him the money immediately. This was punctually performed by his son, and Fabius redeemed the prisoners, several of whom afterward offered to repay him; but his generosity would not permit him to accept it. After this he was called to Rome by the priests to assist at some of the solemn sacrifices, and therefore was obliged to leave the army to Minutius; but he both charged him as dictator, and used many arguments and entreaties with him as a friend, not to come to any kind of action. The pains he took were lost upon Minutius, for he immediately sought occasions to fight the enemy; and, observing one day that Hannibal had sent out great part of his army to forage, he attacked those that were left behind and drove them within their entrenchments, killing great numbers of them, so that they even feared he would storm their camp; and when the rest of the Carthaginian forces were returned, he retreated without loss. This success added to his temerity and increased the ardor of his soldiers. The report of it soon reached Rome, and the advantage was represented as much greater than it really was. When Fabius was informed of it, he said he dreaded nothing more than the success of Minutius. But the people, mightily elated with the news, ran to the Forum, and their tribune Metilius harangued them from the rostrum, highly extolling Minutius, and accusing Fabius now, not of cowardice and want of spirit, but of treachery. He endeavored also to involve the principal men in Rome in the same crime, alleging, "that they had originally brought war upon Italy for the destruction of the common people, and had put the commonwealth under the absolute direction of one man, who by his slow proceedings gave Hannibal opportunity to establish himself in the country, and to draw fresh forces from Carthage in order to effect a total conquest of Italy."

Fabius disdained to make any defence against these allegations of the tribune; he only declared that "he would finish the sacrifice and other religious rites as soon as possible, that he might return to the army and punish Minutius for fighting contrary to his orders." This occasioned a great tumult among the people, who were alarmed at the danger of Minutius; for it is in the dictator's power to imprison and inflict capital punishment without form or trial, and they thought that the wrath of Fabius, now provoked, though he was naturally very mild and patient, would prove heavy and implacable. But fear kept them all silent, except Metilius, whose person, as tribune of the people, could not be touched, for the tribunes are the only officers of state that retain their authority after the appointing of a dictator. Metilius entreated, insisted that the people should not give up Minutius to suffer, perhaps, what Manlius Torquatus caused his own son to suffer, whom he beheaded when crowned with laurel for his victory, but that they should take from Fabius his power to play the tyrant and leave the direction of affairs to one who was both able and willing to save his country. The people, though much affected with this speech, did not venture to divest Fabius of the dictatorship, notwithstanding the odium he had incurred, but decreed that Minutius should share the command with him and have equal authority in conducting the war—a thing never before

practised in Rome. There was, however, another instance of it soon after, upon the unfortunate action of Cannæ; for Marcus Junius, the dictator, being then in the field, they created another dictator, Fabius Buteo, to fill up the Senate, many of whose members were slain in that battle. There was this difference, indeed—that Buteo had no sooner enrolled the new senators than he dismissed his lictors and the rest of his retinue and mixed with the crowd, stopping some time in the Forum about his own affairs as a private man.

When the people had thus invested Minutius with a power equal to that of the dictator, they thought they should find Fabius extremely humbled and dejected; but it soon appeared that they knew not the man. For he did not reckon their mistake any unhappiness to him, but, as Diogenes the philosopher, when one said, "They deride you," answered, "Well, but I am not derided," accounting those only to be ridiculed who feel the ridicule and are decomposed at it, so Fabius bore without emotion all that happened to himself, herein confirming that position in philosophy which affirms that a wise and good man can suffer no disgrace. But he was under no small concern for the public on account of the unadvised proceedings of the people, who had put it in the power of a rash man to indulge his indiscreet ambition for military distinction; and, apprehensive that Minutius, infatuated with ambition, might take some fatal step, he left Rome very privately. Upon his arrival at the camp he found the arrogance of Minutius grown to such a height that it was no longer to be endured. Fabius, therefore, refused to comply with his demand of having the army under his orders every other day, and, instead of that, divided the forces with him, choosing rather to have the full command of a part than the direction of the whole by turns. He therefore took the first and fourth legions himself, leaving the second and third to Minutius, and the confederate forces were likewise equally divided.

Minutius valued himself highly upon this, that the power of the greatest and most arbitrary office in the state was controlled and reduced for his sake. But Fabius put him in mind "that it was not Fabius whom he had to contend with, but Hannibal; that if he would, notwithstanding, consider his colleague as his rival, he must take care lest he who had so successfully carried his point with the people should one day appear to have their safety and interest less at heart than the man who had been so ill-treated by them." Minutius, considering this as the effect of an old man's pique and taking the troops that fell to his lot, marked out a separate camp for them.

Hannibal was well informed of all that passed, and watched his opportunity to take advantage of it. There was a hill betwixt him and the enemy not difficult to take possession of which yet would afford an army a very safe and commodious post. The ground about it at a distance seemed quite level and plain, though there were in it several ditches and hollows; and therefore, though he might privately have seized that post with ease, yet he left it as a bait to draw the enemy to an engagement. But as soon as he saw Minutius parted from Fabius he took an opportunity in the night to place a number of men in those ditches and hollows, and early in the

morning he openly sent out a small party, as if designed to make themselves masters of the hill, but really to draw Minutius to dispute it with them. The event answered his expectation, for Minutius sent out his light-armed troops first, then the cavalry, and at last, when he saw Hannibal send reinforcements to his men upon the hill, he marched out with all his forces in order of battle and attacked with great vigor the Carthaginians, who were marking out a camp upon the hill. The fortune of the day was doubtful, until Hannibal, perceiving that the enemy had fallen into the snare and that their rear was open to the ambuscade, instantly gave the signal. Hereupon his men rushed out on all sides and advanced with loud shouts, and, cutting in pieces the hindmost ranks, they put the Romans in disorder and terror inexpressible. Even the spirit of Minutius began to shrink, and he looked first upon one officer, and then upon another, but not one of them durst stand his ground: they all betook themselves to flight. And the flight itself proved fatal, for the Numidians, now victorious, galloped round the plain and killed those whom they found dispersed.

Fabius was not ignorant of the danger of his countrymen. Foreseeing what would happen, he kept his forces under arms and took care to be informed how the action went on; nor did he trust to the reports of others, but he himself looked out from an eminence not far from his camp. When he saw the army of his colleague surrounded and broken, and the cry reached him, not like that of men standing the charge, but of persons flying in great dismay, he smote upon his thigh and with a deep sigh said to his friends about him,

"Ye gods! how much sooner than I expected, and yet later than his indiscreet proceedings required, has Minutius ruined himself!"

Then, having commanded the standard-bearers to advance and the whole army to follow, he addressed them in these words:

"Now, my brave soldiers, if any one has a regard for Marcus Minutius, let him exert himself; for he deserves assistance for his valor and the love he bears his country. If in his haste to drive out the enemy he has committed any error, this is not a time to find fault with him."

The first sight of Fabius frightened away the Numidians, who were picking up stragglers in the field. Then he attacked those who were charging the Romans in the rear. Such as made resistance he slew, but the greatest part retreated to their own army before the communication was cut off, lest they should themselves be surrounded in their turn.

Hannibal, seeing this change of fortune, and finding that Fabius pushed on through the hottest of the battle with a vigor above his years to come up to Minutius upon the hill, put an end to the dispute, and, having sounded a retreat, retired into his camp. The Romans, on their part, were not sorry when the action was over. Hannibal, as he was drawing off, is reported to have said smartly to those that were by,

"Did not I often tell you that this cloud would one day burst upon us from the mountains with all the fury of a storm?"

After the battle, Fabius, having collected the spoils of such Carthaginians as were left dead upon the field, returned to his post; nor did he let fall one haughty or angry

word against his colleague. As for Minutius, having called his men together, he thus expressed himself:

"Friends and fellow-soldiers, not to err at all in the management of great affairs is above the wisdom of men, but it is the part of a prudent and good man to learn from his errors and miscarriages to correct himself for the future. For my part, I confess that, though Fortune has frowned upon me a little, I have much to thank her for. For what I could not be brought to be sensible of in so long a time I have learned in the small compass of one day—that I know not how to command, but have need to be under the direction of another; and from this moment I bid adieu to the ambition of getting the better of a man whom it is an honor to be foiled by. In all other respects the dictator shall be your commander, but in the due expressions of gratitude to him I will be your leader still by being the first to show an example of obedience and submission."

He then ordered the ensigns to advance with the eagles and the troops to follow, himself marching at the head, to the camp of Fabius. Being admitted, he went directly to his tent. The whole army waited with impatience for the event. When Fabius came out, Minutius fixed his standard before him and with a loud voice saluted him by the name of "Father;" at the same time his soldiers called those of Fabius their patrons—an appellation which freedmen gave to those that enfranchise them. These respects being paid and silence taken place, Minutius thus addressed himself to the dictator:

"You have this day, Fabius, obtained two victories—one over the enemy by your valor, the other over your colleague by your prudence and humanity. By the former you saved us, by the latter you have instructed us; and Hannibal's victory over us is not more disgraceful than yours is honorable and salutary to us. I call you 'Father,' not knowing a more honorable name, and am more indebted to you than to my real father. To him I owe my being, but to you the preservation of my life and the lives of all these brave men."

After this he threw himself into the arms of Fabius, and the soldiers of each army embraced one another with every expression of tenderness and with tears of joy.

Not long after this Fabius laid down the dictatorship, and consuls were created. The first of these kept to the plans which Fabius had laid down. He took care not to come to a pitched battle with Hannibal, but sent succors to the allies of Rome and prevented any revolt in their cities. But when Terentius Varro, a man of obscure birth, and remarkable only for his temerity and servile complaisance to the people, rose to the consulship, it soon appeared that his boldness and inexperience would bring him to risk the very being of the commonwealth; for he loudly insisted in the assemblies of the people that the war stood still whilst it was under the conduct of the Fabii, but for his part he would take but one day to get sight of the enemy and to beat him. With these promises he so prevailed on the multitude that he raised greater forces than Rome had ever had on foot before in her most dangerous wars, for he mustered no fewer than eighty-eight thousand men.

Hereupon, Fabius and other wise and experienced persons among the Romans were

greatly alarmed, because they saw no resource for the state if such a number of their youth should be cut off. They addressed themselves, therefore, to the other consul, Paulus Æmilius, a man of great experience in war, but disagreeable to the people, and at the same time afraid of them, for they had formerly set a considerable fine upon him. Fabius, however, encouraged him to withstand the temerity of his colleague, telling him "that the dispute he had to support for his country was not so much with Hannibal as with Varro. The latter," said he, "will hasten to an engagement because he knows not his own strength, and the former because he knows his own weakness. But believe me, Æmilius, I deserve more attention than Varro with respect to the affairs of Hannibal, and I do assure you that if the Romans come to no battle with him this year he will either be undone by his stay in Italy or else be obliged to quit it. Even now, when he seems to be victorious and to carry all before him, not one of his enemies has quitted the Roman interest, and not a third part of the forces remains which he brought from home with him."

To this Æmilius is said to have answered:

"My friend, when I consider myself only, I conclude it better for me to fall upon the weapons of the enemy than the sentence of my own countrymen. However, since the state of public affairs is so critical, I will endeavor to approve myself a good general, and had rather appear such to you than to all who oppose you, and who would draw me, willing or unwilling, to their party."

With these sentiments Æmilius began his operations.

But Varro, having brought his colleague to agree that they should command alternately each his day, when his turn came took post over against Hannibal, on the banks of the Aufidus, near the village of Cannæ. As soon as it was light he gave the signal for battle, which is a red mantle set up over the general's tent. The Carthaginians were a little disheartened at first when they saw how daring the consul was, and that his army was more than twice their number. But Hannibal, having ordered them to arm, himself, with a few others, rode up to an eminence to take a view of the enemy, now drawn up for battle. One Gisco, that accompanied him, a man of his own rank, happening to say the numbers of the enemy appeared to him surprising, Hannibal replied with a serious countenance,

"There is another thing which has escaped your observation much more surprising than that." Upon his asking what it was, "It is," said he, "that among such numbers not one of them is named Gisco."

The whole company were diverted with the humor of his observation, and as they returned to the camp they told the jest to those they met; so that the laugh became universal. At sight of this the Carthaginians took courage, thinking it must proceed from the great contempt in which their general held the Romans that he could jest and laugh in the face of danger.

In this battle Hannibal gave great proofs of generalship. In the first place, he took advantage of the ground to post his men with their back to the wind, which was then very violent and scorching, and drove from the dry plains, over the heads of the Carthaginians, clouds of sand and dust into the eyes and nostrils of the Romans; so that they

were obliged to turn away their faces and break their ranks. In the next place, his troops were drawn up with superior art. He placed the flower of them in the wings and those upon whom he had less dependence in the main corps, which was considerably more advanced than the wings. Then he commanded those in the wings that when the enemy had charged and vigorously pushed that advanced body, which he knew would give way and open a passage for them to the very centre, and when the Romans by this means should be far enough engaged within the two wings, they should both on the right and left take them in flank and endeavor to surround them. This was the principal cause of the great carnage that followed; for, the enemy pressing upon Hannibal's front, which gave ground, the form of his army was changed into a half moon, and the officers of the select troops caused the two points of the wings to join behind the Romans. Thus they were exposed to the attacks of the Carthaginians on all sides. An incredible slaughter followed, nor did any escape but the few that retreated before the main body was enclosed.

It is also said that a strange and fatal accident happened to the Roman cavalry, for the horse which Æmilius rode, having received some hurt, threw him, and, those about him alighting to assist and defend the consul on foot, the rest of the cavalry, seeing this and taking it for a signal for them to do the same, all quitted their horses and charged on foot. At sight of this, Hannibal said,

"This pleases me better than if they had been delivered to me bound hand and foot."

But the particulars may be found at large in the historians who have described this battle.

As to the consuls, Varro escaped with a few horse to Venutia, and Æmilius, covered with darts which stuck in his wounds, sat down in anguish and despair, waiting for the enemy to despatch him. His head and his face were so disfigured and stained with blood that it was not easy to know him; even his friends and servants passed by him without stopping. At last Cornelius Lentulus, a young man of a patrician family, perceiving who he was, dismounted and entreated him to take his horse and save himself for the commonwealth, which had then more occasion than ever for so good a consul. But nothing could prevail upon him to accept of the offer, and, notwithstanding the young man's tears, he obliged him to mount his horse again. Then, rising up and taking him by the hand, "Tell Fabius Maximus," said he—"and, Lentulus, do you yourself be witness—that Paulus Æmilius followed his directions to the last, and did not deviate in the least from the plan agreed upon between them, but was first overcome by Varro, and then by Hannibal." Having despatched Lentulus with this commission, he rushed among the enemy's swords and was slain. Fifty thousand Romans are said to have fallen in this battle, and four thousand to have been taken prisoners, besides ten thousand that were taken after the battle in both camps.

After this great success Hannibal's friends advised him to pursue his fortune and to enter Rome along with the fugitives, assuring him that in five days he might sup in the Capitol. It is not easy to conjecture what his reason was for not taking this step. Most probably some deity opposed it and

therefore inspired him with this hesitation and timidity. On this account it was that a Carthaginian named Barca said to him, with some heat,

"Hannibal, you know how to gain a victory, but not how to use it."

The battle of Cannæ, however, made such an alteration in his affairs that though before it he had neither town nor magazine nor port in Italy, but without any regular supplies for the war subsisted his army by rapine, and for that purpose moved them, like a great band of robbers, from place to place, yet then he became master of the greatest part of Italy; its best provinces and towns voluntarily submitted to him, and Capua itself, the most respectable city, after Rome, threw its weight into his scale.

In this case it appeared that great misfortunes are not only—what Euripides calls them—a trial of the fidelity of a friend, but of the capacity and conduct of a general, for the proceedings of Fabius, which before this battle were deemed cold and timid, then appeared to be directed by counsels more than human—to be, indeed, the dictates of a divine wisdom which penetrated into futurity at such a distance and foresaw what seemed incredible to the very persons who experienced it. In him, therefore, Rome places her last hope; his judgment is the temple, the altar, to which she flies for refuge, believing that to his prudence it was chiefly owing that she still held up her head and that her children were not dispersed, as when she was taken by the Gauls; for he who in times of apparent security seemed to be deficient in confidence and resolution now, when all abandoned themselves to inexpressible sorrow and helpless despair, alone walked about the city with a calm and easy pace, with a firm countenance, a mild and gracious address, checking their effeminate lamentations and preventing them from assembling in public to bewail their common distress. He caused the Senate to meet; he encouraged the magistrates, himself being the soul of their body, for all waited his motion and were ready to obey his orders; he placed a guard at the gates, to hinder such of the people as were inclined to fly from quitting the city; he fixed both the place and time for mourning, allowed thirty days for that purpose in a man's own house, and no more for the city in general; and, as the feast of Ceres fell within that time, it was thought better entirely to omit the solemnity than by the small numbers and the melancholy looks of those that should attend it to discover the greatness of their loss, for the worship most acceptable to the gods is that which comes from cheerful hearts. Indeed, whatever the augurs ordered for propitiating the divine powers and averting inauspicious omens was carefully performed; for Fabius Pictor, the near relation of Fabius Maximus, was sent to consult the oracle at Delphi, and of the two vestals who were then found guilty of a breach of their vow of chastity one was buried alive, according to custom, and the other died by her own hand.

But what most deserves to be admired is the magnanimity and temper of the Romans when the consul Varro returned after his defeat much humbled and very melancholy, as one who had occasioned the greatest calamity and disgrace imaginable to the republic. The whole Senate and people went to welcome him at the gates; and when silence was commanded, the magistrates and prin-

cipal senators—amongst whom was Fabius—commended him for not giving up the circumstances of the state as desperate after so great a misfortune, but returning to take upon him the administration and to make what advantage he could for his country of the laws and citizens, as not being utterly lost and ruined.

When they found that Hannibal, after the battle, instead of marching to Rome, turned to another part of Italy, they took courage and sent their armies and generals into the field. The most eminent of these were Fabius Maximus and Claudius Marcellus, men distinguished by characters almost entirely opposite. Marcellus was a man of a buoyant and animated valor, remarkably well skilled in the use of weapons and naturally enterprising—such an one, in short, as Homer calls "lofty in heart, in courage fierce, in war delighting." So intrepid a general was very fit to be opposed to an enemy as daring as himself, to restore the courage and spirits of the Romans by some vigorous stroke in the first engagements. As for Fabius, he kept to his first sentiments, and hoped that if he only followed Hannibal close without fighting him he and his army would wear themselves out and lose their warlike vigor, just as a wrestler does who keeps continually in the ring and allows himself no repose to recruit his strength after excessive fatigues. Hence it was that the Romans (as Posidonius tells us) called Fabius "their shield" and Marcellus "their sword," and used to say that the steadiness and caution of the one, mixed with the vivacity and boldness of the other, made a compound very salutary to Rome. Hannibal, therefore, often meeting Marcellus, whose motions were like those of a torrent, found his forces broken and diminished; and by Fabius, who moved with a silent but constant stream, he was undermined and insensibly weakened. Such, at length, was the extremity he was reduced to that he was tired of fighting Marcellus and afraid of Fabius. And these were the persons he had generally to do with during the remainder of the war, as prætors, consuls or proconsuls, for each of them was five times consul. It is true Marcellus in his fifth consulate was drawn into his snares and killed by means of an ambuscade. Hannibal often made the like attempts upon Fabius, exerting all his arts and stratagems, but without effect. Once only he deceived him and had nearly led him into a fatal error. He forged letters to him as from the principal inhabitants of Metapontum, offering to deliver up the city to him and assuring him that those who had taken this resolution only waited till he appeared before it. Fabius, giving credit to these letters, ordered a party to be ready, intending to march thither in the night; but, finding the auspices unpromising, he altered his design, and soon after discovered that the letters were forged by an artifice of Hannibal's and that he was lying in ambush for him near the town. But this, perhaps, may be ascribed to the favor and protection of the gods.

Fabius was persuaded that it was better to keep the cities from revolting and to prevent any commotions among the allies by affability and mildness than to entertain every suspicion or to use severity against those whom he did suspect. It is reported of him that, being informed that a certain Marcian in his army,* who was a man not

* Livy tells this story of Marcellus, which Plutarch here applies to Fabius.

inferior in courage or family to any among the allies, solicited some of his men to desert, he did not treat him harshly, but acknowledged that he had been too much neglected, declaring, at the same time, that he was now perfectly sensible how much his officers had been to blame in distributing honors more out of favor than regard to merit, and that for the future he should take it ill if he did not apply to *him* when he had any request to make. This was followed with a present of a war-horse and with other marks of honor, and from that time the man behaved with great fidelity and zeal for the service. Fabius thought it hard that, while those that bred dogs and horses soften their stubborn tempers and bring down their fierce spirits by care and kindness rather than with whips and chains, he who has the command of men should not endeavor to correct their errors by gentleness and goodness, but treat them even in a harsher and more violent manner than gardeners do the wild fig trees, wild pears and olives whose nature they subdue by cultivation, and which by that means they bring to produce very agreeable fruit.

Another time some of his officers informed him that one of the soldiers, a native of Lucania, often quitted his post and rambled out of the camp. Upon this report, he asked what kind of a man he was in other respects, and they all declared it was not easy to find so good a soldier, doing him the justice to mention several extraordinary instances of his valor. On inquiring into the cause of this irregularity, he found that the man was passionately in love, and that for the sake of seeing a young woman he ventured out of the camp and took a long and dangerous journey every night. Hereupon Fabius gave orders to some of his men to find out the woman and convey her into his own tent, but took care that the Lucanian should not know it. Then he sent for him, and, taking him aside, spoke to him as follows:

"I very well know that you have lain many nights out of the camp, in breach of the Roman discipline and laws; at the same time, I am not ignorant of your past services. In consideration of them, I forgive your present crime; but for the future I will give you in charge to a person who shall be answerable for you."

While the soldier stood much amazed, Fabius produced the woman, and, putting her in his hands, thus expressed himself:

"This is the person who engages for you that you will remain in camp, and now we shall see whether there was not some traitorous design which drew you out, and which you made the love of this woman a cloak for."

Such is the account we have of this affair.

By means of another love-affair Fabius recovered the city of Tarentum, which had been treacherously delivered up to Hannibal. A young man, a native of that place, who served under Fabius, had a sister there who loved him with great tenderness. This youth, being informed that a certain Brutian, one of the officers of the garrison which Hannibal had put in Tarentum, entertained a violent passion for his sister, hoped to avail himself of this circumstance to the advantage of the Romans. Therefore, with the permission of Fabius, he returned to his sister at Tarentum under color of having deserted. Some days passed, during which the Brutian forbore his visits, for she supposed that her

brother knew nothing of the amour. This obliged the young man to come to an explanation.

"It has been currently reported," said he, "that you receive addresses from a man of some distinction. Pray, who is he? If he is a man of honor and character, as they say he is, Mars, who confounds all things, takes but little thought of what country he may be. What necessity imposes is no disgrace, but we may rather think ourselves fortunate, at a time when justice yields to force, if that which force might compel us to happens not to be disagreeable to our own inclinations."

Thus encouraged, the young woman sent for the Brutian and presented him to her brother; and, as she behaved to him in a kinder and more complying manner through her brother's means, who was very indulgent to his passion, it was not very difficult to prevail with the Brutian, who was deeply in love, and was withal a mercenary, to deliver up the town upon promises of great rewards from Fabius.

During these transactions, Fabius, in order to make a diversion, gave directions to the garrison of Rhegium to lay waste the Brutian territories, and, if possible, to make themselves masters of Caulonia. These were a body of eight thousand men, composed partly of deserters and partly of the most worthless of that infamous band brought by Marcellus out of Sicily, and therefore the loss of them would not be great nor much lamented by the Romans. These men he threw out as a bait for Hannibal, and by sacrificing them hoped to draw him to a distance from Tarentum. The design succeeded accordingly, for Hannibal marched with his forces to Caulonia, and Fabius in the mean time laid siege to Tarentum. The sixth day of the siege, the young man having settled the matter with the Brutian officer by means of his sister, and having well observed the place where he kept guard and promised to let in the Romans, went to Fabius by night and gave him an account of it. The consul moved to the appointed quarter, though not entirely depending upon the promise that the town would be betrayed. There he himself sat still, but at the same time ordered an assault on every other part, both by sea and land. This was put in execution with great noise and tumult, which drew most of the Tarentines that way to assist the garrison and repel the besiegers. Then, the Brutian giving Fabius the signal, he scaled the walls and got possession of the town.

On this occasion Fabius seems to have indulged a criminal ambition, for, that it might not appear that the place was betrayed to him, he ordered the Brutians to be put first to the sword. But he failed in his design, for the former suspicion still remained, and he incurred, besides, the reproach of perfidy and inhumanity. Many of the Tarentines also were killed; thirty thousand of them were sold for slaves; the army had the plunder of the town, and three thousand talents were brought into the public treasury. Whilst everything was ransacked and the spoils were heaped before Fabius it is reported that the officer who took the inventory asked what he would have them to do with the gods, meaning the statues and pictures. Fabius answered,

"Let us leave the Tarentines their angry gods."

However, he carried away a *colossus* of Hercules, which he afterward set up in the

Capitol, and near it an equestrian statue of himself in brass. Thus he showed himself inferior to Marcellus in his taste for the fine arts, and still more so in mercy and humanity. Marcellus in this respect had greatly the advantage.

Hannibal had hastened to the relief of Tarentum, and, being within five miles of it when it was taken, he scrupled not to say publicly, "The Romans too have their Hannibal, for we have lost Tarentum in the same manner that we gained it." And in private he then first acknowledged to his friends that he had always thought it difficult, but now saw it was impossible with the forces he had, to conquer Italy.

Fabius for this was honored with a triumph more splendid than the former, having gloriously maintained the field against Hannibal and baffled all his schemes with ease, just as an able wrestler disengages himself from the arms of his antagonist, whose grasp no longer retains the same vigor, for Hannibal's army was now partly enervated with opulence and luxury, and partly impaired and worn out with continual action.

Marcus Livius, who commanded in Tarentum when it was betrayed to Hannibal, retired into the citadel and held it till the town was retaken by the Romans. This officer beheld with pain the honors conferred upon Fabius, and one day his envy and vanity drew from him this expression in the Senate:

"I, not Fabius, was the cause of recovering Tarentum."

"True," said Fabius, laughing; "for if you had not lost the town, I had never recovered it."

Among other honors which the Romans paid to Fabius, they elected his son consul. When he had entered upon his office and was settling some point relating to the war, the father, either on account of his age and infirmities or else to try his son, mounted his horse to ride up to him. The young consul, seeing him at a distance, would not suffer it, but sent one of the lictors to his father with orders for him to dismount and to come on foot to the consul if he had any occasion to apply to him. The whole assembly were moved at this, and cast their eyes upon Fabius, by their silence and their looks expressing their resentment of the indignity offered to a person of his character. But he instantly alighted and ran to his son and embraced him with great tenderness.

"My son," said he, "I applaud your sentiments and your behavior. You know what a people you command and have a just sense of the dignity of your office. This was the way that we and our forefathers took to advance Rome to her present height of glory, always considering the honor and interest of our country before that of our own fathers and children."

Soon after, Scipio defeated Hannibal in a pitched battle, pulled down the pride of Carthage and trod it under foot. This afforded the Romans a pleasure beyond all their hopes and restored a firmness to their empire, which had been shaken with so many tempests. But Fabius Maximus did not live to the end of the war to hear of the overthrow of Hannibal or to see the prosperity of his country re-established, for about the time that Hannibal left Italy he fell sick and died. We are assured that Epaminondas died so poor that the Thebans buried

him at the public charge, for at his death nothing was found in his house but an iron spit. The expense of Fabius's funeral was not, indeed, defrayed out of the Roman treasury, but every citizen contributed a small piece of money toward it—not that he died without effects, but that they might bury him as the father of the people, and that the honors paid him at his death might be suitable to the dignity of his life.

Translation of JOHN and WILLIAM LANGHORNE.

WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION.

THE hour now approached in which it became necessary for the American chief to take leave of his officers, who had been endeared to him by a long series of common sufferings and dangers. This was done in a solemn manner. The officers having previously assembled for the purpose, General Washington joined them, and, calling for a glass of wine, thus addressed them:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I must devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

Having drank, he added,

"I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take me by the hand."

General Knox, being next, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington grasped his hand and embraced him. The officers came up successively, and he took an affectionate leave of each of them. Not a word was articulated on either side. A majestic silence prevailed. The tear of sensibility glistened in every eye. The tenderness of the scene exceeded all description.

When the last of the officers had taken his leave, Washington left the room and passed through the corps of light infantry to the place of embarkation. The officers followed in a solemn, mute procession with dejected countenances. On his entering the barge to cross the North River, he turned toward the companions of his glory, and, by waving his hat, bid them a silent adieu. Some of them answered this last signal of respect and affection with tears, and all of them gazed upon the barge which conveyed him from their sight till they could no longer distinguish in it the person of their beloved commander-in-chief.

The army being disbanded, Washington proceeded to Annapolis, then the seat of Congress, to resign his commission. On his way thither he of his own accord delivered to the comptroller of accounts, in Philadelphia, an account of the expenditure of all the public money he had ever received. This was in his own handwriting, and every entry was made in a very particular manner. Vouchers were produced for every item, except for secret intelligence and services, which amounted to no more than 1982 pounds 10 shillings sterling. The whole which, in the course of eight years of war, had passed through his hands, amounted only to 14,479 pounds 18 shillings 9 pence sterling. Nothing was charged or retained for personal services, and actual disbursements had been managed with such economy and fidelity that they were all covered by the above moderate sum.

After accounting for all his expenditures of public money (secret-service money, for obvious reasons, excepted) with all the exactness

which established forms required from the inferior officers of his army, he hastened to resign into the hands of the fathers of his country the powers with which they had invested him. This was done in a public audience. Congress received him as the founder and guardian of the republic. While he appeared before them, they silently retraced the scenes of danger and distress through which they had passed together. They recalled to mind the blessings of freedom and peace purchased by his arm. They gazed with wonder on their fellow-citizen, who appeared more great and worthy of esteem in resigning his power than he had done in gloriously using it. Every heart was big with emotion. Tears of admiration and gratitude burst from every eye. The general sympathy was felt by the resigning hero, and wet his cheek with a manly tear.

DAVID RAMSEY.

FREDERICA BREMER.

"IF it should so happen," says this lady in a letter to her friend Mary Howitt, "that, as regards me, any one should wish to cast a kind glance behind the curtain which conceals a somewhat eventful life, he may discover that I was born on the banks of the Aura, a river which flows through Abo, and that several of the venerable and learned men of the university were my godfathers. At the age of three years I was removed with my family from my native country of Finland into Sweden, where my father purchased an estate, after he had sold his property in Finland (about that time ceded a province of Russia). If any one kindly follows me to my new home, I would not trouble him to accompany me from childhood to youth, through the inward elementary chaos and the outward uninteresting and commonplace picture of a family which every autumn removed in their covered carriage from their estate in the country to their house in the capital, and every spring trundled back again from their house in the capital to their country-seat. Nor would I inflict upon him minute sketches of the young daughters who played on the piano, sang ballads, read novels, drew in black chalk and looked forward with longing glances to the future, when they hoped to see and do wonderful things. With humility I must confess that I always regarded myself as a heroine. Casting a glance into the family circle, it would be seen that its members collected in the evening in the great drawing-room of their country home, where the works of German poets were read aloud, and those of Schiller made a profound impression on the mind of one young girl in particular. A deeper glance into her soul will show that a heavy reality of sorrow was spreading by degrees a dark cloud over the splendor of her youthful dreams. Like early evening it came over the path of the young pilgrim of life, and earnestly, but in vain, she endeavored to escape it. There is a significant picture at the commencement of every mythology. In the beginning there is a bright and warm and divine principle which allies itself to darkness, and from this union of light and darkness, of fire and tears, proceeds a god. I believe that something similar to this takes place in every human being who is born to a deeper life, and something similar took place in her who writes these lines. Looking at her a few years

later, it will be seen that a great change has taken place. Her eyes have long been filled with tears of unspeakable joy; she is like one who has arisen from the grave to a new life. What has caused this change? Have her splendid youthful dreams been accomplished? Is she a heroine? Has she become victorious in beauty or renown? No; the illusions of youth are past, the season of youth is over, and yet she is again young, for there is freedom in the depth of her soul; the light has penetrated the darkness and illuminated the night; whilst, with her eye fixed upon that light, she has exclaimed, with tears of joy, 'Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?' Many a grave since then has been opened to receive those whom she tenderly loved, many a pang has been felt since then; but the heart throbs joyfully and the dark night is over. If it be desired to hear anything of my writings, it may be said that they began in the eighth year of my age, when I apostrophized the moon in French verses, and that during the greater part of my youth I continued to write in the same ambitious strain. At the present time, although I stand on the verge of the autumn of my life, I still see the same objects which surrounded me in the early days of my spring, and am still so happy as to possess, out of many dear ones, a beloved mother and sister. The mountains which surround our dwellings, and upon which Gustavus Adolphus assembled his troops before he went as a deliverer to Germany, appear to me no less beautiful than they were in the days of childhood."

To this pleasant autobiographical sketch some further facts remain to be added. In the year 1842 the English literary world was agreeably startled by the publication of *The Neighbors*, a picture of domestic life in Sweden which strongly recommended itself by its originality to the favor of its readers. Encouraged by the warm reception accorded to this work, its translator, Mrs. Howitt, produced, in 1843, *The Home*, and subsequently introduced to our acquaintance in an English dress *The Diary*, *The H. Family*, *The President's Daughters*, *Nina*, *Brothers and Sisters*, *Life in Dalecarlia* and *The Midnight Sun*.

In 1849, Miss Bremer bade adieu to the two beloved relatives who represented the gay family circle of other days, and realized her long-cherished project of a journey to America and a careful and prolonged investigation of its various points of interest. Her progress was facilitated by the most cordial and universal hospitality, and, although this personal experience tended naturally to tint *couleur de rose* her sketches of domestic society, it may be doubted if any previous travellers in America of her sex have presented us with more sound and comprehensive views of its great political and social institutions generally, or more glowing and vivid descriptions of the scenery and moral and physical atmosphere of the Southern States, than she has done.

During the course of Miss Bremer's wanderings she addressed a large number of letters to her sister, which formed the nucleus of the work entitled *Homes of the New World*, published in 1853. It made its appearance simultaneously in England, the United States and Sweden, the manuscript sheets having been submitted to the hands of her former experienced and careful translator.

On her return from America, in 1851,

Miss Bremer lingered for some time in England, cementing old friendships and forming new ones, but the fatal illness of her only sister gave her a melancholy summons homeward, and she arrived to find yet another vacancy at her domestic hearth. After her return to Sweden her energies and interests were especially concentrated on the educational movement having reference to the children of the poorest classes, with whom, it may be remembered, Madame Goldschmidt a few years ago displayed so generous and practical a sympathy. The old Scandinavian land, therefore, owes to these its daughters not merely the prestige of their individual gifts, but the promotion of the great fundamental principle of social virtue and order.

Miss Bremer was born August 17, 1801; she died December 31, 1866. THOMPSON COOPER.

PINDAR.

PINDARUS was born at Thebes, in Bœotia, about forty years before Xerxes the Persian invaded Greece (B. C. 521). He was regarded with such veneration that the priestess of the Delphic oracle ordered the people to appropriate to him a share of their first-fruits, and an iron chair was placed for him in the temple of Apollo, in which he was accustomed to sit and declaim his verses. Hiero, king of Sicily, was his patron, and he was engaged at a great price by the different conquerors in the games of Greece to compose triumphal odes in their honor. Although generally unrivalled in the national contests of poetry, he was nevertheless five times surpassed by the poetess Corinna. Pausanias, indeed, alleges that the umpires were biased by the lady's beauty, but that this should have been the case on five different occasions is a most improbable story, and the notion seems to have originated in the common illiberal jealousy of female genius. The women of Greece furnish perpetual instances of fine intellect, and I know not if Sappho be excelled by any male writer in a style at once energetic and simple. The statue of Pindar was erected in the circus of games at Thebes. His house was spared by the Spartans when they took that city—an honor equally paid to it by Alexander—to which circumstance Milton alludes in his noble sonnet written "when the assault was intended to the city:"

> "Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower;
> The great Emathian conqueror bade spare
> The house of Pindarus when temple and tower
> Went to the ground."

The moderns have felt it necessary to admire Pindar, but, as they have admired him on quite a mistaken principle, much of this enthusiasm is probably affected. They have applied the traditional character of his lost poems to those which now remain. Horace describes him in these terms:

> "Pindar's a mighty, raging flood
> That from some mountain flows—
> Rapid, and warm, and deep, and loud—
> Whose force no limit knows."—*Oldsworth.*

And this description has led the critics and the early translators of Pindar, with Cowley at their head, to fancy that they see in him an unbridled and irregular imagination; and we are told of torrent verse, of unfathomable depths, and of heights such as Cowley himself describes in his paraphrase of Horace with that genuine poetic feeling which

sometimes breaks through the veil of wit, "dark with excessive bright," that usually obscures it:

> "Lo! how th' obsequious wind and swelling air
> The Theban swan does upward bear
> Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
> And with extended wings opens his liquid way!"

But it has been all along forgotten that Horace is speaking of Pindar's dithyrambics to Bacchus, which, together with his pæans to Apollo, are, unfortunately, lost. It is from this traditionary character that Pope, under the same mistaken impression, describes him:

> "Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
> And seemed to labor with the inspiring god."

But in the odes which have reached us he rather appears as a grave, sacerdotal bard, riding, indeed, in a chariot drawn by four fiery coursers, but reining them abreast with an easy mastery by a curb of iron. The censurers of Pindar, who imagine that his digressions and transitions are the marks of an ungovernable fancy, are equally mistaken with his admirers, who see in them the sallies of poetic transport and the fine irregularity—the *beau désordre*, as Boileau phrases it—which they conceive to be essentially characteristic of the ode, and which they suppose to represent the frenzy of inspiration. Neither in his numbers, which are strictly metrical, nor in the plan of his poems, which are of uniform contrivance, is Pindar, as he appears to us, that foaming enthusiast, that maniacal bard, that "furious prophet," which the received opinion would lead us to believe. We see in Pindar a man of genius escaping from the barren monotony of his subject with an intuitive judgment and facility which to the Greeks, who listened with interest to their historic legends and mythological tales, must have appeared delightful. Pindar saw that a chariot-race could admit of no variety; he therefore merely used his subject and his hero as hints for different episodes, not confusedly jumbled together, but growing out of each other. If the conqueror in the race had any pretensions to a descent from gods or heroes, he seized the occasion, by tracing his pedigree, to emblazon his odé with fabulous marvels or heroic exploits; if this were denied him, he struck out some moral truth, which he proceeded to illustrate from some tale of mythical lore; this tale suggested another, and that, perhaps, a third, but they all hinged together, and he brought back the reader at the close to the subject from which he had digressed. An attention to this method of Pindar will show that, so far from bounding along on an ungovernable Pegasus, nothing can be more steady or more managed than his paces, nothing more systematic than the structure of his poems or more lucid than the disposition of his subject; and his style, also, so far from sweeping along with the rapidity ascribed to it, is rather grave and solemn and invested with a certain composed and stately energy. The art of his plan is, however, the result of a felicity of genius, and not of labor. Critics of the French school, who talk of Pindar's metaphoric diction as exceeding the just limits of what they cantingly call a correct style, appear to fancy that he fashioned these bold metaphors on the anvil with a forced heat and a pedantic ambition to be great and swelling, but they only show that they understand neither the genius of ancient manners nor that of the Greek language. There

is no labor in Pindar, and there cannot be a greater proof of the vulgar misconception respecting him than the common comparison of Pindar with Gray, whose whole poetical life was consumed in the painful elaboration of a few slender odes in which we trace the commonplaces of a scholar's reading and perceive the odor of the lamp. Collins bears an infinitely closer resemblance to the simple spontaneousness, the fine abstraction and ideal sublime, of Pindar, but perhaps, if we wish for a parallel with Pindar's odes, we must seek it in the odes and choruses of Milton. We perceive in the lyrics of Milton and in the odes of Pindar a similar copiousness of words and thoughts and images, rolling forth as if involuntarily from the deep and abundant sources of fancy and reflection; a similar severe and chaste style, relieved by a freshness of color and picturesqueness of manner in descriptive painting and the intermixture of gorgeously romantic imagery; a similar lofty and calm abstractedness of imagination, and the same purity and unworldliness of feeling, the same religious tone and almost oracular emphasis in the uttering of moral truths.

CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

THE REWARD OF THE GOOD.

FROM THE GREEK OF PINDAR.

LIKE an unrivalled star
That opulence a true and steady light,
Distinguished from afar,
Sheds wide abroad in human sight,
And he that owns it knows within his soul
The future's distant goal—
The state where spirits of the dead,
Intractable and unatoning, pay
The penalty of crime.
Not so the good, for they
Alike by night, alike by day,
Behold the glory of the sun;
Their lives unlaboring pass away;
They harrow not with sinewy hands the ground;
Nor yet upturn the waters of the sea
For empty aliment;
But in the blessed company
Of spirits by the gods with honor crowned—
Men who rejoiced to keep their oath unshent—
Their days through tearless ages run:
The whilst the wicked rue
The crimes in days of nature done
With penance horrible to view.
And they that thrice, above, below
This earth, with transmigrating entity
Have stood their trial, passing to and fro,
And from the unjust society
Have kept their souls aloof and free—
They take the way which Jove did long ordain
To Saturn's ancient tower beside the deep,
Where gales that softly breathe,
Fresh-springing from the bosom of the main,
Through the islands of the blessed blow;
And flowers like burning gold of hue—
Some on the green earth creep,
Some bourgeon on the splendid trees,
Some in cool, nurturing streams their blossoms steep—
The blissful troops of these
For their twined wrists inwoven bracelets wreathe,
And garlands for their brow.

Translation of CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON

HE CAME TOO LATE.

HE came too late! Neglect had tried
Her constancy too long;
Her love had yielded to her pride
And the deep sense of wrong.
She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way
Till it could no delight impart
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late! At once he felt
That all his power was o'er:
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt;
She thought of him no more.
Anger and grief had passed away,
Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met him, and her words were gay:
No spell had memory.

He came too late! The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound—
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.
She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained his tardy vow
And coldly turned away.

He came too late! Her countless dreams
Of hope had long since flown;
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,
Nor in his whispered tone.
And when with word and smile he tried
Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And spurned his fickle love.

ELIZABETH BOGART.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

AN August evening, on a balcony
That overlooked a woodland and a lake,
I sat in the still air and talked with one
Whose face shone fairer than the crescent moon.
Just overhead a violin and flute
Played prelude to a dance; their long-drawn chords
Poured through the windows, gaping summer-wide,
A flood of notes that, flowing outward, swept
To the last ripple of the orchard trees.

I had not known her long, but loved her more
Than I could dream of then; oh, even now
I dare not dwell upon my passion: more
Than life itself I loved her, and still love.

The white enchantment of her dimpled hand
Lay soft in mine, I looked into her eyes;
I knew I was unworthy, but I felt
That I was noble if she did but smile.

A light of stars shone round her head; I saw
The sombre shores that gloomed the lake below,
The shadows settling on the distant hills;
I heard the pleasant music of the night,
Brought by the wind, a vagrant messenger,
From the deep forest and the broad, sweet fields.

But when she spoke and her pervasive voice
Stole on me till I trembled to my knees,
I pressed my lips to hers; then round me glowed
A sudden light that seemed to flash me on
Beyond myself, beyond the fainting stars.
Then all the bleak disheartenings of a life
That had not been of pleasure faded off,
And left me with a purpose and a hope
That I was born for something braver than
To hang my head and wear a nameless name.

That hour has passed, nor ever came again:
We all do live such—so I would believe.
Life's mere arithmetic and prose are mine,
And I have missed the beauty of the world.

Let this remembrance comfort me—that when
My heart seemed bursting like a restless wave
That, swollen with fearful longing for the shore,
Throws its strong life on the imagined bliss
Of finding peace and undisturbed calm,
It fell on rock and broke in many tears.

Else could I bear, on all days of the year—
Not now alone, this gentle summer night,
When scythes are busy in the headed grass
And the full moon warms me to thoughtfulness—
This voice that haunts the desert of my soul:
"It might have been!" Alas! "it might have been!"

WILLIAM CROSS WILLIAMSON.

THE AGED.

I LOVE the aged: every silver hair
On their time-honored brows speaks to my heart
In language of the past: each furrow there
In all my best affections claims a part.
Next to our God and Scripture's holy page
Is deepest reverence due to virtuous age.

The aged Christian stands upon the shore
Of Time a storehouse of experience
Filled with the treasures of rich heavenly lore;
I love to sit and hear him draw from thence
Sweet recollections of his journey past—
A journey crowned with blessings to the last.

Lovely the aged when like shocks of corn
Full ripe and ready for the reaper's hand,
Which garners for the resurrection-morn
The bodies of the just, in hope they stand;
And dead must be the heart, the bosom cold,
Which warms not with affection for the old.

MARGUERITE ST. LEON LOUD
(Miss Barstow).

BALLADS THE FIRST HISTORY.

FROM "HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND."

AT a very early period in the progress of a people, and not long before they are acquainted with the use of letters, they feel the want of some resource which in peace may amuse their leisure and in war may stimulate their courage. This is supplied to them by the invention of ballads, which form the groundwork of all historical knowledge, and which, in one shape or another, are found among some of the rudest tribes of the earth. They are for the most part sung by a class of men whose particular business it is thus to preserve the stock of traditions. Indeed, so natural is this curiosity as to past events that there are few nations to whom these bards or minstrels are unknown. Thus, to select a few instances, it is they who have preserved the popular traditions not only of Europe, but also of China, Thibet and Tartary; likewise of India, of Scinde, of Beloochistan, of Western Asia, of the islands of the Black Sea, of Egypt, of Western Africa, of North America, of South America and of the islands in the Pacific.

In all these countries letters were long unknown, and, as a people in that state have no means of perpetuating their history except by oral tradition, they select the form best calculated to assist their memory; and it will, I believe, be found that the first rudiments of knowledge consist always of poetry, and often of rhyme. The jingle pleases the ear of the barbarian and affords a security that he will hand it down to his children in the unimpaired state in which he received it. This guarantee against error increases still further the value of these ballads, and, instead of being considered as a mere amusement, they rise to the dignity of judicial authorities. The allusions contained in them are satisfactory proof to decide the merits of rival families, or even to fix the limits of those rude estates which such a society can possess. We therefore find that the professed reciters and composers of these songs are the recognized judges in all disputed matters, and, as they are often priests and believed to be inspired, it is probably in this way that the notion of the divine origin of poetry first arose. These ballads will, of course, vary according to the customs and temperaments of the different nations and according to the climate to which they are accustomed. In the south they assume a passionate and voluptuous form; in the north they are rather remarkable for their tragic and warlike character. But, notwithstanding these diversities, all such productions have one feature in common: they are not only founded on truth, but, making allowance for the colorings of poetry, they are all strictly true. Men who are constantly repeating songs which they constantly hear, and who appeal to the authorized singers of them as final umpires in disputed questions, are not likely to be mistaken on matters in the accuracy of which they have so lively an interest.

This is the earliest and most simple of the various stages through which history is obliged to pass. But in the course of time, unless unfavorable circumstances intervene, society advances, and among other changes there is one in particular of the greatest importance: I mean the introduction of the art of writing, which before many generations are passed must effect a complete alteration in the character of the national traditions.

The manner in which this occurs has, so far as I am aware, never been pointed out, and it will therefore be interesting to attempt to trace some of its details.

The first, and perhaps the most obvious, consideration is that the introduction of the art of writing gives permanence to the national knowledge, and thus lessens the utility of that oral information in which all the acquirements of an unlettered people must be contained. Hence it is that as a country advances the influence of tradition diminishes and traditions themselves become less trustworthy. Besides this, the preservers of these traditions lose, in this stage of society, much of their former reputation. Among a perfectly unlettered people the singers of ballads are, as we have already seen, the sole depositories of those historical facts on which the fame, and often the property, of their chieftains principally depend; but when this same nation becomes acquainted with the art of writing, it grows unwilling to entrust these matters to the memory of itinerant singers, and avails itself of its new art to preserve them in a fixed and material form. As soon as this is effected the importance of those who repeat the national traditions is sensibly diminished. They gradually sink into an inferior class, which, having lost its old reputation, no longer consists of those superior men to whose abilities it owed its former fame. Thus we see that, although without letters there can be no knowledge of much importance, it is nevertheless true that their introduction is injurious to historical traditions in two distinct ways—first by weakening the traditions, and secondly by weakening the class of men whose occupation it is to preserve them. HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

THE YOUNG DESERTER.

THE truth of the varied expression of the poets, that

> "Men are but children of a larger growth,"

and that

> "The child is father to the man,"

finds numerous illustrations in our every-day life, and we are quite as often surprised by the childishness of manhood as by the mannishness of childhood. With the man it is the retention of youthful follies, but with the youth it is an imitation of the doings of older men. In war-time, when men are fighting and dying in the field, little children, boys, and girls too, "play soldiers" at home with great zest.

In all periods of military history desertion has been a crime of great heinousness—not always absolute, but relative. During actual war, with us, and with most nations, it is punished with death; and it should be. It disgraces the flag and saps the very essence of military strength; its example, too, is pernicious in the extreme. If the honor of the soldier does not avail, nothing can check it but instant, extreme and impartial punishment; and thus, even when palliating circumstances are presented, when we pity the young deserter marching behind his coffin and soon to fall over and into it riddled with the bullets of the firing platoon, we acquiesce, however sadly, in what punishes the criminal and deters others from the like baseness.

This is what the fathers do and think, and what the children imitate. In what consists the exact crime of the young delinquent in the picture we need not be informed. He is a deserter, and, in the spirit of war-time, the

Painted by Robert Tarrier. Engraved by A. I. Dick.

The Young Deserter.

THE NEW YORK
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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

little soldiers are administering wholesome punishment. In default of firearms and the death-penalty, they bethink them of the town-pump and the horse-trough, and they are bringing him, in spite of his cries and unavailing resistance, to purge his guilty head in the flowing water, and then to tell him, with jeers and shouts, "See if you'll desert any more!" Boys and girls are arrayed under the mimic banner, and seem to enjoy the work as much as he is tortured by it.

If, as the Church and church-goers would suggest, it is Sunday, these children have permitted their sense of even-handed justice to lord it over Christian charity, and seem to think, with the old adage, "the better the day, the better the deed."

As probably the worst that can happen to the young deserter is a good washing and a wholesome lesson, the spectator is not much concerned as to the moral aspect of the affair, and is even disposed to think that present justice may be the truest charity for the future. Perhaps, should war again come—which God forbid!—the recollection of that ducking may save the afflicted youth from a deserter's grave, and thus he should continually bless his tormentors.

HABITS OF THE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.

FROM "A TRAGICAL COMEDY OF ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE," PUBLISHED IN 1584.

MELIPPUS. I had never such ado to warn scholars to come before a king. First I came to Chrysippus, a tall, lean, old madman, willing him presently to appear before Alexander. He stood staring in my face, neither moving his eyes nor his body. I urging him to give some answer, he took up a book, sat down again and said nothing. Melissa, his maid, told me it was his manner, and that oftentimes she was fain to thrust meat into his mouth, for that he would rather starve "then" cease study. Well, thought I, seeing bookish men are so blockish and great clerks such simple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their commons nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato and to Aristotle, and to divers other, none refusing to come saving an old, obscure fellow who, sitting in a tub turned toward the sun, read Greek to a young boy. Him when I willed to appear before Alexander, he answered, "If Alexander would fain see me, let him come to me; whatsoever it be, let him come to me."—"Why," said I, "he is a king." He answered, "Why, I am a philosopher."—"Why, but he is Alexander."—"I, but I am Diogenes." I was half angry to see one so crooked in his shape to be so crabbed in his sayings. So, going my way, I said, "Thou wilt repent it if thou comest not to Alexander."—"Nay," smiling answered he, "Alexander may repent it if he come not to Diogenes: virtue must be sought, not offered." And so, turning himself to his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub. But I must be gone; the philosophers are coming.

ALEXANDER, HEPHÆSTION, DIOGENES.

ALEXANDER. Diogenes!

DIOGENES. Who calleth?

ALEX. Alexander. How happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

DIOG. Because it was as far from my tub to your palace as from your palace to my tub.

ALEX. Why, then? Dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

DIOG. No.

ALEX. Why so?

DIOG. Because they be no gods.

ALEX. They be gods of the earth.

DIOG. Yea, gods of earth.

ALEX. Plato is not of thy mind.

DIOG. I am glad of it.

ALEX. Why?

DIOG. Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind, but Diogenes.

ALEX. If Alexander have anything that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

DIOG. Then take not from me that you cannot give me—the light of the world.

ALEX. What dost thou want?

DIOG. Nothing that you have.

ALEX. I have the world at command.

DIOG. And I in contempt.

ALEX. Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

DIOG. But I shall die whether you will or no.

ALEX. How should one learn to be content?

DIOG. Unlearn to covet.

ALEX. Hephæstion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.

HEPH. He is dogged, but discreet; I cannot tell how sharp, with a kind of sweetness; full of wit, yet too wayward.

ALEX. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

DIOG. Do!

JOHN LYLIE.

NOTHING ON EARTH PERMANENT.

THEN Wisdom again
His treasury of words unlocked,
Sung various maxims,
And thus expressed himself:
"When the sun
Clearest shines,
Serenest in the heaven,
Quickly are obscured
Over the earth
All other stars;
Because their brightness is not
Brightness at all,
Compared with
The sun's light.
When mild blows
The south and western wind
Under the clouds,
Then quickly grow
The flowers of the field,
Joyful that they may:
But the stark storm,
When it strong comes
From north and east,
It quickly takes away
The beauty of the rose.
And also the northern storm,
Constrained by necessity,
That it is strongly agitated
Lashes the spacious sea
Against the shore.
Alas! that on earth
Aught of permanent
Work in the world
Does not ever remain."

From METRES OF BOETHIUS.
Trans. of ALFRED THE GREAT.

DELIGHTFUL task to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot!

THE LOST LEADER.

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat
Found the one gift of which Fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote.
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed.
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags! were they purple, his heart had been proud.
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die.
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us; they watch from their graves:
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves.

We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done, while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then; record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God.
Life's night begins; let him never come back to us:
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again.
Best fight on well, for we taught him; strike gallantly:
Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne.

ROBERT BROWNING.

LOVED TOO LATE.

FAR off in the dim and desolate Past—
That shoreless and sorrowful sea
Where wrecks are driven by wave and blast,
Shattered, sunken and lost at last—
Lies the heart that was broken for me.
Poor heart!
Long ago broken for me!

My loves were Glory and Pride and Art:
Ah! dangerous rivals three!
Sweet lips might quiver and warm tears start:
Should an artist pause for a woman's heart,
Even that which was broken for me?
Poor heart!
Too rare to be broken for me!

Oh, she was more mild than the summer wind,
More fair than the lilies be;
More true than the star with twilight twinned
Was the spirit against whose love I sinned—
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Cruelly broken for me!

I told her an artist should wed his art—
That only his love should be;
No other should lure me from mine apart,
I said; and my cold words chilled her heart,
The heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Hopelessly breaking for me!

I spoke of the beautiful years to come
In the lands beyond the sea—
Those years which must be so wearisome
To her; but her patient lips were dumb:
In silence it broke for me—
Poor heart!
Broke, yet complained not, for me!

I pressed her hand and rebuked her tears
Lightly and carelessly;
I said my triumphs should reach her ears,
And left her alone with the dismal years
And the heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Silently breaking for me!

My days were a dream of summer-time,
My life was a victory;
Fame wove bright garlands to crown my prime,
And I half forgot in that radiant clime
The heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Patiently breaking for me!

But my whole life seemed, as the swift years rolled,
More hollow and vain to be:
Fame's bosom at best is hard and cold;
Oh, I would have given all praise and gold
For the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Thanklessly broken for me!

Sick with longing and hope and dread,
I hurried across the sea;
She had wasted as though with grief, they said—
Poor child, poor child!—and was long since dead—
Ah! dead for the love of me.
Poor heart!
Broken, and vainly, for me!

Weighed down by a woe too heavy to hold,
She died unmurmuringly,
And I, remorseful and unconsoled,
I dream of the wasted days of old
And the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken so vainly for me!

And my soul cries out in its bitter pain
For the bliss that cannot be—
For the love that never can come again,
For the sweet young life that was lived in vain,
And the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken and buried for me!

ELIZABETH AKERS
(Florence Percy).

THE BLIND BOY'S SPEECH.

THINK not that blindness makes me sad:
My thoughts, like yours, are often glad;
Parents I have, who love me well:
Their different voices I can tell;
Though far away from them, I hear,
In dreams, their music meet my ear.
Is there a star so dear above
As the low voice of one you love?

I never saw my father's face,
Yet on his forehead, when I place
My hand and feel the wrinkles there—
Left less by time than anxious care—
I fear the world has sights of woe,
To knit the brows of manhood so;
I sit upon my father's knee:
He'd love me less if I could see.

I never saw my mother smile:
Her gentle tones my heart beguile;
They fall like distant melody,
They are so mild and sweet to me.
She murmurs not, my mother dear,
Though sometimes I have kissed the tear
From her soft cheek, to tell the joy
One smiling word would give her boy.

Right merry was I every day,
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters, brother, friends and all—
To answer to their sudden call,
To join the ring, to speed the chase,
To find each playmate's hiding-place
And pass my hand across his brow,
To tell him I could do it now.

Yet, though delightful flew the hours
So passed in childhood's peaceful bowers,
When all were gone to school but I,
I used to sit at home and sigh;
And, though I never longed to view
The earth so green, the sky so blue,
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book.

Now, since I've learned to read and write,
My heart is filled with new delight;
And music too—can there be found
A sight so beautiful as sound?
Tell me, kind friends, in one short word,
Am I not like a captive bird?
I live in song and peace and joy—
Though blind, a merry-hearted boy.

PARK BENJAMIN

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

THERE'S grandeur in this sounding storm
That drives the hurrying clouds along
That on each other seem to throng
And mix in many a varied form,
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies
And wide the shower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapts my thought,
And swift along the past it strays
And much of strange event surveys—
What history's faithful tongue has taught,
Or fancy formed, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy
That rends another's breast with pain?
Oh, hapless he who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy,
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend.

JOHN SCOTT.

FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I SAW him on the battle-eve,
When like a king he bore him,
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs, before him;
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds—
No daunting thoughts came o'er him:
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean: its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet;
On earth, and saw from east to west
His bannered millions meet;
While rock and glen and cave and coast
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet;
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard, and felt himself a king.

I saw him next alone, nor camp
Nor chief his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
He who with Heaven contended
Fled like a fugitive and slave—
Behind, the foe; before, the wave.

He stood—fleet, army, treasure, gone—
Alone, and in despair,
While wave and wind swept ruthless on
For they were monarchs there,
And Xerxes in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare.
What a revenge, a trophy, this,
For thee, immortal Salamis!

MISS M. A. JEWSBURY.

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

'TWAS the day beside the Pyramids—
It seems but an hour ago—
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,
Returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing
Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,
Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer with his side
Torn terribly with shot,

But still he feebly beat his drum,
  As though the wound were not.
And when the Mamelukes' wild horse
  Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "O men of the Forty-third,
  Teach me the way to die!

"My mother has got other sons
  With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
  To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,
  "Fair are this earth and sky;
Then, comrades of the Forty-third,
  Teach me the way to die!"

I saw Salenche of the granite heart
  Wiping his burning eyes:
It was by far more pitiful
  Than mere loud sobs and cries.
One bit his cartridge till his lip
  Grew black as winter sky,
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,
  Teach me the way to die!"

Oh, never saw I sight like that!
  The sergeant flung down flag;
Even the fifer bound his brow
  With a wet and bloody rag;
Then looked at locks and fixed their steel,
  But never made reply,
Until he sobbed out once again,
  "Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,
  They strode into the fray;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
  But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
  Bade the poor boy good-bye,
And said, "We men of the Forty-third
  Teach you the way to die!"

I never saw so sad a look
  As the poor youngster cast
When the hot smoke of cannon
  In cloud and whirlwind passed.
Earth shook, and heaven answered;
  I watched his eagle-eye
As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-third
  Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a musket for a crutch,
  He limped unto the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip,
  Had neither strength nor might.
But, proudly beating on his drum,
  A fever in his eye,
I heard him moan, "The Forty-third
  Taught me the way to die!"

They found him on the morrow
  Stretched on a heap of dead;
His hand was in the grenadier's
  Who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck
  And closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third
  Taught him the way to die!"

'Tis forty years from then till now—
  The grave gapes at my feet—
Yet when I think of such a boy,
  I feel my old heart beat.
And from my sleep I sometimes wake
  Hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third.
  Teach me the way to die!"

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

HEAVEN'S SUNRISE TO EARTH'S BLINDNESS.

IT is the hour for souls,
That bodies, leavened by the will and love,
Be lightened to redemption. The world's old,
But the old world waits the hour to be renewed
Toward which new hearts in individual growth
Must quicken and increase to multitude
In new dynasties of the race of men;
Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously
New churches, new ceremonies, new laws
Admitting freedom, new societies
Excluding falsehood. He shall make all new.

My Romney! Lifting up my hand in his,
As wheeled by seeing spirits toward the east,
He turned instinctively where faint and fair
Along the tingling desert of the sky,
Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
The first foundations of that new, near day
Which should be builded out of heaven to God.
He stood a moment with erected brows,
In silence, as a creature might who gazed—
Stood calm and fed his blind, majestic eyes
Upon the thought of perfect noon. And when
I saw his soul saw, "Jasper first," I said;
"And second, sapphire; third, chalcedony;
The rest in order; last, an amethyst."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

I COME! Ye have lighted your festal hall,
And music is sounding its joyous call,
And the guests are gathering—the young, the fair,
With the flower-wreathed brow and the braided hair.
I come, but so noiseless shall be my way
Through the smiling crowds of the young and gay
Not a thought shall rise in a careless breast
Of me, the unseen, the unbidden guest;
Not an undertone on the ear shall swell,
Smiting your hearts like a funeral-knell.

I come! Let the music's echoing note
Still through the air of your ballroom float;
Let the starry lamps soft radiance throw
On the rose-touched cheek and the brow of snow:
Not a freezing pulse, not a thrill of fear,
Shall tell that the king of the grave is near;
Not a pallid face, not a rayless eye,
Shall whisper of me as I hurry by
Marking the doomed I shall summon away
To their low dark cells in the house of clay.

We have met before. Ay, I wandered here
In the festal hours of the parted year,
And many a beautiful form has bowed
To the sleep that dwells in the damp white shroud:
They died when the first spring blossom was seen,
They faded away when the groves were green,
When the suns of autumn were faint and brief
On the withered grass and the changing leaf;
And here there is many a pulse shall fail
Ere the suns of the passing year grow pale.

Then swell the proud strains of your music high
As the measured hours of your life flit by;
Let the foot of the thoughtless dancer be
As fleet as it will, it eludes not me.
I shall come when life's morning ray is bright,
I shall come in the hush of its waning light,
I shall come when the ties of earth cling fast,
When love's sweet voice is a voice of the past.
To your homes and pray! for ye wait your doom—
The shroud, the coffin, the lonely tomb.

Ye would quail, ye tremblers, to see me here,
Yet the mission I hold is of love, not fear:
A healing I bear to the couch of pain,
I fling from the spirit its cumbering chain,
And weary old age to my rest shall hie
With a smiling lip and a grateful eye;
When life like a sorrowful mourner weeps
O'er the grave where its early promise sleeps,
Oh earth has no balm like the cup I bring:
Why say ye I come with the dart and sting?
My voice shall be sweet in the maiden's ear
As the voice of her lover whispering near,
And my footstep so soft by the infant's bed
He will deem it his mother's anxious tread,
And his innocent eyes will gently close
As I kiss from his bright young lips the rose:
Oh, the good and the pure have naught to fear
When my voice in the gathering gloom they hear.
Away from the dance, ye revellers gay!
Fling off the wreath: to your homes and pray!

LUELLA J. CASE.

BURY HER WITH HER SHINING HAIR.

BURY her with her shining hair
Around her streaming bright;
Bury her with those locks so rare
Enrobing her in light.
As saints who in their native sky
Their golden haloes wear,
Around her forehead pure and high
Enwreath her shining hair.

She was too frail on earth to stay:
I never saw a face
On which of premature decay
Was set so plain a trace.
She was too pure to linger here,
Amid the homes of earth;
Her spirit in another sphere
Had its immortal birth.

She was not one to live and love
Amid earth's fading things:
Her being had its home above,
And spread immortal wings.

And round her now, as still she sleeps
Encoffined in her prime,
No eye in anguished sorrow weeps,
For grief is here sublime.

E'en while she lived an awe was cast
Around her loveliness;
It seemed as if, whene'er she passed,
A spirit came to bless.
A child upraised its tiny hands,
And cried, "Oh, weep no more!
Mother, behold! an angel stands
Before our cottage door."

We would not bring her back to life
With word or charm or sign,
Nor yet recall to scenes of strife
A creature all divine;
We would not even ask to shred
One tress of golden gleam
That o'er that fair and perfect head
Sheds a refulgent beam.

No! Lay her with her shining hair
Around her flowing bright;
We would not keep of one so rare
Memorials in our sight.
Too harsh a shade would seem to lie
On all things here beneath
If we beheld one token by
Of her who sleeps in death.

CATHERINE A. WARFIELD and ELEANOR P. LEE.

CANZONET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF LUIS DE CAMOENS.

FLOWERS are fresh and bushes green,
Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft and skies serene:
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring.

Hope, that buds in lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes Love itself depart;
Time and scorn congeal the mind;
Looks unkind
Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green:
Time dissolve the winter snow;
Winds be soft and skies serene;
Linnets sing their wonted strain;
But again
Blighted love shall never blow.

Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.

GALILEO.

WHY wrapped he not a martyr's robe
Around his lofty form?
Why bore he not with dauntless brow
The bursting of the storm?
Why cringed the mind that proudly soared
Where others gazed dismayed
With servile will before the power
Whose grasp was on him laid?

They tell us it was fear that bowed
His mighty spirit when
He stooped beneath the rusty links
Of Superstition's chain;
The dungeon-cell was dark, and light
Was pleasant to his eye,
And, holy tho' the truth, for it
He did not dare to die.

Fear! What had he to do with fear
Who ventured out abroad,
Unpiloted, thro' pathless space
By angels only trod—
Who wandered with unfailing flight
Creation's vastness o'er,

And brought to light an infinite
  So unconceived before?

When gazing on those worlds which first
  He was allowed to scan,
How puny would appear the aims
  And littleness of man,
And proud his inward consciousness
  That he had dared to be
A sharer in the mysteries
  Of God's immensity!

When back to earth he turned again,
  Such brilliant visions past,
How most contemptible would seem
  The trammels round him cast!
And yet his lofty character
  Submitted to the stain,
And lulling Ignorance entwined
  Her weak Delilah-chain.

Strange that the ray which beamed for him
  With such intense delight
Should for a single moment lose
  Its glory in his sight;
Strange that the eye whose strength could pierce
  From world to world afar
Should suffer fear to cloud the blaze
  Of truth's diviner star.

MARGARET JUNKIN.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

I WANDERED through the wood,
  And I wandered by the wave;
I bent me o'er the flood
  Where angry waters rave.

The night was gathering dark,
  And the air was gathering damp;
There gleamed no glow-worm's spark,
  No firefly's fluttering lamp.

Fondly I sought to dream,
  But mine eyelids would not close;
Grated the night-owl's scream,
  Roared the pine's crashing brows.

No nightingale was singing,
  Those solemn glooms to cheer,
But the hollow winds were ringing
  Their death-dirge in mine ear.

No lovely star was shining
  Through those midnight heavens of dread
No bowery foliage twining
  Rich umbrage over my head;

No sweet night-blowing flowers
  With their mist of incense-steam,
No golden-fruited bowers
  Stained by the noontide beam;

No verdure fresh and fair—
  Carpet for fairies' feet;
Spring's glories reigned not there,
  Nor Summer's breathings sweet.

Solemn the night, and dreary,
  A weight on eye and ear,
The very heart felt weary
  And o'ertaken by dim fear.

Haunted by things long lost,
  Pale, shadowy memories,
The undistinguishable host
  Of aëry phantasies,

I strove to see the land,
  I strove to see the sky;
But Darkness waved his wand:
  Night was Immensity.

But slumber then descended;
  Soft vision soothed my sight;
And when that brief sleep ended,
  The universe was light.

Oh, my bounding heart was borne
  On the wings of strong delight
When thy approach, sweet morn,
  Stilled the resounding night.

Thus shines the splendid morrow
  When the heavy night is past,
And thus from holy sorrow
  Spring Heaven's own smiles at last.

Lovelier even light may be
  From darkness burning forth:
O Suffering, 'tis from thee
  We learn Hope's costliest worth.

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

THE MAIDEN'S FLOWER-OMENS.

"IF he bring me a rose—a briar rose—
  To place in my braided hair,
I shall know there are thorns in life for me,
  And many a weary care.

"If he bring me a lily pure and pale
  And lay it upon my breast,
I shall know that my life will be of peace,
  As a bird in its mother's nest.

"If he bring me pansies purple and gold
  And clasp them within my hand,
I shall know that rare treasures I will glean
  From many a distant land.

"If he bring me orange-blossoms sweet,
  With their clinging buds beside,
I shall know that before the year is out
  I will surely be his bride.

"If he bring me blue forget-me-nots—
  As blue as the summer sky—
I shall know I will never falsehood see
  In the blue of his bonnie eye.

"If he bring me poppies red as the coals
  That glow in the blacksmith's fire,
I shall know like the coals his love will die
  In the ashes of his desire.

"If he bring me soft carnation-pinks
  In a wreath as children wear,
I shall know it is but fancy for me
  That with others I must share.

"If he bring me snowdrops waxen white
  That droop with their own weight low,
I will know, alas! when the winter comes,
  I shall sleep beneath the snow."

Nor snowdrops white, nor pinks, nor blossoms pale,
  Were given to the maiden fair;
Nor poppies red, nor blue forget-me-nots,
  Nor pansies yet, nor lilies rare;

But laden down with roses came he then—
  Moss-roses, maiden-blush and white,
Burgundy roses crimson as the wine
  When crystal goblets flash the light;

Roses like sea-shells with pink pearly tints,
  Roses with petals of rare yellow gold,
Roses as scarlet as a woman's lips
  When rain warm kisses all untold.

He flung them o'er her, laughing as they fell:
  No laughter rippled back to him.
"I hold an omen in these flowers," she said—
  "An omen for the future dim.

"Would you had brought me lilies in their stead,
Or pansies with their hearts of gold,
Or dear forget-me-nots, that breathe of faith,
Seeming some sacred trust to hold!

"But roses! roses with their cruel thorns!
Ofttimes as false as fair are they,
Since canker-worms coil close within their hearts,
Eating their fragrant life away."

"Sad is the life where roses do not bloom,
And one forgives the thorns," he said,
"When one has drunken of the rich perfume
That regal roses always shed.

"I bring thee roses as unto a queen:
If thou, sweet love, my queen wilt be,
Only the roses shalt thou have in life,
And all the thorns shall be for me."

She heard, and straight upon his breast she hid
Her happy face, with blushes warm:
Her trusting heart believed the words he said;
He felt her answer in her clinging form.

No fairer bride e'er orange-blossoms wore
Than this sweet maid at chancel-rail;
No husband fond so kept the vows he made;
Yet thorns with roses, reader, never fail.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

WHY SHOULD WE SIGH?

WHY should we sigh when Fancy's dream—
The ray that shone 'mid youthful tears—
Departing, leaves no kindly gleam
To cheer the lonely waste of years?
Why should we sigh? The fairy charm
That bound each sense in Folly's chain
Is broke, and Reason, clear and calm,
Resumes her holy rights again.

Why should we sigh that earth no more
Claims the devotion once approved—
That joys endeared with us are o'er
And gone are those these hearts have loved?
Why should we sigh? Unfading bliss
Survives the narrow grasp of time,
And those that asked our tears in this
Shall render smiles in yonder clime.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

FLUTTERING lovers, giddy boys,
Sighing soft for Hymen's joys,
Would you shun the tricking arts,
Beauty's traps for youthful hearts,
Would you treasure in a wife
Riches which shall last through life,
Would you in your choice be nice,
Hear Minerva's sage advice:
Be not caught with shape nor air,
Coral lips nor flowing hair:
Shape and jaunty air may cheat,
Coral lips may speak deceit.
Girls unmasked would you descry,
Fix your fancy on the eye;
Nature there has truth designed:
'Tis the eye that speaks the mind.
Shun the proud, disdainful eye
Frowning fancied dignity;
Shun the eye with vacant glare:
Cold indifference winters there;

Shun the eager orb of fire
Gloating with impure desire;
Shun the wily eye of prude
Looking coy to be pursued;
From the jilting eye refrain,
Glancing love and now disdain;
Fly the fierce, satiric eye
Shooting keen severity;
For Nature thus her truth designed,
And made the eye proclaim the mind.

ROYALL TYLER.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

IF I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped:
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully:
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
The way is lonely: let me feel them now.
Think gently of me: I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged! forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

ANON.

GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase—
The first foe in the field—
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield;

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

THE SECRET OF THE STRADIVARIUS.

MY friend Luigi is reckoned one of the finest violin-players of the day. His wonderful skill has made him famous, and he is well known and honored for his talent in every capital in Europe. If in these pages I call him by a name other than the one he has made famous, it is solely on account of a promise he exacted from me, in case I should ever feel tempted to make the following strange experiences we shared together public property. I am afraid, nevertheless, that too many will readily identify the man himself with the portrait I am obliged to draw.

Luigi, leaving his professional greatness out of the question, would have been a noticeable man in any company—a man at whom people would look and ask not only, "Who is he?" but "What has he done in the world?" knowing that men of his stamp are seldom sent upon the scene to live an ordinary every-day life. In person he was very tall, standing over six feet. His figure was graceful: some have called it slight; there was breadth of shoulder enough to tell it was the figure of a strong man. A face with a pale but clear complexion; dark deep-set eyes with a sort of far-away expression in them; black hair worn long, after the manner of geniuses of his kind; a high but rugged forehead, a well-shaped nose, a drooping moustache, a hand whose long and delicate fingers seemed constructed expressly for their particular mission—violin-playing,—picture all these characteristics, and if you enjoy the acquaintance of the musical world, or even if you have been in the habit of attending concerts where stars of the first magnitude condescend to shine, I fear, in spite of my promise of concealing his name, you will too easily recognize my friend.

Luigi's manner in ordinary life was very quiet, gentlemanly and reposed. He was in his dreamy sort of way highly courteous and polite to strangers. Although when alone with me or other friends he loved he had plenty to say for himself—and his broken English was pleasant to listen to—in general company he spoke but little; but let his left hand close round the neck of a fiddle, let his right hand grasp the bow, and one knew directly for what purpose Luigi came into the world. Then the man lived and revelled, as it were, in a life of his own making. The notes his craft drew forth were like bracing air to him; he seemed actually to respire the music, and his dreamy eyes awoke and shone with fire. He did that rare thing—rare indeed, but lacking which no performer can rise to enduring fame—threw his whole soul into his playing. His manner, his very attitude, as he commenced, was a complete study. Drawing himself up to every inch of his height, he placed the violin—nestling it, I may say—under his chin, and then, taking a long breath of what appeared to be

anticipatory pleasure, swept his magician's wand over the sleeping strings, and, waking them with the charmed touch, wove his wonderful spell of music. The moment the horsehair came in contact with the gut the listener knew that he was in the presence of a master.

Luigi had come to London for the season, having, after much negotiation and persuasion, accepted an engagement at a long series of some of the best, if cheapest and most popular, concerts held in London. It was his first visit to England: he had ever disliked the country, and believed very little in the national love for good music or in our power of appreciating it when heard. He disliked, also, the trumpeting with which the promoters of the concerts heralded his appearance. Although his fame was already great throughout the Continent, he dreaded the effect of playing to an unsympathetic audience. His fears were, however, groundless. Whether the people liked and understood his music and style of playing or not, they at least appeared to do so; and the newspapers, one and all, unable to do things by halves, went into raptures over him. They compared him with Paganini, Ole Bull and other bygone masters, and their comparisons were very flattering.

Altogether, Luigi was a great success. I met him on two occasions at the houses of some friends of mine who are in the habit of spending much time, trouble and some money on that strange sport lion-hunting. His concerts were held, I think, on two evenings in every week; so he had time at his disposal and was somewhat sought after. We were introduced, and I took a liking to the quiet, gentlemanly celebrity, who, different from any others whose names are in the mouths of men, gave himself no airs nor vaunted by words or manner the "aristocracy of talent." I could make a shift to converse with him fairly enough in his own soft language; so that upon my meeting him the second time he expressed his pleasure at again encountering me. A few days afterward we met by chance in the street, and I was able to extricate him from some little difficulty into which his imperfect knowledge of English and of English ways had betrayed him. Then our acquaintance ripened until it became friendship, and even at this day I reckon him among the friends I hold the dearest.

I saw a great deal of Luigi during his stay in London. We made pleasant little excursions together to such objects of interest as we wished to visit. We spent many evenings together—nights, I should rather say, for the small hours had sounded when we parted, leaving the room dim with the smoke from my cigars and his cigarettes. Like many of his countrymen, he smoked simply whenever he could get a chance; and when alone with me, I believe the only cessation to his consumption of tobacco was when he took his beloved fiddle in his hand and played for his own pleasure and my delight. He was a charming companion; indeed, what man who had seen such varied life as he had could be otherwise when drawn out by the confidence that friendship gives?

I soon found that under the external calmness of the man lay a nature full of poetry and not free from excitement. I was also much amused to find a vivid vein of superstition and belief in the supernatural running

through his character, and I believe it was only my merriment on making the discovery that hindered him from expatiating upon some ghostly experiences he had himself gone through, instead of darkly hinting at what he could reveal. It was in vain I apologized for my ill-timed mirth and with a grave face tried to tempt him. He only said,

"You, like the rest of your cold-blooded, money-making race, are skeptical, my friend. I will tell you nothing. You would not believe—you would laugh at—me; and ridicule is death to me."

Another thing about which he was very tenacious was showing his skill when invited out. He invariably declined to do so, seeming quite puzzled by the polite hints thrown out by some of his entertainers.

"Why can they not come and hear me in public?" he asked me. "Or can it be that they only ask me to their houses for my talents, not for my society?"

I told him I was afraid their motives were rather mixed; so he said quietly,

"Then I shall not go out again. When I do not play in public to earn my living, I play for myself alone."

He kept his resolve as well as he could, declining all of his many invitations, save those to a few houses where he knew he was valued, as he wished to be, for himself.

But when I was alone with him, when I visited him at his rooms, then he was not chary in showing his skill; and, although I blush to say so, at times I had violin-playing *ad nauseam*—a surfeit of sweets, a satiety of music. I often wonder if it has ever been any man's lot to hear such performances as I did in those days when, grown careless of the good the gods would send me, I lay at full length on Luigi's sofa and the master of the magic bow expounded themes in a manner which would have brought down the house. Till then I little dreamed of what, in skilful hands, the instrument could do—how true genius could bid it laugh, sob, command, entreat, sink into a wail of pathetic pleading or soar to a song of scorn and triumph; what power to express every emotion of the heart lay in those few inches of cunningly curved wood. Now I could understand why Luigi could play so much for his own enjoyment, and at times it seemed to me that his execution was even more wonderful, his expression more thrilling, when I alone formed his audience than when a vast assembly was before him, ready, as the last impassioned notes sank into silence, to break into a storm of rapturous applause.

Luigi was a connoisseur in fiddles, and owned several pet instruments by the most renowned makers. Sometimes of an evening he would bring out his whole stock, look them carefully over, play a little on each and point out to me the difference in the tone. Then he would wax eloquent on the peculiar charms or gifts the master's hand had bestowed on each, and was indignant that I was so obtuse as not to detect at once the exquisite gradations of the graceful curves. After a short time the names of Amati, Ruggieri, Guarnerius, Klotz, Stainer, etc., grew quite familiar to me; and as I went through the streets I would peep into the pawnbrokers' and other windows with fiddles in them, hoping to pick up a treasure for a few shillings. Two or three I did buy, but my friend laughed so heartily at my purchases that I gave up the pursuit. He told me he had for a long while been looking for a gen-

uine old Stradivarius, but as yet had not succeeded in finding the one he wanted. He had been offered many purporting to have come originally from the great maker's hands, but probably they were all pretenders, as he was not yet suited.

One evening when I visited Luigi I found him with all his musical treasures arrayed around him. He was putting them in order, he said; I must amuse myself as best I could until he had finished. I turned idly from one case to another, wondering how any experience could determine the build of any particular violin, all of which to my untutored eyes appeared alike. Presently I opened one case, which was closed, and drew the fiddle it held from its snug red-lined bed. I did not remember having seen this one before, so took it in my hand to examine it, holding it, after the manner of connoisseurs, edgeways before my eyes to note the curves and shape of it. It was evidently old: my little knowledge told me that; and as, even though protected by the case, dust lay upon it, I could see it had not been used for a long, long time. Moreover, all the strings were broken. Curiously, each one was severed at exactly the same point—just below the bridge—as if some one had passed a sharp knife across and with one movement cut all four.

Holding the ill-used instrument toward Luigi, I said,

"This one seems particularly to want your attention. Is it a valuable one?"

Luigi, who was engrossed by the delicate operation of shifting the sounding-post of one of his pet-weapons some infinitesimal part of an inch to the left or to the right, turned as I spoke, still holding his ends of string in each hand. As soon as he saw which violin I had taken up he let fall the one he held between his knees, and to my great surprise said hastily,

"Put it down—put it down, my friend! I beseech you not to handle that violin."

Rather annoyed at the testy way in which my usually amiable friend spoke, I laid it down, saying,

"Is it so precious, then, that you are afraid of my clumsy hands damaging it?"

"Ah! it is not that," answered Luigi; "it is something altogether different. I did not know my man had brought that fiddle in; I never intended it should have left Italy."

"It looks like an old one. Who is it by?"

"That is a real old Stradivarius, the acme of mortal skill, the one thing human hands have made in this world perfect—perfect as a flower, perfect as the sea. A Stradivarius is the only thing that cannot be altered, cannot be improved upon."

"Why do you never use it?"

"I cannot tell you: you would not believe me. There is a something about that fiddle I cannot explain. I believe it to be the finest in the world. It may be, even, that Manfredi played upon it to Boccherini's 'cello; it may be Kruger led with it when the mighty applause rang through the Karntnerthor, shaking it from floor to roof-tree, but which he, the grand deaf genius, Beethoven, could not even hear. Who can tell what hands have used it? And yet, alas! I dare not play upon it again."

Rendered very curious by Luigi's enigmatical words and excited manner, I ventured to take the violin in my hands again

and examine it with interest. I looked carefully at the belly and the back, noting the beautiful red but translucent varnish, known alone to Stradivarius, with which the latter was coated. I peeped through the *ff*'s to ascertain if any maker's name appeared inside. If one had ever been there, it was completely obliterated by a dark stain which covered the greater portion of the inside of the back. Luigi offered no remonstrance as I took the fiddle for the second time, but sat silent, watching me with apparent interest.

And now a strange thing occurred to me; let who can explain it. After holding that fiddle for a few minutes, I felt a wish, an impulse, growing stronger and stronger each moment till it became almost irresistible, to play upon it. It was not a musician's natural itching to try a fine old violin. Indeed, I am no musician, although fond of listening to music and at times venturing to criticise; neither have I learned nor attempted to learn the art of performing on any instrument, from the jewsharp to the organ; and yet, I say, as my fingers were round the neck—as soft as silk it was—of that old violin, not only did I feel a positive yearning to pass the bow across it, but somehow I was filled with the conviction, odd as it was, that all at once I was possessed of the power of bringing rare music forth. So strong, so intense, was this feeling that, heedless of the ridicule from my companion to which I should expose myself —heedless, indeed, of his presence—I cuddled the fiddle under my chin and took up one of the several bows lying on the table. My left fingers fell instinctively into their proper position on the strings—or, rather, where the strings should have been—and then I remembered the ruined state those strings were in, and, with all my new-born skill, knew that no miraculous inspiration, even if it produced a fiddler, could bring forth music from wood alone. Yet the impulse was on me stronger than ever, and, absurd as it may seem, I turned to Luigi with the request on my lips that he would restring the useless instrument.

Luigi had been watching me attentively; no doubt he had studied every motion, every vagary, of mine since I again begun to handle the fiddle. Seeing me turn toward him, he sprung from his seat, and before I could speak snatched the fiddle from my hands, replacing it at once in its case; then, closing the cover, he heaved a deep sigh of relief. I had no time to entreat, remonstrate or resist, but as he took the fiddle from me all wish to distinguish myself in a line that was not my own left me, and I almost laughed aloud at the folly and presumption of which I had been mentally guilty. Yet it was strange—very strange.

"Ah!" said Luigi as he placed the fiddle out of sight under the table; "so you felt it also, my friend?"

"Felt what?"

"The— I don't know what to call it. The power, the sorcery, of it."

"I felt—don't laugh at me—that, had the strings been there, I, who never played a fiddle in my life, could have drawn exquisite music from that one. What does it mean?"

Luigi returned no answer to my inquiry, but said, as if thinking aloud,

"So it was no dream of mine? He, the cool, collected Englishman—he felt it also. He could not resist the impulse. It was no dream; no creation of my fancy. Would he see it, I wonder?"

"See what?" I asked, curious to know what his wandering sentences meant.

"I cannot tell you: you would not believe me."

"But what do you mean by the sorcery of the fiddle?"

"Did I say 'sorcery'? Well, I know no other word that can describe it. Although I tell you I believe that fiddle is the finest in the world, I have only played upon it twice; and the second time I drew my knife across the strings that I might never again be tempted to play upon it without due consideration."

"What is its history, then? Where did you get it?" I asked, by this time thinking my friend was suffering from some eccentricity that genius occasionally exhibits.

"It was sent to me originally from London. When I found out its secret, I begged my agent in England to ascertain its history. After some trouble he traced it to a house where for many years it had lain unnoticed in a garret. That house had once been a lodging-house; so doubtless the fiddle had belonged to some one who had sojourned there for a time. I could learn no more about it, save what it told me in its music."

I saw Luigi was far away from any wish to jest, so paused before I asked him the meaning of his last sentence. He anticipated me, and said,

"You wonder at my words. Did you notice nothing else strange about it?"

"Only a dark stain inside, as if wine had been spilled into it."

"Ah!" cried Luigi, excitedly; "that is it! That is the secret—the meaning of the power it holds. If it were not for the varnish, that fiddle would be stained outside and inside. That stain is from a man's heart's blood, and that fiddle can tell how and why he died."

"I do not understand you."

"I do not expect you to, or believe me. Why should you? What have you, an unimaginative Anglo-Saxon, to do with marvels? How, in the centre of a great cruel, material city, with the ceaseless sound of traffic outside our windows, should you expect anything supernatural? It may be I only dreamed it. Perhaps you would not see it. And yet, one night when I feel strong enough, we will take the fiddle from its case, and I will play it to you—I, who, until to-night have not laid a finger on it for five years. And then, if its music moves you as it moves me, I dreamed no dream. If not, I will say it was a dream, and I may at last be able to use this masterpiece of Stradivarius."

I begged him to name an early day for the curious performance, but he would make no promise; so we parted for the night.

A month passed by; Luigi's London engagement terminated, and he was now going to win fresh laurels at Berlin. I had seen him two or three times every week, but he had never referred to the conversation which had taken place upon the night when I drew the strange violin from its case, nor had he offered to redeem his promise made on that occasion. I had ceased to think about it, or, indeed, only remembered it as a jest, laughing at the idea of a superstitious man not being able to play on any particular fiddle. Two days before he left England he wrote me asking me to dine with him that night, adding, "I think I may keep my promise of playing upon the Stradivarius."

We dined at a well-known restaurant, and about ten o'clock went to Luigi's rooms to finish the night. The first thing I saw upon entering was the fiddle-case lying on the table, Luigi's favorite bow and several coils of string beside it. We sat down and talked on various topics for about an hour, and then I said,

"I see you have made preparations for the performance. When do you intend to begin?"

Luigi drew a deep breath.

"My friend," he said, "you will not blame me if my playing agitates you; and remember, when I once begin, I must continue to the end. It is no pleasure to me: it is, rather, deadly pain; but I am curious, and would satisfy my doubts."

He was so much in earnest that I checked the laugh his solemn manner called up and merely nodded acquiescence. He then rose and, saying, "We must not be interrupted," called his servant, and after giving him the necessary instructions locked the door, placing the key in his pocket. He then opened the mysterious case and with tender hands drew forth the violin. His nimble fingers soon detached the severed strings and knotted on the new ones, and in the course of about a quarter of an hour the instrument was ready and tuned to his satisfaction. I felt, as I watched him, I should like to take the violin in my hands once more, to see if the strange desire I had before experienced would again come over me, but I hardly liked to ask him to permit me to do so.

And now all was ready, Luigi's critical ear satisfied with the sound of the strings, and he seemed about to strike his favorite attitude. Yet I noticed his pale face was paler than usual and the hand poising the bow seemed tremulous, and as I looked at him a sympathetic feeling of fear—a dread of something, I knew not what—crept over me. It seemed too absurd, however, to be disturbed by an excitable Italian playing a violin in a room with all the appliances of modern everyday life around me; so I laughed away the feeling, placed myself at full length on the sofa—my favorite attitude for listening to the master's performances—and was prepared to give my undivided attention to the music.

And yet for a while Luigi did not begin, although he saw I had resigned myself to my fate. He had placed the violin under his chin; his left-hand fingers were on the strings, but for some minutes he contented himself with beating a sort of time or rhythmical measure with the bow. One would have said he was endeavoring to recall something he had heard once and only imperfectly remembered.

"What theme are you going to play to me?" I asked.

On hearing my voice he looked at me vacantly, and only upon my repeating the question did he seem aware of my presence. Then with an effort he said, ceasing not to beat time the while,

"Ah! that I do not know. I am no longer my own master; I cannot choose. Let me beg of you not to interrupt me again, my friend."

I said no more, but watched him with anxious eyes. The left-hand fingers slipped, slid and danced in dumb-show up and down the strings, the bow for ever beating time. A sort of shiver passed over him; then, drawing himself up, he swept the bow across the strings, and the fiddle, silent for so many years, found tongue at last.

A weird strain commanding the listener's attention at once—a strain I knew I had never heard before—so curious the opening bars sounded that had I dared I should have said that several well-established rules of harmony were outraged. And yet, in spite of its peculiarity, I knew that he who created that music was a master in the art. It was not Wagner, I was sure, although somewhat of his remarkable power of expression and gift of moving the mind without the aid of melody was present. The first thirty bars or so appeared to me to be of the nature of an overture, heralding the performance to follow. In snatches of mystic music the violin spoke of joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, love and hate, hope and fear; and as my own thoughts responded to the varied emotions I lay and wondered who could have written the music which affected me so, and thought how fortunate the unknown composer was to have such an exponent of his ideas as Luigi. Yet, as I looked at the latter, it struck me his style of playing to-night was different from usual. Faultless though the execution was, marvellous as were the strains those facile fingers drew forth, the whole manner of the man seemed to be mechanical, utterly at variance with the fire and dash that ever characterized his performances. The skill was there, but for once the soul was wanting. With the exception of his hands and arms, he stood so still that he might have been a statue. He played as one in a trance, and his eyes with a fixed look were ever directed toward the end of the apartment. Swifter and swifter his arm flew backward and forward; more strange, eccentric and weird the music became—stronger in its expression, plainer in its eloquence, more thrilling in its intensity, and ever exercising its powerful spell on the hearer.

At last, with a sort of impulse, I turned my eyes from the player and looked in the direction in which he looked. Suddenly the music changed; there was now no lack of melody. A soft, soothing, haunting measure began—a sort of dreamy, far-away tune—and as its gentle cadences fell on my ear, hitherto kept in a state of irritating, if not unpleasing, expectation, my thoughts began to wander to old half-forgotten scenes. Distant events came to my mind, recollections of vanished faces, once familiar, flocked around me; all things seemed growing misty and indistinct, and I felt as one sinking into sleep—the sort of sleep that one can almost realize and enjoy.

It was not to be, however. A few harsh notes from the fiddle, sounding like a warning or admonition, recalled me to wakefulness, and as my straying thoughts collected themselves that lulling song began again.

And yet, if fully awake and conscious, where was I? The scene was entirely changed; and although I knew I was still lying where I had at first placed myself—although I could hear within a few feet of me the unceasing melody of Luigi's violin—I was now looking into a strange apartment, even as one looks into the representation of a room on the stage, and I knew I was dreaming no dream. It could be none, for as I gazed I felt a feeling of utter astonishment; and that feeling is always absent from a dream, however marvellous its features may be. Yet, lying there and in as full possession of my faculties as I am at the moment of writing these words, I saw opened as it were before me a strange room, and one I

could in no way connect with any chamber which I was in the habit of entering. It appeared to be a large, lofty apartment; and if I was looking at a vision, neither the room nor its belongings presented any appearance of unreality. The latter, indeed, gave the idea of wealth and comfort. The furniture was after the fashion of the early part of this century. The chairs were covered with costly old brocade, and a short square pianoforte—then the highest triumph of the maker's art—stood open against one wall. And as, with the sound of the violin ever near me, I noted these things and waited for what was to come, I knew, although I did not attempt it, that I was utterly powerless to turn my eyes from the phantom scene before me, even to ascertain whether it could be that Luigi saw the things I saw.

Another change in the wonder-working music—a long, rippling *legato* passage, sweeping into a tender, passionate, pleading strain, the eloquent notes speaking of joy and fear mingled. As my heart followed and understood the inspiration of the musician I whispered to myself, "This is love." As if in answer to my thoughts, the door of the phantom room opened and two figures entered—a lady and a gentleman. Both wore the dresses of that period to which I have assigned the date of the furniture, and both were young. Like the objects around them, there was nothing in their appearance ghostlike or supernatural. Their limbs looked as firm and round as my own. It was some little time before I could take my eyes from the girl. She was supremely beautiful—tall and fair, with a delicate, refined face—and the robe she wore plainly showed the exquisite proportions of her figure. Her companion was handsome, but his features wore an expression of melancholy pride. I noticed he carried under his left arm a violin, and something told me he was a Frenchman. With great courtesy he led the girl to a seat, and as if in obedience to a request of hers commenced playing the instrument. Still the same sweet strain fell on my ears, but a stranger thing than any I had yet noticed was that as he played the sound seemed to come from his violin and Luigi's was dumb. And as he played the girl looked up at him with admiring eyes. He ceased at last, and Luigi's fiddle immediately resumed the melody without a moment's break. Then I saw the phantom place the violin and bow in the girl's hands, instructing her how to hold them; and I knew that during the lesson his voice as well as his eyes made avowal of his passionate love. I saw his fingers linger on hers as he placed them on the strings; I saw the blush deepen upon her cheek, the lashes droop over her downcast eyes, and then I saw him lean over and press his lips to the fair white hand which held the bow, while the music near me, sinking almost to silence and tremulous as if a man's future lay on those vibrating strings, told me he sought his fate at her lips. He threw himself at her feet, and I saw the girl bend over him and, placing her arms around his neck, kiss his forehead, while high and loud rose the song of sweet triumph from those impassioned chords, doubtful of her love no longer.

Again the strain changed: a song of love no longer; a few notes of warning, melting into a strain that foretold and spoke of sorrow. Again I saw the door of the apartment open, and with a hasty step another

man entered. He too was young and powerfully built, with an intensely English face. Yet I could trace in his harder features a resemblance, such as a brother might bear, to the girl before me. As he entered, the lovers sprang to their feet; then, covering her face with her hands, the girl sank upon a chair, while her companion faced the newcomer with an air as haughty as his own, and words of scorning, of contempt, of shaming, of defiance, were hurled from man to man. True, I heard them not: all the phantasmagoria came before me in dumb-show; but the varied tones of the violin told me all that passed between the two men as truly as though their voices smote upon my ear, and as the wild music culminated in a fierce *crescendo* of thrilling power the two men grappled in their rage, and the girl sprang to her feet and ran wildly to the door.

For a moment all grew misty, and the phantom actors of my vision were hidden from my sight. When they reappeared, I saw the young Frenchman quitting the room with blood trickling down his pale cheek; and as, with a look of undying hate on his face, he closed the door behind him, the room and all faded from my sight.

But no pause in the music; still those weird notes weaving the mystic spell that chained me. Leaving me no time to reflect on what I had seen, but enforcing my attention to the drama acted before me, the fiery *crescendo* sank in a dull sullen theme almost colorless when compared with the foregoing numbers; then, as with dissolving-views, where one scene grows through another that fades, I began to realize that I looked into another room—one very different from the first. It was evidently, from the slanting roof and small window, an attic, and its contents spoke of poverty. A bedstead with threadbare hangings occupied one corner, and in the centre, at a square table littered with sheets of music, sat the young Frenchman. His brow was contracted and the wound yet fresh on his cheek. He was writing, and through the medium of the music I knew the purport of his epistle as well as if I had looked over his shoulder. It was a challenge —a challenge which, he stated, his late antagonist dare not decline, as the writer was of even more noble family than the man who had insulted him. Having written the letter, he rose and paced the small room, deep in thought. As his steps went backward and forward across the limited space—as his thoughts grew black with hate as he remembered the insult he had suffered, or grew bright with love as he pictured the fair girl who had pledged herself to him—so truthfully did the delicate gradations of the music harmonize with them that I could feel every emotion stirring his heart, at times almost identifying myself with him, making his joy, his sorrow, mine. After what seemed to be hours he took up the violin that lay on the table near him and commenced playing. As before, I say, whether Luigi's hands produced it or not, the sound came from him; and as he played, the music, at first fierce, stern and harsh, gradually toned down until it became dreamy and lulling, until at last he threw himself on his poor bed, and Luigi's violin resumed the strain—the soft, soothing measure I have before mentioned, telling of placid sleep.

Another change: hard, sharp, *staccato* passages. I was now looking—it might

be from a window—on a wide expanse of smooth green turf. As before, the scene was so real, so material, that I might have stepped out on to the sward. There was nothing in the locality which I could identify. A wall and some palings, I remember, were on the left hand; a belt of trees on the right. As I looked I saw figures at some little distance. Two men in their shirt-sleeves were engaged in a deadly duel. They were not so far away but I could plainly distinguish their features, and I knew they were those of the two men whom I had seen grapple in the room. As their slender flashing blades twined in and out like serpents—as they thrust and parried, advanced and retreated—the mysterious music entered fully into the fray, accompanying every stroke, until, as the arm of one of the combatants sank by his side helpless, pierced by his antagonist's blade, it swelled to a strain of exultation. It was the Englishman who was wounded, and as the sword dropped from his grasp his opponent with difficulty checked the impulse urging him to drive his weapon through his unguarded breast; then, seeing his foe was quite unable to renew the combat, he bowed with cold politeness, sheathed his sword and turned away, leaving the wounded man to the care of his second. As the Frenchman vanished from my sight among the trees at the right hand the scene grew blurred and faded: only the spell of the music continued ever.

The dismal measure and the dismal garret once more. As I look at the poverty-stricken room, the music, eloquent as before, in some hidden manner makes me aware that months have passed since I last looked at it. The young Frenchman is present. Indeed, I begin now to understand that no scene can come beneath my eyes unless he be an actor in it; it is his life, his love, the violin in its own marvellous tongue relates. I wait with interest now; I have no time to wonder at or speculate upon what I have seen—no time to endeavor to explain the phantom scenes and actions which the song of the Stradivarius has brought before me. I feel no fear—curiosity and excitement only. Luigi's presence I have forgotten, so intent am I upon the drama played before me.

The young man, I notice, is handsome as ever, but paler, thinner and careworn. What is the music saying now in that strange speech which I interpret so readily? Poverty and hopelessness, loss of love, and with that loss the wish to rise to fame. He is writing, but the paper before him this time is a score—the score of a work he once thought would hand his name down to future times. Well I know, as I watch him, that music will never be given to the world. I know it is night, and to kill his bitter thoughts he is sitting down and working without interest at his uncompleted score. As I watch him grieving at his grief, weird and dreamy and unearthly sounds Luigi's violin, bar after bar of the music monotonous and sad. Then of a sudden it wakes to fresh life with a sort of expression of keen surprise, and the young man raises his head from the work that interests him no more, and the door of his poor dwelling opens.

A few bars of that haunting melody that has caused me to whisper "This is love" merge into a strain of plaintive hopelessness, and the fair girl enters. She is closely veiled and enveloped in a long dark cloak, and as

she raises the veil from her face and looks at him with silent, wistful eyes the man's heart responds to the impassioned strings and vibrates with love, hopeless though it be. For I know that ere two days are past she will wed another; and the man knows it, and, crushing down his love, curses her in his heart for her faithlessness. He stands for a moment after her entry helpless in his surprise at seeing her, and then, with a grand air of calm politeness, handing her to one of the crazy chairs that furnish his poor room, waits with a cold face to learn the object of her visit. Then the woman, or the music, pleads in pathetic strains for pardon and forgiveness—pleads the pressure put upon her by friends, pleads her utter helplessness in their hands—yet tells him, even with the wedding-ring waiting to encircle her finger, that he alone, the exiled, poverty-stricken Frenchman, owns the love her heart can give. And as the tears fall from her eyes the man waves his arm round the squalid room, and, showing by that gesture his utter poverty and hopelessness, commends, with a bitter sneer, the course she has taken, or been compelled to take, and asks how he could expect the daughter of a noble English family to share such a home and such a lot as his. I see the girl hesitate, falter and tremble, and, as she rises, the man, with a calm air and forced composure, opens the door. Weeping bitterly, she leaves him; and as she closes the rickety door upon her a wail of music more mournful than words can describe lingers in the air and brings the tears to my eyes, while the man kneels down and kisses the very boards on which her feet have rested. With the mirthless smile upon his face, he sits down and begins thinking; and the music, playing ever, gives me his thoughts. As I read them I shudder, knowing how every fresh departure tends ever and only to the same end: what has he to do with life any longer—he, the last descendant of a noble French family, his sovereign an exile, his lands and possessions confiscated or squandered, and now he lies starving, or soon to be starving, in a London attic? Even the fame that he once hoped to win as a musician is far off; and if ever to be won, is it worth struggling for? The past, to him, is full of agonizing recollections of relatives and friends whose blood has slaked the guillotine's thirst. The present is misery; the future, now that the dream of love he had dared for a while to dream is dispelled, hopeless. What, indeed, has he to do with life any longer? If he knows not how to live, at least he knows how to die. Ever with the same dreary thoughts in his mind, I see him take the bulky score—the result of months, it may be years, of labor—and deliberately tear sheet after sheet to pieces, until the floor is littered with the fragments. And as his action tells me he renounces hope, love and fame I know I am fated to see an awful sight, but am powerless to move my eyes from the scene. For still the melancholy notes sound, and I know that until Luigi's hands are at rest I am fettered by the spell the music weaves.

I watch the man, or the phantom, with concentrated interest. The last page of the score falls in tatters to the ground, and, still seated in the chair which he had placed for the girl, he stretches out his hand, seeking for something among the papers on the table. Well I know the object he seeks—a small knife with an elaborately chased silver handle, a relic, doubtless, of former riches. To-

morrow even that would have been sold to provide the bare necessaries of the life he ceases to care for. He opens it, passes his fingers across the keen edge, and, removing his coat, turns up his shirt-sleeve to the shoulder and deliberately severs a large vein or artery in his arm. Oh, that maddening music!—encouraging, tempting, even applauding his crime of self-destruction. I see, and sicken at the sight, the first red rush of blood from his white arm; and then—drip, drip, drip—follow the large, quick-falling drops. So real, so horrible, is the vision that I can even note the crimson pool forming amid the tattered paper covering the floor. Will the fatal music never end? Minutes are hours as I watch the face grow whiter and yet whiter as the man sits bleeding to death. Now, while I long to faint and lose the dreadful sight, he rises and with tottering steps walks across the floor and takes up the violin. With the life-blood streaming from his left arm, once more, and for the last time, he makes the instrument speak; and again, I say, the music comes from him, and not from Luigi. As he plays, even while I wait for what must follow, I know that such rare music was never heard on earth as the strain to which I listen, fancying, the while, I see the eager wings of Death hovering around the player. To what can I compare it? A poet would term it the death-song of the swan. It is the death-song of a genius—one whom the world never knew—whose own rash act has extinguished the sacred flame. Strong and wild and wonderful rises the music for a while. Now it sinks lower—lower and lower. Now it is so soft I can scarcely hear it; it is ebbing to silence, even as the heart's blood is ebbing to death. The face grows ghastly; the head sinks upon the breast; the eyes flicker like the dying flame of a candle; the violin drops from the reddened hand, and the man falls sideways from his chair to the ground even as Luigi's violin completes the bar his fall had broken off in the score; and as it sums up the tragedy in one long-sustained passage of hopeless grief I see the bloodless white face of the man, now dead, or soon to be dead, lying on the ruddy floor, while the left arm, motionless now, rests as it had fallen across the violin, which those nerveless fingers had at last been fain to drop.

The music stopped; the spell was ended. So powerfully was I wrought upon by the last vision I had seen that the moment my limbs resumed their freedom I rushed forward and fell fainting on the very spot on which it seemed to me the man had fallen. When I recovered consciousness, I found Luigi bending over me and sponging my face with cold water. He was pale and agitated, and seemed, from physical exhaustion, scarcely able to stand. I rose and with a shudder looked toward that part of the room where the phantasmagoria had appeared. Nothing was there now to move me: the familiar wall-paper, the pictures I had so often scanned, alone met my eye.

As I gazed round, Luigi, in a whisper, asked,

"You saw it all, then, as I did?"

"I saw it all. Could it have been a dream?"

He shook his head:

"If so, three times have I dreamed it, and each time alike in every detail. The first time I said, 'It must be a dream;' the

second time, 'It may be fancy.' But what can I say now, when another sees it also?"

I could give him no answer; I could offer no explanation; only I asked,

"Why did you not cease playing and spare me that last sight?"

"I could not. It was your impulse to play on that violin, when first you saw it, that led me to think its strange power would act on another besides myself and induced me to go through it all once more. But it will tell its story to no one else."

I turned inquiringly, and, seeing on the carpet a mass of small splinters of wood mixed with tangled strings and pegs, knew what he meant. This, then, was the end of the masterpiece of Stradivarius!

"And you mean to say you had no power to cease when once you began—were compelled to play through the whole tragedy?"

"I had no power to stop; some force irresistible compelled me. I was but an instrument, and, absurd as it seems, I believe that you, with no knowledge of the art, would have played just as I did."

"But the music," I asked—"the wonderful music?"

"That, to me," replied Luigi, "is the strangest thing of all. Neither you nor I can recall a single bar of it. Even those two or three melodies which as we heard them we thought would haunt us have vanished."

And it was so. Try how I would, I could fashion no tune at all like them.

"It bears out what I told you," said Luigi, in conclusion: "I was simply an instrument. Indeed, it seemed the whole time not I, but another, was playing. But here is an end of it."

Then, late as the hour was, we kindled a small fire and consumed every atom of the violin which held in some mysterious, inexplicable way the story of a man's love and death.

We parted at last. Luigi left England, as arranged, and has not yet revisited it.

Is there any sequel to my incredible story? None that will throw any light upon it or enable me—as, indeed, I have little hope of doing—to win the reader's belief; only some time afterward I saw in the house of a man known—by name, at least—to all who are familiar with the titles of the great ones of the land, the portrait of a lady. It was that of his mother, who had died a few years after her marriage; and if the painter's skill had not erred, it was also the portrait of the phantom woman whom I had seen twice that night in the visions brought before me by the weird music. Every feature was so stamped upon my memory that I could not be mistaken. And yet I did not trouble to inquire into her private history. Even if I could have learned it, it could have told me no more than I knew already. The story of her love and its tragic ending—doubtless a sealed page in her life—had been fully revealed to me as I lay in Luigi's room listening to the varying strains of the haunted Stradivarius.

HUGH CONWAY.

BIRTH.

OF all vanities and fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.

BURTON.

OLD.

BY the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing—
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe and broad-brimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, queue and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat—
Buckled knee and shoe and broad-brimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care—
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens;
Taught the motto of the "dunce's stool;"
Its grave import still my fancy ladens:
"Here's a fool!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted;
I remember well, too well, that day:
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started—
Would not stay—
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell;
Oh, to me her name was always Heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell
(I was then thirteen and she eleven),
Isabel.
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet why I sit here thou shalt be told."
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow:
Down it rolled.
"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old.

"I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core—
I have tottered here to look once more.

"All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house! it is still the same;
There's the very step I so oft mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game.
Old stone school-house! it is still the same.

"In the cottage yonder I was born:
Long my happy home that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat and corn;
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling.
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage yonder I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you see
Then were planted just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under.
Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.

"There's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather.
Past its prime,
There's the orchard where we used to climb.

"There the rude three-cornered chestnut-rails
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
Where so sly I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising.
Traps and trails!
There the rude three-cornered chestnut-rails.

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain,
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing—
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

"There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook and bridge and barn and old red stable;
But, alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table.
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeing—all I loved have fled:
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said
When around it Jane and I were straying.
She is dead!
I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.

"Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high—
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel-mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod—
Sire and sisters, and my little brother,
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways—
Bless the holy lesson!—but, ah never

Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
Those sweet voices silent now for ever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blest me with her hand
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing.
Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core—
I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,
Now why I sit here thou hast been told."
In his eye another pearl of sorrow;
Down it rolled.
"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old."

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing—
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

LIFE.

OH, wondrous life, whence comest thou,
From what unknown mysterious realm?
Why ask thee? Thou canst not answer,
Nor unfold thy source of being.

Yet in a cloud of myriad forms
Thou comest, thick, vast and numberless,
Through countless ages pressing on
Upon thy journey to the grave,
No limit to thy endless flight;
Thy universe is earth and air.
Each drop of water is a world
Inhabited with countless life.
All the eternal years of time,
Past, present and to come, are thine.

A. BARBER.

BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—DEUT. xxxiv. 6.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Unfold their thousand leaves,—

So without sound of music
  Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
  The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
  On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyry
  Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
  Still shuns that hallowed spot:
For beast and bird have seen and heard
  That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
  His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
  Follow the funeral car:
They show the banners taken;
  They tell his battles won;
And after him lead his masterless steed,
  While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
  Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
  With costly marbles drest,
In the great minster transept
  Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
  Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
  That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
  That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
  Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
  As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
  The hillside for a pall!
To lie in state while angels wait,
  With stars for tapers tall!
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
  Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
  To lay him in his grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,
  Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—oh, wondrous thought!—
  Before the judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
  On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
  With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
  O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
  And teach them to be still:
God hath his mysteries of grace,
  Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
  Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

CÆSAR'S TRIBUTE.

ALL we have is God's, and yet
  Cæsar challenges a debt,
Nor hath God a thinner share,
Whatever Cæsar's payments are.
All is God's, and yet 'tis true
All we have is Cæsar's too;
All is Cæsar's, and what odds
So long as Cæsar's self is God's?

RICHARD CRASHAW.

THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF GREECE.

THIS is the collective designation of a number of Greek sages who flourished from about 620 to 548 B. C. They devoted themselves to the cultivation of practical wisdom. The names of the seven, as usually given, are Solon, Thales, Pittacus, Bias, Chilon, Cleobulus and Periander.

SOLON.

Solon was born at Salamis about B. C. 638. He was unanimously chosen at Athens, about 596 B. C., to cure the public disorders. The manner in which he performed this duty has made his name immortal, and so wise was the code of laws which he instituted that it became the basis of the laws of the Twelve Tables of Rome. He died in the island of Cyprus about the eightieth year of his age.

MAXIMS.

Laws are like cobwebs that entangle the weak, but are broken through by the strong.

Diligently contemplate excellent things.

He who has learned how to obey will know how to command.

In all things let reason be your guide.

In everything that you do consider the end.

REMEMBRANCE AFTER DEATH.

Let not a death unwept, unhonor'd be
The melancholy fate allotted me;
But those who loved me living, when I die
Still fondly keep some cherish'd memory.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

The man that boasts of golden stores
Of grain that loads his groaning floors,
Of fields with freshening herbage green
Where bounding steeds and herds are seen,
I call not happier than the swain
Whose limbs are sound, whose food is plain,
Whose joys a blooming wife endears,
Whose hours a smiling offspring cheers.

THALES.

Thales was born about B. C. 640, in Miletus, in Ionia. He developed from youth a love of philosophy, and would not marry, that he might devote himself to the study of natural philosophy and mathematics, and is said to have predicted an eclipse. He died at the age of ninety. The following are some of his

MORAL MAXIMS.

Health of body, a competent fortune and a cultivated mind are the chief sources of happiness.

Parents may expect from their children that obedience which they themselves paid to their parents.

Take more pains to correct the blemishes of the mind than those of the face.

Stop the mouth of slander by prudence.

Be careful not to do that yourself which you blame in another.

PITTACUS.

Pittacus was born at Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos, about 650 B. C. In conjunction with the brother of Alcæus the poet, about 612 B. C., he overthrew the tyrant Melanchrus and put him to death. In a contest between his people and the Athenians for the possession of Sigeum, in the Troad, he displayed great bravery. For his prowess his townsmen gave him a portion of the city territory, which he dedicated to sacred uses, and which was known long after as the Pitacean land. He was chosen dic-

tator B. C. 589, and ruled with great success for ten years, after which he voluntarily resigned his power and withdrew into honorable retirement. During the time of his government he made a law against drunkenness which provided for a double punishment for any crime committed under intoxication.

PRECEPTS.

The first office of prudence is to foresee threatening misfortunes and prevent them.

Power discovers the man.

Never talk of your schemes before they are executed, lest, if you fail to accomplish them, you be exposed to the double mortification of disappointment and ridicule.

Whatever you do, do it well.

Know the fitting moment.

Be watchful for opportunities.

It is his misfortune to be eminent.

BIAS.

Bias was born at Priene, in Ionia, and flourished about B. C. 570. He was generally employed as a political and legal adviser in difficult questions. When the people of Priene were making preparations to escape from their city, which was besieged by the generals of Cyrus, Bias, in reply to one who asked why he was not occupied like other citizens, employed the words which have become a proverb: "I carry all my goods with me." The following are some of his

TEACHINGS.

It is a proof of a weak and disordered mind to desire impossibilities.

The greatest infelicity is not to be able to endure misfortunes patiently.

Great minds alone can support a sudden reverse of fortune.

The most pleasant state is to be always gaining.

Be not unmindful of the miseries of others.

If you are handsome, do handsome things; if deformed, supply the defects of nature by your virtues.

Be slow in undertaking, but resolute in executing.

Praise not a worthless man for the sake of his wealth.

Lay in wisdom as the store for your journey from youth to old age, for it is the most certain possession.

CHILON.

Chilon flourished about B. C. 556, and was one of the ephori of Sparta. He discharged his public duties with great uprightness, and lived to a great old age. The following are some of his

PRECEPTS.

Never ridicule the unfortunate.

Three things are difficult—to keep a secret, to bear an injury patiently and to spend leisure well.

Think before you speak.

Visit your friends in misfortune rather than in prosperity.

Do not desire impossibilities.

Gold is tried by the touchstone, and men are tried by gold.

Reverence the aged.

Honest loss is preferable to shameful gain, for by the one a man is a sufferer but once; by the other, always.

Know thyself.

If you are great, be condescending, for it is better to be loved than to be feared.

CLEOBULUS.

Cleobulus of Lindus, in Rhodes, about

B. C. 600, was celebrated for his great bodily strength and beauty. He is said to have acquired the skill in the solution of enigmas and obscure questions for which he was celebrated in Egypt during a visit to that country. The following are a few of his

MAXIMS.

Be kind to your friends, that they may continue such; and to your enemies, that they may become your friends.

Happy is the family where the master is more loved than feared.

When you go abroad, consider what you have to do; when you return home, what you have done.

Marry among your equals, that you may not become a slave to your wife's relations.

Be more desirous to hear than to speak.

PERIANDER.

Periander was born about 665 B C. at Corinth, of which city he became chief magistrate. He died B. C. 585, aged about eighty years.

PRECEPTS.

Let the prince who would reign securely trust rather to the affection of his subjects than to the force of arms.

Pleasure is precarious, but virtue is immortal.

Conceal your misfortunes.

Study to be worthy of your parents.

There is nothing which prudence cannot accomplish.

THE LAST WORDS OF MECÆNAS.

FROM THE LATIN OF CAIUS PEDO ALBINOVANUS (B. C. 35).

THUS spoke Mecænas while his fate drew nigh,
Chilled with cold damps and hastening now to die:
"Oh had I died in Brutus' early youth,
Ere yet he broke his loyalty and truth!
I saw the boy in ripened manhood stand,
The work of mighty Cæsar's forming hand.
Would I had died ere that dissension rose—"
Checked by reserve, his patriot accents close.
And now, to sight expiring, he demands
Terentia's voice, her kisses and her hands:
"Enough, Augustus, that I lived thy friend,
And still beloved by thee approach my end:
Some few soft drops thy melting eyes will shed
When sudden tidings speak Mecænas dead.
Light let the earth be thrown upon my breast:
A decent grave is all my last request;
But let me in thy speech and memory live:
Thy thoughts and words shall still existence give.
Thus it behoves that I should live beloved,
Dead to myself, but not from thee removed:
With dust and ashes mixed, whate'er I be,
Still must my conscious soul remember thee.
Softly I lived, by thy rich bounty blest,
And life seemed only for thy sake possessed.
Though arbiter of honors, yet my part
Was poor, content to be thy heart of heart.
Live, dear old man, and late the stars ascend:
Earth wants thee yet: then long thy life extend.
Adopted youths twice worthy of thy name
Shall still perpetuate the Cæsarean fame,
And, of a race secure, thy Livia see
Thy daughter's son replace her ravished progeny,
Till thou, a god on earth, from gods thy line,
By fostering Venus led, on Julius' breast recline."

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

Belshazzar's impious feast; a handwriting unknown to the magicians troubleth the king. At the commendation o the queen, Daniel is brought. He, reproving the king of pride and idolatry, readeth and interpreteth the writing. The monarchy is translated to the Medes. Daniel, ch. v.

NOT by one portal or one path alone
God's holy messages to men are known:
Waiting the glances of his awful eyes,
Silver-winged seraphs do him embassies,
And stars, interpreting his high behest,
Guide the lone feet and glad the failing breast;
The rolling thunder and the raging sea
Speak the stern purpose of the Deity,
And storms beneath and rainbow-hues above
Herald his anger or proclaim his love;
The still small voices of the summer day,
The red sirocco and the breath of May,
The lingering harmony in ocean-shells,
The fairy music of the meadow-bells,
Earth and void air, water and wasting flame,
Have words to whisper, tongues to tell, his name.
Once, with no cloak of careful mystery,
Himself was herald of his own decree:
The hand that edicts on the marble drew
Graved the stern sentence of their scorner too.
Listen and learn! Tyrants have heard the tale,
And turned from hearing terror-struck and pale;
Spiritless captives sinking with the chain
Have read this page and taken heart again.

From sunlight unto starlight trumpets told
Her king's command in Babylon the old;
From sunlight unto starlight, west and east,
A thousand satraps girt them for the feast,
And reined their chargers to the palace-hall
Where King Belshazzar held high festival—
A pleasant palace under pleasant skies,
With cloistered courts and gilded galleries,
And gay kiosk and painted balustrade
For winter terraces and summer shade;
By court and terrace, minaret and dome,
Euphrates, rushing from his mountain-home,
Rested his rage and curbed his crested pride
To belt that palace with his bluest tide;
Broad-fronted bulls with chiselled feathers barred,
In silent vigil keeping watch and ward,
Giants of granite wrought by cunning hand,
Guard in the gate and frown upon the land.
Not summer's glow nor yellow autumn's glare
Pierced the broad tamarisks that blossomed there;
The moonbeam darting through their leafy screen
Lost half its silver in the softened green,
And fell with lessened lustre, broken light
Tracing quaint arabesque of dark and white,
Or dimly tinting on the graven stones
The pictured annals of Chaldæan thrones.

There, from the rising to the setting day,
Birds of bright feather sang the light away,
And fountain-waters on the palace-floor
Made even answer to the river's roar,
Rising in silver from the crystal well
And breaking into spangles as they fell,
Though now ye heard them not, for far along
Rang the broad chorus of the banquet-song,
And sounds as gentle, echoes soft, as these
Died out of hearing from the revelries.

High on a throne of ivory and gold,
From crown to footstool clad in purple fold,
Lord of the east from sea to distant sea,
The king Belshazzar feasteth royally,
And not that dreamer in the desert cave
Peopled his paradise with pomp as brave—
Vessels of silver, cups of crusted gold,
Blush with a brighter red than all they hold;
Pendulous lamps like planets of the night
Flung on the diadems a fragrant light,
Or, slowly swinging in the midnight sky,
Gilded the ripples as they glided by,
And sweet and sweeter rang the citterns-
string,
Soft as the beating of a seraph's wing,
And swift and swifter in the measured dance
The tresses gather and the sandals glance,
And bright and brighter at the festal board
The flagons bubble and the wines are poured.
No lack of goodly company was there,
No lack of laughing eyes to light the cheer;
From Dara trooped they, from Daremma's
grove,
The suns of battle and the moons of love;
From where Arsissa's silver waters sleep
To Imla's marshes and the inland deep;
From pleasant Calah and from Sittacene
The horseman's captain and the harem's
queen.

It seemed no summer-cloud of passing woe
Could fling its shadow on so fair a show;
It seemed the gallant forms that feasted there
Were all too grand for woe, too great for
care.
Whence came the anxious eye, the altered
tone,
The dull presentiment no heart would own,
That ever changed the smiling to a sigh
Sudden as sea-bird flashing from the sky?
It is not that they know the spoiler waits,
Harnessed for battle, at the brazen gates;
It is not that they hear the watchman's call
Mark the slow minutes on the leaguered
wall:
The clash of quivers and the ring of spears
Make pleasant music in a soldier's ears,
And not a scabbard hideth sword to-night
That hath not glimmered in the front of
fight.
May not the blood in every beating vein
Have quick foreknowledge of the coming
pain,
Even as the prisoned silver,* dead and dumb,
Shrinks at cold Winter's footfall ere he come?

The king hath felt it, and the heart's unrest
Heaved the broad purple of his belted breast.
Sudden he speaks: "What! doth the beaded
juice
Savor like hyssop, that ye scorn its use?
Wear ye so pitiful and sad a soul
That tramp of foeman scares ye from the
bowl?
Think ye the gods on yonder starry floor
Tremble for terror when the thunders roar?
Are we not gods? have we not fought with
God?
And shall we shiver at a robber's nod?

* The quicksilver in the tube of the thermometer.

No! Let them batter till the brazen bars
Ring merry mocking of their idle wars;
Their fall is fated for to-morrow's sun:
The lion rouses when his feast is done.
Crown me a cup, and fill the bowls we brought
From Judah's temple when the fight was fought;
Drink till the merry madness fill the soul
To Salem's conqueror in Salem's bowl:
Each from the goblet of a God shall sip
And Judah's gold tread heavy on the lip."

The last loud answer dies along the line,
The last light bubble bursts upon the wine;
His eager lips are on the jewelled brink:
Hath the cup poison, that he doubts to drink?
Is there a spell upon the sparkling gold,
That so his fevered fingers quit their hold?
Whom sees he where he gazes? What is there
Freezing his vision into fearful stare?
Follow his lifted arm and lighted eye
And watch with them the wondrous mystery.

There cometh forth a hand, upon the stone
Graving the symbols of a speech unknown,
Fingers like mortal fingers leaving there
The blank wall flashing characters of fear;
And still it glideth silently and slow,
And still beneath the spectral letters grow.
Now the scroll endeth; now the seal is set;
The hand is gone: the record tarries yet.
As one who waits the warrant of his death
With pale lips parted and with bridled breath,
They watch the sign, and dare not turn to seek
Their fear reflected in their fellows'-cheek,
But stand as statues where the life is none,
Half the jest uttered, half the laughter done,
Half the flask empty, half the flagon poured,
Each where the phantom found him at the board
Struck into silence, as December's moon
Curbs the quick ripples into crystal swoon.

With wand of ebony and sable stole
Chaldæa's wisest scan the spectral scroll;
Strong in the lessons of a lying art,
Each comes to gaze, but gazes to depart;
And still for mystic sign and muttered spell
The graven letters guard their secret well:
Gleam they for warning, glare they to condemn,
God speaketh, but he speaketh not for them.

Oh, ever when the happy laugh is dumb,
All the joy gone and all the anguish come;
When strong adversity and subtle pain
Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain;
When friends once faithful, hearts once all our own,
Leave us to weep, to bleed and die alone;
When fears and cares the lonely thought employ,
And clouds of sorrow hide the sun of joy;
When weary life, breathing reluctant breath,
Hath no hope sweeter than the hope of death,—
Then the best counsel and the last relief
To cheer the spirit or to cheat the grief,
The only calm, the only comfort, heard,
Comes in the music of a woman's word,
Like beacon-bell on some wild island-shore
Silverly ringing in the tempest's roar,

Whose sound, borne shipward through the midnight gloom,
Tells of the path and turns her from her doom.

So in the silence of that awful hour
When baffled magic mourned its 'parted power,
When kings were pale and satraps shook for fear,
A woman speaketh, and the wisest hear,
She, the high daughter of a thousand thrones,
Telling with trembling lip and timid tones
Of him the captive, in the feast forgot,
Who readeth visions—him whose wondrous lot
Sends him to lighten doubt and lessen gloom
And gaze undazzled on the days to come.
Daniel the Hebrew, such his name and race,
Held by a monarch highest in his grace—
He may declare. Oh, bid them quickly send,
So may the mystery have happy end.

Calmly and silent as the fair full moon
Comes sailing upward in the sky of June,
Fearfully as the troubled clouds of night
Shrink from before the coming of its light,
So through the hall the prophet passed along,
So from before him fell the festal throng;
By broken wassail-cup and wine o'erthrown
Pressed he still onward for the monarch's throne.
His spirit failed him not; his quiet eye
Lost not its light for earthly majesty;
His lip was steady and his accent clear:
"The king hath needed me, and I am here."

"Art thou the prophet? Read me yonder scroll
Whose undeciphered horror daunts my soul:
There shall be guerdon for the grateful task
Fitted for me to give, for thee to ask—
A chain to deck thee, and a robe to grace,
Thine the third throne, and thou the third in place."

He heard, and turned him where the lighted wall
Dimmed the red torches of the festival,
Gazed on the sign with steady gaze and set,
And he who quailed not at a kingly threat
Bent the true knee and bowed the silver hair,
For that he knew the King of kings was there,
Then nerved his soul the sentence to unfold,
While his tongue trembled at the tale it told;
And never tongue shall echo tale as strange
Till that change cometh which must never change:

"Keep for thyself the guerdon and the gold:
What God hath graved, God's prophet must unfold.
Could not thy father's crime, thy father's fate,
Teach thee the terror thou hast learnt too late?
Hast thou not read the lesson of his life?
Who wars with God shall strive a losing strife.
His was a kingdom mighty as thine own,
The sword his sceptre and the earth his throne;
The nations trembled when his awful eye
Gave to them leave to live or doom to die;
The lord of life, the keeper of the grave,
His frown could wither, and his smile could save;

Yet when his heart was hard, his spirit high,
God drave him from his kingly majesty,
Far from the brotherhood of fellow-men
To seek for dwelling in the desert den:
Where the wild asses feed and oxen roam
He sought his pasture and he made his home,
And bitter-biting frost and dews of night
Schooled him in sorrow till he knew the right—
That God is Ruler of the rulers still,
And setteth up the sovereign that he will.
Oh, hadst thou treasured in repentant breast
His pride and fall, his penitence and rest,
And bowed submissive to Jehovah's will,
Then had thy sceptre been a sceptre still;
But thou hast mocked the majesty of Heaven
And shamed the vessels to its service given,
And thou hast fashioned idols of thine own—
Idols of gold, of silver and of stone;
To them hast bowed the knee and breathed the breath,
And they must help thee in the hour of death.
Woe for the sign unseen, the sin forgot!
God was among ye, and ye knew it not.
Hear what he sayeth now: 'Thy race is run,
The years are numbered and the days are done;
Thy soul hath mounted in the scale of fate:
The Lord hath weighed thee, and thou lackest weight.
Now in thy palace-porch the spoilers stand
To seize thy sceptre, to divide thy land.'"

He ended, and his passing foot was heard,
But none made answer, not a lip was stirred;
Mute the free tongue and bent the fearless brow:
The mystic letters had their meaning now!
Soon came there other sound—the clash of steel,
The heavy ringing of the iron heel,
The curse in dying and the cry for life,
The bloody voices of the battle-strife.

That night they slew him on his father's throne,
The deed unnoticed and the hand unknown;
Crownless and sceptreless Belshazzar lay,
A robe of purple round a form of clay.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

MERCY SHOULD HAVE MITIGATED JUSTICE.

UNNUMBERED objects ask thy honest care·
Besides the orphan's tear, the widow's prayer;
Far as thy power can save, thy bounty bless,
Unnumbered evils call for thy redress.

Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have torn,
While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye
A few seem straggling in the evening sky?
Not many suns have hastened down the day,
Or blushing moons immersed in clouds their way,
Since there a scene that stained their sacred light
With horror stopped a felon in his flight:
A babe just born, that signs of life exprest,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.
The pitying robber, conscious that, pursued,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and viewed,
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he stole before;

Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear:
He felt as man, and dropped a human tear.

Far other treatment she who breathless lay
Found from a viler animal of prey.

Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increased by nature's growing load,
When evening brought the friendly hour of rest
And all the mother thronged about her breast,
The ruffian officer opposed her stay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away;
So far beyond the town's last limits drove
That to return were hopeless had she strove.
Abandoned there, with famine, pain and cold,
And anguish, she expired. The rest I've told.

"Now let me swear, for, by my soul's last sigh,
That thief shall live, that overseer shall die."

Too late! His life the generous robber paid,
Lost by that pity which his steps delayed.
No soul-discerning Mansfield sat to hear,
No Hertford bore his prayer to Mercy's ear;
No liberal justice first assigned the gaol,
Or urged as Camplin would have urged his tale.

DR. JOHN LANGHORNE.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

In ocean's caves still safe with thee
The germ of immortality,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA WILLARD.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months
With light and heat refulgent; then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful thou, with clouds and storms

Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness; on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou biddst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear!—a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed they ravish still.
But, wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee—marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,
Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring,
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! Join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and, ardent, raise
One general song. To Him, ye local gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes;
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms
Where o'er the rock the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to Heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound,
Ye softer floods that lead the humid maze
Along the vale, and thou, majestic main—
A secret world of wonders in thyself—
Sound His stupendous praise whose greater voice
Or bids you roar or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herds, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day, best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns,

And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn; in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear
At solemn pauses through the swelling base,
And as each mingling flame increases each
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute; may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget, my heart, to beat!

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full,
And where he vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns,
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in light ineffable:
Come, then, expressive Silence! muse his praise.

JAMES THOMSON.

ROVER AND BABY.

"WHERE is the baby, grandmamma?"
The sweet young mother calls
From her work in the cosey kitchen
With its dainty whitewashed walls;
And grandma leaves her knitting
And looks for her all around,
But not a trace of baby dear
Can anywhere be found—

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of its sunny hair,
No patter of tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere.
All through house and garden,
Far out into the field,
They search each nook and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;
Grandmamma's eyes grew dim;
The father's gone to the village:
No use to look for him.

And the baby lost! "Where's Rover?"
The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her.—
Rover!" In vain they call,
Then hurry away to the orchard;
And there, by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the well, lies Rover,
Holding to Baby's dress:
She was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her little arms down,
But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead
To greet the frightened searchers,
While naughty Baby said,

"Dere's a 'ittle dirl in the 'ater;
She's dust as big as me.
Mamma, I want to help her out
And take her home to tea,
But Rover he won't let me,
And I don't love him.—Go
Away, you naughty Rover!—
Oh, why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying,
"My darling, understand:
Good Rover saved your life, my dear,
And, see, he licks your hand!
Kiss Rover." Baby struck him;
But grandma understood;
She said, "It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good.'

ABBIE KINNE.

SALADIN AND MALEK ADHEL.*

ATTENDANT. A stranger craves admittance to Your Highness.
SALADIN. Whence comes he?
ATTEND. That I know not.
Enveloped with a vestment of strange form,
His countenance is hidden, but his step,
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim, if that I dare pronounce it—
SAL. Whom?
ATTEND. Thy royal brother!
SAL. Bring him instantly.
[*Exit* ATTENDANT.]
Now, with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger. He shall die!
[*Enter* ATTENDANT *and* MALEK ADHEL.]
Leave us together. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.]
[*Aside*]. I should know that form.
Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[*Aloud.*] Well, stranger, speak; but first unveil thyself,
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.
MALEK ADHEL. Behold it, then!
SAL. I see a traitor's visage.
MAL. AD. A brother's!
SAL. No!
Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.
MAL. AD. Oh, patience, Heaven!—Had any tongue but thine
Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.

* Saladin, the celebrated sultan of Syria and Egypt, whose virtues and courage have been equally lauded by both Christians and Mohammedans, was born in 1137, and died of a bilious fever, after twelve days' illness, in the year 1193. He was a man of noble, generous disposition.

SAL. And why not now? Can this heart be more pierced
By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?
Oh, thou hast made a desert of this bosom;
For open candor planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness and love
For ever banished. Whither can I turn
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love;
The smiles of friendship and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void:
His brother has betrayed him!

MAL. AD. Thou art softened:
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst—
My tongue can never utter the base title.

SAL. Was it "traitor"? True:
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes.
"Villain"? 'Tis just: the title is appropriate.
"Dissembler"? 'Tis not written in thy face—
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow;
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
For ever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel.
Thinkest thou I'm softened? By Mohammed! these hands
Should crush these aching eyeballs ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate. Oh, monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee, for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read;
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
Oh what a wretch art thou! Oh, can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?

MAL. AD. Go on! go on!
'Tis but a little time to hear thee, Saladin,
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence, at least.

SAL. That were an end
Too noble for a traitor: the bowstring is
A more appropriate finish. Thou shalt die!

MAL. AD. And death were welcome at another's mandate!
What, what have I to live for? Be it so
If that in all thy armies can be found
An executing hand.

SAL. Oh, doubt it not:
They're eager for the office. Perfidy
So black as thine effaces from their minds
All memory of thy former excellence.

MAL. AD. Defer not, then, their wishes. Saladin,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seemed grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer: oh, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing.
Let me die speedily.

SAL. This very hour.
[*Aside.*] For oh, the more I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch softens and the judge is lost

In all the brother's weakness; yet such guilt,
Such vile ingratitude! It calls for vengeance,
And vengeance it shall have.—What, ho! who waits there? [*Enter* ATTENDANT.]

ATTEND. Did Your Highness call?

SAL. Assemble quickly
My forces in the court. Tell them they come
To view the death of yonder bosom-traitor,
And bid them mark that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs expects obedience—
Silent obedience—from his followers.
[*Exit* ATTENDANT.]

MAL. AD. Now, Saladin,
The word is given; I have nothing more
To fear from thee, my brother. I am not
About to crave a miserable life:
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,
The justness of thy sentence I would question.
But one request now trembles on my tongue,
One wish still clinging round the heart, which soon
Not even that shall torture. Will it, then,
Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect
That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death
The last request which e'er was his to utter
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave?

SAL. Speak, then, but ask thyself if thou hast reason
To look for such indulgence here.

MAL. AD. I have not,
Yet will I ask for it. We part for ever;
This is our last farewell; the king is satisfied;
The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence.
None sees, none hears, save that omniscient Power
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such. When, in the face
Of forces once my own, I'm led to death,
Then be thine eye unmoistened; let thy voice
Then speak my doom untrembling; then
Unmoved behold this stiff and blackened corse;
But now I ask—nay, turn not, Saladin—
I ask one single pressure of thy hand;
From that stern eye one solitary tear—
Oh, torturing recollection!—one kind word
From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but kindness.
Still silent? Brother, friend, beloved companion
Of all my youthful sports, are they forgotten?—
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven!
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies, nor hear that voice
Pronounce my doom which would not say one word—
One little word—whose cherished memory
Would soothe the struggles of departing life!—
Yet, yet thou wilt! Oh, turn thee, Saladin!
Look on my face: thou canst not spurn me then;

Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him—
SAL. [*Seizing his hand.*] Brother! brother!
MAL. AD. [*Breaking away.*] Now call thy followers;
Death has not now
A single pang in store. Proceed: I'm ready.
SAL. Oh, art thou ready to forgive, my brother—
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing, 'mid a splendid throng
Of glorious qualities—
MAL. AD. Oh, stay thee, Saladin!
I did not ask for life: I only wished
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
No, emperor; the loss of Cæsarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel;
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
What cost them many a weary hour to gain
Should expiate his offences with his life.
Lo! even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality. I go,
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glory. [*Going.*]
SAL. Thou shalt not.
[*Enter* ATTENDANT.]
ATTEND. My lord, the troops, assembled by your order,
Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
The mutes have fled; the very guards rebel;
Nor think I in this city's spacious round
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.
MAL. AD. Oh, faithful friends! [*To* ATTENDANT.] Thine shalt.
ATTEND. Mine? Never!
The other first shall lop it from the body.
SAL. They teach the emperor his duty well;
Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them, too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.
ATTEND. Oh, joyful news!
I haste to gladden many a gallant heart
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek
Unused to such a visitor. [*Exit.*]
SAL. These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth, by war, by nature,
Hardened and rendered callous—these who claim
No kindred with thee, who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips,—
Oh, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction, while I—
I, who cannot, in all my memory,
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,
Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter;
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
When death seemed certain, only uttered "Brother!"
And seen that form like lightning rush between
Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
Intended for my own,—I could forget
That 'twas to thee I owed the very breath

Which sentenced thee to perish! Oh, 'tis shameful!
Thou canst not pardon me?
MAL. AD. By these tears, I can!
Oh, brother, from this very hour a new,
A glorious, life commences. I am all thine.
Again the day of gladness or of anguish
Shall Malek Adhel share, and oft again
May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
Henceforth, Saladin,
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine for ever! "NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

THE FALCON'S REWARD.

AN EASTERN STORY.

BENEATH the fiery cope of middle day
The youthful prince, his train left all behind,
With eager ken gazed round him every way,
If springing well he anywhere might find.

His favorite falcon, from long aëry flight
Returning, and from quarry struck at last,
Told of the chase which with its keen delight
Had thus allured him on so far and fast,

Till gladly he had welcomed in his drought
The dullest pool that gathered in the rain;
But such in fount of clearer wave he sought
Long through that land of barrenness in vain.

What pleasure when, slow stealing o'er a rock,
He spied the glittering of a little rill,
Which yet, as if his burning thirst to mock,
Did its rare treasures drop by drop distill!

A golden goblet from his saddle-bow
He loosed, and from his steed alighted down
To wait until that fountain, trickling slow,
Shall in the end his golden goblet crown.

When set beside the promise of that draught,
How poor had seemed to him the costliest wine
That ever with its beaded bubbles laughed
When set beside that nectar more divine!

The brimming vessel to his lips at last
He raised, when, lo! the falcon on his hand
With beak's and pinion's sudden impulse cast
That cup's rare treasure all upon the sand.

Long was it ere that fountain, pulsing slow,
Caused once again that chalice to run o'er,
When, thinking no like hindrance now to know,
He raised it to his parchèd lips once more.

Once more, as if to cross his purpose bent,
The watchful bird, as if on this one thing—
That drink he should not of that stream—intent,
Struck from his hand the cup with eager wing.

But when this new defeat his purpose found,
Swift penalty this time the bird must pay:
Hurled down with angry force upon the ground,
Before her master's feet in death she lay.

And he, twice baffled, did meantime again
From the scant rill to slake his thirst prepare

When, down the crags descending, of his train
One cried, "O monarch, for thy life forbear!

"Coiled in these waters, at their fountain-head,
And causing them so feebly to distill,
A poisonous snake of hugest growth lies dead,
And doth with venom all the streamlet fill."

Dropped from his hand the cup; one look he cast
Upon the faithful bird before his feet,
Whose dying struggles now were almost past,
For whom a better guardian had been meet,

Then homeward rode in silence many a mile;
But if such thoughts did in his bosom grow
As did in mine the painfulness beguile
Of that his falcon's end what man can know?

I said, "Such chalices the world fills up
For us, and bright and without bale they seem—
A sparkling potion in a jewelled cup,
Nor know we drawn from what infected stream.

"Our spirit's thirst they promise to assuage,
And we those cups unto our death had quaffed
If Heaven did not in dearest love engage
To dash the chalice down and mar the draught.

"Alas for us if we that love are fain
With wrath and blind impatience to repay—
Which nothing but our weakness doth restrain—
As he repaid his faithful bird that day;

"If an indignant eye we lift above,
To lose some sparkling goblet ill content,
Which, but for that keen watchfulness of love,
Swift certain poison through our veins had sent."

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past,
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears
From the fond recollections of former years,
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon,
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon,
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft,
Companions of early days lost or left,
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame,

The home of my childhood, the haunts of my prime,
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view.
All, all now forsaken, forgotten or gone,
And I a lone exile remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned and good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun,
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan
I fly to the desert, afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife—
The proud man's frown and the base man's fear,
And the scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tear,
The malice and meanness and falsehood and folly—
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh,
Oh, then there is freedom and joy and pride
Afar in the desert alone to ride.
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,
The only law of the desert land;
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,
Where the gnoo, the gazelle and the hartebeest graze,
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine,
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the vlei where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the spring-bok's fawn sounds plaintively,
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
In fields seldom cheered by the dew or the rain,
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds,
And the timorous quagha's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at fall of day,

And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
For she hies away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan—
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear,
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight but from the old hollow stone,
Where grass nor herb nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot,
And the bitter melon for food and drink
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
A region of drought where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osier'd sides,
Where reedy pool nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree nor cloud-capped mountain,
Is found to refresh the aching eye,
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is Nature's solitude.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky
As I sit apart by the caverned stone
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the mighty Hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land,
A "still small voice" comes through the wild
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath and fear,
Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

THOMAS PRINGLE.

THE BLIND BOY.

OH, say, what is that thing called light
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe,
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

COLLEY CIBBER.

THE CAPTURE.

ON the morning that succeeded the night in which Horseshoe Robinson arrived at Musgrove's the stout sergeant might have been seen, about eight o'clock, leaving the main road from Ninety-Six, at the point where that leading to David Ramsay's separated from it, and cautiously urging his way into the deep forest by the more private path into which he had entered. The knowledge that Innis was encamped along the Ennoree, within a short distance of the mill, had compelled him to make an extensive circuit to reach Ramsay's dwelling, whither he was now bent, and he had experienced considerable delay in his morning journey by finding himself frequently in the neighborhood of small foraging-parties of Tories, whose motions he was obliged to watch for fear of an encounter. He had once already been compelled to use his horse's heels in what he called "fair flight," and once to ensconce himself a full half hour under cover of the thicket afforded him by a swamp. He now, therefore, according to his own phrase, "dived into the little road that scrambled down through the woods toward Ramsay's with all his eyes about him, looking out as sharply as a fox on a foggy morning;" and, with this circumspection, he was not long in arriving within view of Ramsay's house. Like a practised soldier whom frequent frays have taught wisdom, he resolved to reconnoitre before he advanced upon a post that might be in possession of an enemy. He therefore dismounted, fastened his horse in a fence-corner, where a field of corn concealed him from notice, and then stealthily crept forward until he came immediately behind one of the outhouses. From this position he was enabled to satisfy himself that no danger was to be apprehended from his visit. He accordingly approached and entered the dwelling, where he soon found himself in the presence of its mistress.

"Mistress Ramsay," said he, walking up to the dame, who was occupied at a table, with a large trencher before her, in which she was plying some household thrift, "luck to you, ma'am, and all your house! I hope you haven't none of these clinking and clattering bullies about you that are as thick over this country as the frogs in the kneading-troughs that they tell of?"

"Good lack, Mr. Horseshoe Robinson!" exclaimed the matron, offering the sergeant her hand. "What has brought you here? What news? Who are with you? For patience' sake, tell me!"

"I am alone," said Robinson. "And a little wettish, mistress," he added as he took off his hat and shook the water from it; "it has just sat up a rain, and looks as if it was going to give us enough on't. You don't mind doing a little dinner-work on a Sunday, I see. Shelling of beans, I s'pose, is tanta-

mount to dragging a sheep out of a pond, as the preachers allow on the Sabbath. Ha, ha! Where's Davy?"

"He's gone over to the meeting-house on Ennoree, hoping to hear something of the army at Camden; perhaps you can tell us the news from that quarter?"

"Faith, that's a mistake, Mistress Ramsay, though I don't doubt that they are hard upon the scratches by this time. But at this present speaking I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps, and that's myself; and all the guns we have got is this piece of ordnance that hangs in this old belt by my side," pointing to his sword, "and that I captured from the enemy at Blackstock's. I was hoping I mought find John Ramsay at home: I have need of him as a recruit."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, John has a heavy life of it over there with Sumter. The boy is often without his natural rest or a meal's victuals, and the general thinks so much of him that he can't spare him to come home. I haven't the heart to complain as long as John's service is of any account, but it does seem, Mr. Robinson, like needless tempting of the mercies of Providence. We thought that he might have been here to-day; yet I am glad he didn't come, for he would have been certain to get into trouble. Who should come in this morning, just after my husband had cleverly got away on his horse, but a young cock-a-whoop ensign that belongs to Ninety-Six, and four great Scotchmen with him, all in red coats? They had been out thieving, I warrant, and were now going home again. And who but they! Here they were swaggering all about my house, and calling for this, and calling for that, as if they owned the fee-simple of everything on the plantation. And it made my blood rise, Mr. Horseshoe, to see them turn out in the yard and catch up my chickens and ducks, and kill as many as they could string about them, and I not daring to say a word, though I did give them a piece of my mind, too."

"Who is at home with you?" inquired the sergeant, eagerly.

"Nobody but my youngest boy, Andrew," answered the dame. "And then the filthy, toping rioters—" she continued, exalting her voice.

"What arms have you in the house?" asked Robinson, without heeding the dame's rising anger.

"We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John. They must call for drink, too, and turn my house, of a Sunday morning, into a tavern—"

"They took the route toward Ninety-Six, you said, Mistress Ramsay?"

"Yes, they went straight forward upon the road. But, look you, Mr. Horseshoe: you're not thinking of going after them?"

"Isn't there an old field about a mile from here on that road?" inquired the sergeant, still intent upon his own thoughts.

"Certain," replied the hostess. "You must remember the cobbler that died of drink on the roadside?"

"There is a shabby, racketty cabin in the middle of the field. Am I right, good woman?"

"Yes."

"And nobody lives in it? It has no door to it?"

"There ha'n't been a family there these seven years."

"I know the place very well," said the sergeant, thoughtfully; "there is woods just on this side of it."

"That's true," replied the dame. "But what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?"

"How long before this rain began was it that they quitted this house?"

"Not above fifteen minutes."

"Mistress Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol both, and the powder-horn and bullets."

"As you say, Mr. Horseshoe," answered the dame as she turned round to leave the room, "but I am sure I can't suspicion what you mean to do."

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons, and gave them to the sergeant.

"Where is Andy?" asked Horseshoe.

The hostess went to the door and called her son. Almost immediately afterward a sturdy boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age entered the apartment, his clothes dripping with rain. He modestly and shyly seated himself on a chair near the door, with his soaked hat flapping down over a face full of freckles, and not less rife with the expression of an open, dauntless hardihood of character.

"How would you like a scrummage, Andy, with them Scotchmen that stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horseshoe.

"I'm agreed," replied the boy, "if you will tell me what to do."

"You are not going to take the boy out on any of your desperate projects, Mr. Horseshoe?" said the mother, with the tears starting instantly into her eyes. "You wouldn't take such a child as that into danger?"

"Bless your soul, Mistress Ramsay, there aren't no danger about it. Don't take on so. It's a thing that is either done at a blow or not done, and there's an end of it. I want the lad only to bring home the prisoners for me after I have took them."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, I have one son already in these wars, God protect him! And you men don't know how a mother's heart yearns for her children in these times. I cannot give another," she added as she threw her arms over the shoulders of the youth and drew him to her bosom.

"Oh, it ain't nothing," said Andrew, in a sprightly tone. "It's only snapping of a pistol, mother. Pooh! If I'm not afraid, you oughtn't to be."

"I give you my honor, Mistress Ramsay," said Robinson, "that I will bring or send your son safe back in one hour, and that he sha'n't be put in any sort of danger whatsomedever. Come, that's a good woman!"

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Robinson?" asked the matron, wiping away a tear. "You wouldn't mock the sufferings of a weak woman in such a thing as this?"

"On the honesty of a sodger, ma'am," replied Horseshoe, "the lad shall be in no danger, as I said before, whatsomedever."

"Then I will say no more," answered the mother.—"But, Andy, my child, be sure to let Mr. Robinson keep before you."

Horseshoe now loaded the firearms, and, having slung the pouch across his body, he put the pistol into the hands of the boy; then, shouldering his rifle, he and his young ally left the room. Even on this occasion, serious as it might be deemed, the sergeant did not depart without giving some manifestation of that light-heartedness which no dif-

ficulties ever seemed to have power to conquer. He thrust his head back into the room, after he had crossed the threshold, and said with an encouraging laugh,

"Andy and me will teach them, Mistress Ramsay, Pat's point of war: we will *surround* the ragamuffins."

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horseshoe, after he had mounted Captain Peter, "you must get up behind me. Turn the lock of your pistol down," he continued as the boy sprang upon the horse's rump, "and cover it with the flap of your jacket, to keep the rain off. It won't do to hang fire at such a time as this."

The lad did as he was directed, and Horseshoe, having secured his rifle in the same way, put his horse up to a gallop and took the road in the direction that had been pursued by the soldiers.

As soon as our adventurers had gained a wood at the distance of about half a mile the sergeant relaxed his speed and advanced at a pace but little above a walk.

"Andy," he said, "we have got rather a ticklish sort of a job before us, so I must give you your lesson, which you will understand better by knowing something of my plan. As soon as your mother told me that these thieving villains had left her house about fifteen minutes before the rain came on, and that they had gone along upon this road, I remembered the old field up here, and the little log hut in the middle of it; and it was natural to suppose that they had just got about near that hut when this rain came up, and then it was the most supposable case in the world that they would naturally go into it as the driest place they could find. So now, you see, it's my calculation that the whole batch is there at this very point of time. We will go slowly along until we get to the other end of this wood, in sight of the old field, and then, if there is no one on the lookout, we will open our first trench. You know what that means, Andy?"

"It means, I s'pose, that we'll go right smack at them," replied Andrew.

"Pretty exactly," said the sergeant. "But listen to me. Just at the edge of the woods you will have to get down and put yourself behind a tree. I'll ride forward as if I had a whole troop at my heels; and if I catch them, as I expect, they will have a little fire kindled, and, as likely as not, they'll be cooking some of your mother's fowls."

"Yes, I understand," said the boy, eagerly.

"No, you don't," replied Horseshoe, "but you will when you hear what I am going to say. If I get at them onawares, they'll be mighty apt to think they are surrounded, and will bellow like fine fellows for quarters, and thereupon, Andy, I'll cry out, 'Stand fast!' as if I was speaking to my own men; and when you hear that, you must come up full tilt, because it will be a signal to you that the enemy has surrendered. Then it will be your business to run into the house and bring out the muskets as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen; and when you have done that, why all's done. But if you should hear any popping of firearms—that is, more than one shot, which I may chance to let off—do you take that for a bad sign and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend?"

"Oh yes," replied the lad; "and I'll do what you want, and more too, maybe, Mr. Robinson."

"*Captain* Robinson, remember, Andy; you must call me 'captain' in the hearing of these Scotsmen."

"I'll not forget that, neither," answered Andrew.

By the time these instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, our adventurous forlorn hope, as it may fitly be called, had arrived at the place which Horseshoe had designated for the commencement of active operations. They had a clear view of the old field, and it afforded them a strong assurance that the enemy was exactly where they wished him to be when they discovered smoke arising from the chimney of the hovel. Andrew was instantly posted behind a tree, and Robinson only tarried a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed on, in order to ascertain that he had them correctly in his memory. Being satisfied from this experiment that the intelligence of young Ramsay might be depended upon, he galloped across the intervening space, and in a few seconds abruptly reined up his steed in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the farther end, and in the corner opposite the door were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle, thrust himself one pace inside of the door, and to level his rifle at the group beside the fire, was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, shouting at the same time,

"Surrender to Captain Robinson of the Free Will Volunteers and to the Continental Congress, or you are all dead men!—Halt!" he vociferated, in a voice of thunder, as if speaking to a corps under his command. "File off, cornet, right and left, to both sides of the house.—The first man that budges a foot from that there fireplace shall have fifty balls through his body."

"To arms!" cried the young officer who commanded the squad inside the house. "Leap to your arms, men! Why do you stand, you villains?" he added as he perceived his men hesitate to move toward the corner where the muskets were piled.

"I don't want your blood, young man," said Robinson, coolly, as he still levelled his rifle at the officer, "nor that of your people, but, by my father's son, I'll not leave one of you to be put upon a muster-roll if you move an inch!"

Both parties now stood for a brief space eying each other in a fearful suspense, during which there was an expression of mixed doubt and anger visible on the countenances of the soldiers as they surveyed the broad proportions and met the stern glance of the sergeant; whilst the delay also began to raise an apprehension in the mind of Robinson that his stratagem would be discovered.

"Upon him, at the risk of your lives!" cried the officer, and on the instant one of the soldiers moved rapidly toward the farther wall; upon which the sergeant, apprehending the seizure of the weapons, sprang forward in such a manner as would have brought his body immediately before them, but a decayed plank in the floor caught his foot and he fell to his knee. It was a lucky accident, for the discharge of a pistol by the officer planted a bullet in the log of the cabin which would have been lodged full in the square breast of the gallant Horseshoe if he had retained his perpendicular position. His footing, however, was recovered almost as soon as it was lost, and the next moment found him bravely posted

in front of the firearms, with his own weapon thrust almost into the face of the foremost assailant. The hurry, confusion and peril of the crisis did not take away his self-possession, but he now found himself unexpectedly thrown into a situation of infinite difficulty, where all the chances of the fight were against him.

"Back, men, and guard the door," he cried out, as if again addressing his troop.—"Sir, I will not be answerable for consequences if my troopers once come into this house. If you hope for quarter, give up on the spot."

"His men have retreated," cried one of the soldiers. "Upon him, boys!" and instantly two or three pressed upon the sergeant, who, seizing his rifle in both hands, bore them back by main force until he had thrown them prostrate on the floor. He then leaped toward the door with the intention of making good his retreat.

"Shall I let loose upon them, captain?" said Andrew Ramsay, now appearing, most unexpectedly to Robinson, at the door of the hut.—"Come on, my brave boys!" he shouted as he turned his face toward the field.

"Keep them outside of the door! Stand fast!" cried the doughty sergeant, again, with admirable promptitude, in the new and sudden posture of his affairs caused by this opportune appearance of the boy.—"Sir, you see that you are beaten. Let me warn you once more to save the lives of your men: it's onpossible for me to keep my people off a minute longer. What signifies fighting five to one?"

During this appeal the sergeant was ably seconded by the lad outside, who was calling out first on one name and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The device succeeded, and the officer within, believing the forbearance of Robinson to be real, at length said,

"Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little foraging-party under my command."

"I'll make the terms agreeable," replied the sergeant. "Never doubt me, sir.—Right-hand file, advance and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

"I'm here, captain," said Andrew, in a conceited tone, as if it were a mere occasion of merriment; and the lad quickly entered the house and secured the weapons, retreating with them some paces from the door.

"Now, sir," said Horseshoe to the ensign, "your sword and whatever else you mought have about you of the ammunitions of war."

The officer delivered up his sword and a pair of pocket-pistols.

"Your name, if I mought take the freedom."

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of His Majesty's Seventy-first regiment of light infantry."

"Ensign, your sarvant," added Horseshoe, aiming at an unusual exhibition of politeness. "You have defended your post like an old sodger, although you ha'n't much beard upon your chin; I'll certify for you. But, seeing you have given up, you shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. You will walk out now and form yourselves in line at the door. I'll engage my men shall do you no harm; they are of a marciful breed."

When the little squad of prisoners submitted to this command and came to the door, they were stricken with the most profound astonishment to find, in the place of the detachment of cavalry they expected to see, nothing but one horse, one man and one boy. Their first emotions were expressed in curses, which were even succeeded by laughter from one or two of the number. There seemed to be a disposition on the part of some to resist the authority that now controlled them, and sundry glances were exchanged which indicated a purpose to turn upon their captors. The sergeant no sooner perceived this than he halted, raised his rifle to his breast, and at the same instant gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips.

"By my hand," he said, "if I find any trouble in taking you, all five, safe away from this here house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn to it."

"You have my word, sir," said the ensign. "Lead on; we'll follow."

"By your leave, my pretty gentleman, you will lead and I'll follow," replied Horseshoe. "It may be a new piece of drill to you, but the custom is to give the prisoners the post of honor and walk them in front."

"As you please," answered the ensign. "Where do you take us?"

"You will march back the road you came," said the sergeant.

Finding the conqueror determined to execute summary martial law upon the first who should mutiny, the prisoners now marched in double files from the hut back toward Ramsay's, Horseshoe, with Captain Peter's bridle dangling over his arm, and his gallant young auxiliary, Andrew, laden with double the burden of Robinson Crusoe, having all the firearms packed upon his shoulders, bringing up the rear. In this order victors and vanquished returned to David Ramsay's.

"Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, mistress," said the sergeant as he halted his prisoners at the door, "and, what's more, I have brought home a young sodger that's worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child, my boy, my brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing the lad Andrew in her arms and unheeding anything else in the present perturbation of her feelings. "I feared ill would come of it, but Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave handsomely, Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did."

"A little more venturesome, ma'am, than I wanted him to be," replied Horseshoe, "but he did excellent sarvice. These are his prisoners, Mistress Ramsay; I should never have got them if it hadn't been for Andy. In these drumming and fifing times the babies suck in quarrel with their mothers' milk. Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there was men to fight them with, that's all! He's a first-rate chap, Mistress Ramsay, take my word for it."

JOHN P. KENNEDY.

VANITY is a refined selfishness which is ever exacting homage, but never paying any. If a vain person flatter you, it is to try his power on you; and you must be made his tool or he your enemy. HERMAN HOOKER.

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